ENGLISH PROSE

H. CRAIK

VOL. I

FROM THE FOURTEENTH TO THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY


The
Co.

ENGLISH PROSE

SELECTIONS

WITH CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS
BY VARIOUS WRITERS
AND GENERAL INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PERIOD

EDITED BY

HENRY CRAIK

VOL. I

FOURTEENTH TO SIXTEENTH CENTURY

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PREFACE

THE object of this collection is to show the growth and development of English Prose, by extracts from the principal and most characteristic writers. In the introductory notice to each author, only so much of biographical detail has been given as may enable the reader to judge the general circumstances of the author's life and surroundings, and the scope of his work; and to this is added a critical description of his style and methods, and of his place in the development of English Prose. It is thought that the specimens thus brought together may prove useful to the student of our literature, as a supplement to the histories of that literature now chiefly in use.

It has been judged best, as a rule, to modernise the spelling and to bring it into conformity with modern usage, except in a few instances where the expressions used belong to some peculiar dialect and represent a distinct and interesting variety. Peculiar words are printed in italics, and are explained in the notes at the end of each volume. For this arrangement the Editor alone is responsible.

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ENGLISH PROSE

INTRODUCTION

THE EARLIER HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSE

THE attraction of medieval literature comes perhaps more strongly from some other countries than from England. In France and Provence, in Germany and Iceland, there were literary adventurers more daring and achievements more distinguished. It was not in England that the most wonderful things were produced; there is nothing in old English that takes hold of the mind with that masterful and subduing power which still belongs to the lyrical stanzas of the troubadours and minnesingers, to Welsh romance, or to the epic prose of the Iceland histories.

The Norman Conquest degraded the English language from its literary rank, and brought in a new language for the politer literature. It did not destroy, in one sense it did not absolutely interrupt, English literature; but it took away the English literary standard, and threw the country back into the condition of Italy before Dante—an anarchy of dialects. When a new literary language was established in the time of Chaucer, the Middle Ages were nearly over: and so it happened that for the greatest of the medieval centuries, the twelfth and thirteenth, the centuries of the Crusades, of the Hohenstaufen Emperors, of St. Francis, St. Dominic, and St. Louis, there is in English no great representative work in prose or rhyme. There are better things, it is true, than the staggering rhythms of Layamon, or the wooden precision of Orm: the *Ancren Riwle* is better. But there is no one who can be taken, as some of the writers in other countries

can—Crestien de Troies, for instance, or Walther von der Vogelweide, or Villehardouin—there is no one in England who can be taken for a representative poet or orator, giving out what can be recognised at once, and is recognised instinctively, as the best possible literary work of its own day and its own kind. The beauty of medieval poetry and prose is not to be found in England, or only in a faint reflected way. England did not possess the heart of the mystery. To spend much time with the worthy clerks who promoted Christian and useful knowledge in the thirteenth and fourteenth century dialects of Lincoln or Yorkshire, Kent or Dorset, is to acquire an invincible appetite for the glory of other countries not quite so tame, for the pride of life of the castles and gardens of Languedoc or Swabia, for the winds of the forest of Broceliande. Not in the English tongue were the great stories told. Almost everything in the literature of the Middle Ages that is out of the common, that is in any sense magical or inspired, comes from beyond the English borders.

For all this want of distinction there is some compensation. The early English literature, if not representative of what is keenest and strongest, or most exalted, in the intellect of Europe in these times, is admirably fitted to convey to after generations both the common sense and the commonplaces of Western civilisation, from the ninth century onward. A study of English literature alone would give a very false and insufficient idea of the heights attained in the progress of European literature as a whole: for there were worlds of imagination and poetical art which were open to some of the other nations, and not at all or very imperfectly to the English. But English literature contains and preserves, in a better and completer form than elsewhere, the common ideas, the intellectual and educational ground-work of the Middle Ages; and that is something. The average mind at any rate is well represented. Prose and its development can be observed very fully and satisfactorily from a very early date. One of the chief interests of the early literature is that it reflects the process by which the native Teutonic civilisation of the English became metamorphosed by the intrusion of alien ideas, either Latin or transmitted through Latin; by the struggles of the English mind to overcome and assimilate the civilisation of the Roman Empire. Sometimes it is easy, sometimes not so easy, to distinguish the two kinds of thinking, native and foreign. The alliterative heroic poetry of the Anglo-Saxons is inherited,

not imported; it is the product of centuries during which the German tribes were educating themselves, and making experiments in poetry (among other things) till they gradually formed the established epic type, which in essentials, in style and phrasing, and even in subject matter, is common to Continental Germany and Scandinavia, in early times, along with England. It may be compared, even by temperate critics, to the Homeric poetry of Greece, and the comparison need not be misleading. The Anglo-Saxon prose, on the other hand, much of which is contemporaneous with the heroic poetry, is generally derivative and Latin in spirit, repeating and adapting ideas that are very far removed from simplicity. While on the one hand there are analogies with the Homeric age and the Homeric poems in Anglo-Saxon society and poetry, on the other hand there are many things in the work of the Anglo-Saxon writers which make one think of the way European ideas are now being taken up, without preparation, in the East —of the wholesale modern progress of Japan, and its un-Hellenic confusion. The spectacle is sometimes painful; it cannot be called dull. The same sort of thing, the conflict of the two realms of ideas, German and Latin, went on in all modern nations, beginning in the first encounter of the Northern tribes with the intellectual and spiritual powers of Rome. This conflict is really the whole matter of early modern history. In England its character is brought out more plainly than elsewhere, and, in spite of the Norman Conquest and other interfering circumstances, the process or progress is continuous. For which reason, if for nothing else, it is convenient to begin at the beginning in dealing with the history of English poetry or prose.

The work for which prose was needed first of all was mainly that of instruction; and of the early didactic prose a great part is translation or adaptation. From the time of Ulfilas to the time of Wycliffe and the time of Caxton, and since, there has been ceaseless activity of the workers who have had to quarry into, and break up, and make portable and useful, the great mass left by the older civilisations for the Goths and their successors to do their best with.

The early English literature is strong in translations. Translations were the books most necessary for people who wanted to know about things, and who knew that the most important questions had already been answered by the Latin authors, so that it was a waste of time for the English or other simple folk

can—Crestien de Troies, for instance, or Walther von der Vogelweide, or Villehardouin—there is no one in England who can be taken for a representative poet or orator, giving out what can be recognised at once, and is recognised instinctively, as the best possible literary work of its own day and its own kind. The beauty of medieval poetry and prose is not to be found in England, or only in a faint reflected way. England did not possess the heart of the mystery. To spend much time with the worthy clerks who promoted Christian and useful knowledge in the thirteenth and fourteenth century dialects of Lincoln or Yorkshire, Kent or Dorset, is to acquire an invincible appetite for the glory of other countries not quite so tame, for the pride of life of the castles and gardens of Languedoc or Swabia, for the winds of the forest of Broceliande. Not in the English tongue were the great stories told. Almost everything in the literature of the Middle Ages that is out of the common, that is in any sense magical or inspired, comes from beyond the English borders.

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to try to find out things for themselves. The quarry of Latin learning was worked zealously, and the evidences left by that activity are more than respectable. The Anglo-Saxon Bible versions, and Alfred's library of text-books—Orosius, Boetius, Gregory, and the translation of Bede's history—are works which in point of style have attained the virtues of plain narration or exposition, and even something more; and the matter of them is such as was not antiquated for many centuries after Alfred. It was long before the other nations were as well provided in their own languages with useful hand-books of instruction. Besides the translations, there were other didactic works in different departments. There is a considerable stock of sermons—some of them imaginative and strong in narrative, like the one on the Harrowing of Hell in the *Blickling Homilies*, and others, like the *Sermones Catholici* of Ælfric, more soft and gentle in their tone, more finished in their rhetoric. These may not appeal to every reader; but the same might be said of the works of many later divines than Ælfric.

The old English educational literature—hand-books and homilies—had merits that were of lasting importance. The history of English prose cannot afford to ignore the books which, whatever may have been their shortcomings, established good habits of composition, made it fairly easy, for those who would, to put English words together into sentences, and gave more than one good pattern of sentence for students to copy. The rhetorical value of the didactic prose will be rated high by any one who values a sound convention or tradition of ordinary prose style for ordinary useful purposes. There are higher kinds of literature than the useful; but it is something to have different kinds of useful prose at one's command, and this in the tenth century was singular and exceptional among the vernacular tongues of the North and West. In so far as the intellectual problem for the early English prose writers was the reproduction of Latin learning, they took the right way to solve it, and were more than fortunate in the machinery they invented and used to adapt and work up the old Latin materials.

The difficulty of the problem may easily be underestimated. There were many things to hinder the adoption of a decent prose convention. There was on the one hand the danger of a close and slavish imitation of the foreign models. One is reminded by a clumsy participle absolute here and there that the temptation

which was too much for Ulfilas also beset the Anglo-Saxons, who for the most part resisted successfully the temptations of foreign grammatical constructions, comparing well in this respect not only with the Grecisms of Ulfilas, but with the distracted participles of the Wycliffite Bible. The Latinism of the Anglo-Saxon prose is to be found mainly in the use of conditional clauses and a closer bracing of the parts of the sentence than comes naturally in primitive essays.

There was another danger besides that of helpless and slavish admiration of Latin syntax, a danger perhaps greater, which was not so well evaded, the tendency, namely, to get beyond the tones of prose altogether into something half poetical. Prose is more difficult than verse in some stages of literature, and where a good deal of prose was made to be read or recited, where the homilist was the rival of the poet or the story-teller, there is small wonder that often the sermons fell into a chanting tone, and took over from the poets their alliteration and other ornaments. This propensity to recitative of different sorts is common to the whole of medieval prose, and is worth considering later. Meantime there is matter for congratulation in the fact that so much of the Anglo-Saxon didactic literature should have escaped the two perils of concessions to Latin syntax on the one hand and to the popular taste for poetical decoration on the other.

The edifying and educational derivative prose is what bulks largest, but it is not the only prose written in Anglo-Saxon times. There is another sort, and a higher, though the amount of it is woefully small.

If one is justified in discriminating what may be called the primitive or native element from the Latin or adventitious element in the old literature and the old civilisation, then one may put certain Anglo-Saxon prose works along with the remains of the heroic poetry, along with the lays of Finnesburh and Maldon, as showing what could be done without the aid of Southern learning in dealing with lively matters of experience, and the lives and adventures of kings and chieftains. If there were nothing to take account of except the translations and the sermons, there would still be room for satisfaction at the literary skill and promise shown in them; but it would be impossible to claim for the Anglo-Saxon prose more than the merit of being a vehicle for the common ideas of Christendom. But there is more than that; there are, besides the borrowed views and ideas, a set of notes taken

at first hand from the living world, which have a different value from the homilies. The best of Ælfric's homilies are as good as the best of their kind anywhere. But that kind is the expository literature which sets forth ideas, not the author's own, for the benefit of listeners on a lower level than the author—his sheep, his pupils. That is not the highest kind, and there is a higher to be found in the Chronicles, and in the narratives of the northern voyages brought in by King Alfred as an original contribution to his *Orosius*. The record of the Danish Wars, the voyages of Ohthere and Wulfstan, are literature of a more difficult kind than Ælfric's homilies, and literature in a sense that could never be applicable to any translation.

Of no old English prose can it be said that it is wholly free from Latin influence; but in some of the varying styles employed in the Chronicles, and in the narratives of the voyages, one comes as near as one may in early English to natural prose—prose of the sort that might have been written by men who had nothing but natural English syntax, no Latin models of composition, to guide them. Prose such as one gets there is of the rarest near the beginnings of a literature. The last thing people think of is to put down in writing the sort of things they talk about, and in a talking style. These particular passages, and the navigators' stories especially, are good talk about interesting things, and, what is more, about new things. They are full of life, and strong; there is nothing in them to suggest the school or the pulpit; the people who composed them were, for the time, emancipated from the Latin authority, out of sight of land, the old land of traditional ideas and inherited learning. Here is to be seen what they could do when left to themselves; here is the true beginning of independent explorations and discoveries in literature. There is one sense in which it might be no paradox to say that these passages, as compared with Ælfric for instance, are modern literature; being plain and clear accounts of real things, in which there are no great corrections to be made on account of any disturbing prejudices. The region of Ælfric's homilies is distant and unfamiliar, but no one feels any sense of strangeness in listening to Ohthere. There is a clear northern light on his reindeer and walruses, and the northern moors and lakes; the air is free from all the Idols of the Forum and the Theatre. It was a happy inspiration that gave Ohthere and Wulfstan their place in Hakluyt's collection; and indeed many

of Hakluyt's men are more old-fashioned in their style, and carry more rhetorical top-hamper than Ohthere.

There were great opportunities for prose of this sort—prose written in the tone of the speaking voice, and describing the visible world and the things going on in it. It is idle to inquire why there is so little of such writing. One might have expected more, perhaps; for the literary talent of the Teutonic nations, as far as one may judge from their poetry, was all in the direction of clear and realistic narrative, with no more superstitious accidents than were convenient in the lives of epic heroes, and no Celtic vagueness or airiness, but a sense of solidity and matter of fact about the very witches and warlocks, as well as the hero and champion, their enemy. It may have been that in England, where the old epic style survived with wonderfully little modification to a late date, there was the less need felt for any epic prose. The poem on the Battle of Maldon (A.D. 991) has all the strong virtues of a dramatic prose history, and its poetic graces are consistent with prose sobriety. Perhaps if this close-knit and masterly style, this old simple epic tradition had not maintained itself, if the English war poetry had been dissolved, like its kindred in Norway and Iceland, into pure formalism and periphrasis, then perhaps the history of the Battle of Maldon and the fall of Byrhtnoth might have survived as a prose history, with all its epic details and all its various individual personages. Byrhtnoth's adversary and conqueror, Olaf Tryggvason, had his life written in that way, and the prose story of his last battle has more likeness to the methods of epic poetry than to such unimaginative history as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles. But not much is to be gained by theorising in this direction, and the unrealised possibilities may be left to dispose of themselves. Only, in illustration of the prose genius latent in the old English poetry, one passage of the Chronicle may be remembered—the episode of Cyneheard and Cynewulf given under the date 755. It is rude and harsh in its phrasing, but dramatic, with its dialogue admirably calculated and its sequence of events well managed: this passage is probably a prose rendering of some ballad. The situation is one that occurs again and again in heroic poetry and prose; it is the story of kings fighting for their lives against their beleaguering enemies, the story that never fails of an audience, whether the hero be named Cynewulf, Cyneheard, Byrhtnoth, or Roland. There is a great resemblance in general outline to

the history of Maldon; there is the same loyalty and self-devotion of the companions after their lord is killed. What is remarkable about this entry in the Chronicle, if it is really based on a poem, is that it has got rid of every vestige of poetical style which would have been discordant, and has kept only those poetical qualities, qualities of passion or sentiment, which are as well fitted for prose as for verse, or better.

There is little enough of such prose as this, but there is enough to take hold of. Together with such poetry as the poem of Maldon it forms the strongest part of the pre-Norman literature—"the stalk of carl-hemp" in it, compared with which the rhetorical excellences of Ælfric are light and unsubstantial. Contumely sometimes falls on the unreason the vapidity, the garrulity of medieval discourses, and it is sometimes merited. At least it is difficult to refute the critic who says that he is bored by the conventional homilies and saints' lives. But for some things a strong defence may be made; for all the old literature that "shows the thing right as it was," and gives adventures like those of Alfred and his men in the great match played against Hæsten, or natural history like that of the Finns and Esthonians. Medieval literature is not all monotonous recitative of traditional phrases; some of it is fresh, strong, natural, and sane, and speaks in a tone of plain good sense.

This has sometimes been forgotten or ignored, both by those who have an affection for medieval literature, and by others. So many things in the Middle Ages are quaint and exaggerated and overstrained, and therefore interesting, that the sober reason and plain sense of those same times are in a fair way to be forgotten. There is more fascination at first in medieval romance than in medieval rationality; the romance is beyond question, the rationality is sometimes doubtful. It is worth while to look out for places, like those already cited, where there is no trace of what is usually associated with the term medieval, no strained or feverish sentiment, no effusive and tautologous phrasing. And strong protest should be made against all attempts to overlay, in translations or criticisms or otherwise, any of the colours of romance upon the simple fabric of plain stories. There is enough and to spare of romance; true histories are not so common in the Middle Ages. They ought, whether in translations or merely in the reader's impression of them as he reads, to be purged of all unnecessary quaintness, where such quaintness as they possess

is due merely to the old language, and not, as in much of medieval literature, to a real element of fancifulness in the author.

The two classes of early English prose, the derivative educational and the original narrative literature, are alike in this, that at their best they keep clear of all unnatural intonations, and at less than their best fall into chanting or recitative of one kind or other. In the edifying literature there are, as examples of the false style, the alliterative *Saints' Lives* of Ælfric ; in the other kind of prose the Chronicles themselves give a striking example of the change of tone. They come to an end with the lamentation of the Peterborough monk over the miseries of the reign of Stephen. It is simple and sincere, and in its way good literature, though it is another way of writing history from that of the voyage of Ohthere. Some of it may perhaps be quoted again, well known as it is.

"Was never yet more wretchedness in the land, nor ever did the heathen men worse than these men did. For never anywhere did they spare either church or churchyard, but took all the wealth that was therein, and afterwards burned the church and all together. Nor did they forbear from bishop's lands, or abbot's, or priest's, but plundered monks and clerks, and every man another, wherever he might. If two men or three came riding to a township, all fled before them and took them for robbers. The bishops and priests cursed them continually, but they took no heed of that, for they were all accursed utterly, and forsworn, and cast away

"Wheresoever there was tillage, the earth would bear no corn, for the land was wasted with such deeds ; and they said openly that Christ slept and his saints. Such and more than we can say we endured nineteen years for our sins."

The pathetic and appealing tone of this marks it at once as different in kind from the firmer and more impersonal history of the times of Alfred and his sons, and brings it into relation with all the medieval literature in which the prevailing mood is elegiac. So widely diffused is this melancholy, that one is inclined often to take it for the dominant and almost universal character of the Middle Ages, as expressed in books. It belongs to devotional works and to romances, to the Quest of the Holy Grail, to the Romance of the Rose ; and even the strongest and manliest writers, writers like Villehardouin and Joinville, are often apt to lose their self-possession, and let their voices break and tremble.

Pathos was a strong solvent in the Middle Ages. It belongs especially, though not exclusively, to the later Middle Ages, to the romantic, not the epic age; not to the matter of fact and stubborn people who fought on foot with swords and battle-axes, but to the showy knights of the Crusades, and the times when the world was full of ideals and fantasies.

In England there is one curious instance of the way in which pathos might be multiplied upon pathos. The *Ancren Riwle* (thirteenth century) is a practical book of instruction and advice addressed to a small household of nuns. It is not at all monotonous; a good deal of it is kindly, humorous and homely; some of it is merely technical, dealing with the order of religious services; some of it is moralising; some of it is devotional. One part of it, the Wooing of the Soul, is beyond all praise for its pathetic grace and beauty. It was not left alone in its seriousness and its reserve. The theme was taken up again and treated with a dissolute ostentation of sentiment, with tears and outcries. The *Wooing of Our Lord*, as compared with the passage in the *Ancren Riwle*, may stand as one indication of the sensibility and its accompanying rhetoric that corrupted late medieval literature in many ways.

There is so much good prose in Europe between the time of Alfred and the time of Elizabeth that one may easily forget the enormous difficulties that stood in the way of it. Long after Alfred there still remained, as a disturbing force, the natural antipathy of the natural man to listen to any continuous story except in verse. The dismal multitude of versified encyclopedias, the rhyming text-books of science, history, and morality, are there to witness of the reluctance with which prose was accepted to do the ordinary prose drudgery. The half-poetical prose of Ælfric's *Lives of Saints* is to be explained as a concession to the sort of popular taste which, later, gave a hearing to prodigies like the *Cursor Mundi*, or, to take the last of the rhyming encyclopedias, written by a man who ought to have known better, the *Monarchy* of Sir David Lyndesay. The audience expected something finer than spoken language, and the taste that accepted the alliterative homilies may be compared with that which preserves the gaudy poetical patches in the Celtic traditional fairy stories, or that which requires from Welsh preachers that half of each sermon should be sung.

Besides the popular disrelish for plain prose, there were other

distracting and degrading influences. The Latin models were not always as good as Boetius or Bede. Even Orosius, guiltless as he is of any brilliant extravagance, has his tirades of complaint, helping to spread the sentimental contagion; and even Boetius, by providing pieces of verse for King Alfred to turn into prose, encouraged an over-poetical manner of phrasing. The Latin Bible also, by its prose versions of poetical books, its parallelism of construction, its solemn rhythms, its profusion of metaphor, did much, unfortunately, to embolden the rhetoricians of the Church. The secular Latin literature, though it showed marvellous powers of recovering its decorum, yet was always prone to fall back into the wantonness that attacked it after the close of the Augustan age, when the poetical treasury was profaned and ransacked by magnificent prodigals like Apuleius. Even the later Greek Euphuism of the Greek romances found its way to England, through the Latin romance of Apollonius of Tyre, and ensnared an Anglo-Saxon man of letters, just as Heliodorus attracted the novelists of France, England, and Spain five hundred years later. The wonder is that any simplicity remained at all.

It is a long way from the tenth or thirteenth century to the sixteenth, yet in the age of Elizabeth the general conditions determining the growth of prose were not greatly different from those that obtained at the beginning. Latin literature was still the model, and still, in some cases, the too-absorbing model, of prose. Still there remained the old temptation to excess of ornament, to poetical gaudiness; and though the Elizabethan rhetoric is different from Ælfric's, there is more than a chance likeness between the Anglo-Saxon Apollonius and the sugared descriptions of the Euphuists. And it was still possible for a strong-minded original man like Latimer to discard the conventions of bookish tradition and write the spoken language.

A great deal of prose was written between the *Ancren Riwle* and the *Repressour*, between the *Repressour* and the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, but the general conditions do not greatly alter. There was always Latin literature at the back of everything, with Boetius coming clear through the Middle Ages, to be translated by Queen Elizabeth in her turn, after Chaucer and King Alfred. There was always French literature to control and give direction to the English.

This volume of selections, beginning in the fourteenth century with Wycliffe, Chaucer, and the book called Mandeville, does not

begin with any early improvisings of a style. The style of these writers is fully formed—a common pattern of style, common over all the countries of Europe. The reason for beginning here and not earlier is a reason not of style, but of vocabulary. The fourteenth century is not in prose what it is in poetry. There is no great revolution, like that which through the agency of Chaucer brought English poetry out of its corners and bye-ways, and made it fit to be presented at the King's court. English prose, which had been decent and respectable hundreds of years before Chaucer, continued to be respectable after him. Prose was not affected in Chaucer's time by the revival of classical taste in Italy. The lessons of artistic construction which Chaucer learned from the poems of Boccaccio were not paralleled by any imitations in his prose of the classical elegances of the *Decameron*. The styles of the earliest authors in this book are to be taken as specimens of that general level of composition which was the property of medieval Christendom, and one of the outward signs of the uniformity of its culture.

In the fourteenth century one need not be surprised to find that a good deal of the prose of all the countries of Europe is a little monotonous and jaded. For the general character of progress had been a levelling down of national distinctions, and a distribution over the whole field of the same commonplaces, so that one finds the same books current everywhere, the same stories: the popular learning in the vernacular tongues became almost as clear of any national or local character as the philosophy of the schools. Naturally there was some loss of vigour in the process, and the later medieval writers are exhausting sometimes with their want of distinctive peculiarities, their contented rehearsals of old matter in a hackneyed phraseology. Prose literature taught and preached so much that it lost all spring and freshness; it suffered from an absorbing interest in the weaker brethren, and became too condescendingly simple. The childlike simplicity of medieval prose is sometimes a little hypocritical and fawning. Prose had been too long accustomed to talk down to its audiences.

In the fifteenth century there is something more than repetition of old forms. There are two argumentative books which are fresh and new — Bishop Pecock's *Repressour* and Sir John Fortescue on the *Governance of England*. It is a relief to come to these books which require thinking, after all the homilies and

moral treatises which require merely to be listened to. The great prose achievement of the fifteenth century, and indeed of the whole time before the *Advancement of Learning*, is a book in many ways less original than those of Pecock and Fortescue. But Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*, antique though its matter be, is singular in its qualities of style; and if the books of the Bishop and the Judge are remarkable for the modern good sense of their arguments, the *Morte D'Arthur* has its own place apart from them in a region of high imaginative prose.

Many things about the *Morte D'Arthur* are perplexing and even irritating. It is a free version of some of the finest stories ever made, and is based on versions of the multiform Arthurian romance, which in some respects are beyond comparison the best. Yet Malory has rejected some of the best things in the "French book" which he followed. There is nothing in Malory corresponding to the truth and the dramatic sincerity of the first interview between Lancelot and the Queen—the passage which Dante could not forget. Malory never rises, as his original here does, out of romance into drama. His refusal to finish the story of Tristram is as hard to understand as to forgive, and as hard to forgive as the *Last Tournament*. But when all is said that the Devil's advocate can say, it all goes for nothing compared with what remains in Malory untouched and unblemished by any hint of dispraise.

Malory accomplished one of the hardest things in literature. He had to rewrite in English some of the finest of medieval French prose, full of romance, and of the strangest harmonies between the spirit of romance and the spirit of confessors, saints, and pilgrims. What could be done in those days by adapters and abridgers one knows well enough. Caxton himself tried his hand on some others of the Nine Worthies; they did not fare as Arthur did. To know what Malory really is, it is enough to turn to Caxton's *Lyf of Charles the Grete* or *Recuyell of the Histories of Troy*. Malory kept in English all the beauty of the *Queste del St. Graal*, that strange confusion of Celtic myth with Christian dreams, the most representative among all the books of the thirteenth century. The story suffers no wrong in the English version; there as well as in the French may be heard the melancholy voices of the adventurers who follow the radiance of Heaven across the land of Morgan le Fay. The time in which Malory wrote was not favourable to pure imaginative literature—poetry was all

but extinguished—yet Malory was able to revive, by some wonderful gift, the aspirations and the visionary ardour of the youth of Christendom—little in agreement, one might fancy, with the positive and selfish world described in the Paston letters. He did more than this also, as may be seen by a comparison of the French book, or books, with his own writing. The style of his original has the graces of early art; the pathos, the simplicity of the early French prose at its best, and always that haunting elegiac tone or undertone which never fails in romance or homily to bring its sad suggestions of the vanity and transience of all things, of the passing away of pomp and splendour, of the falls of princes. In Malory, while this tone is kept, there is a more decided and more artistic command of rhythm than in the Lancelot or the Tristan. They are even throughout, one page very much like another in general character: Malory has splendid passages to which he rises, and from which he falls back into the even tenour of his discourse. In the less distinguished parts of his book, besides, there cannot fail to be noted a more careful choice of words and testing of sounds than in the uncalculating spontaneous eloquence of his original.

Malory has been compared to Herodotus, and in this the resemblance may be made out; while, in both authors, the groundwork of their style is the natural simple story-teller's loose fabric of easy-going clauses, in both there is a further process of rhetoric embroidering the plain stuff. Neither Herodotus nor Malory can be taken for the earliest sort of prose artist. Both of them are already some way from the beginning of their art, and though in both of them the primitive rhetoric may be found by analysis, they are not novices. Though they have preserved many of the beauties of the uncritical childhood of literature, they are both of them sophisticated; it is their craft, or their good genius, that makes one overlook the critical and testing processes, the conscious rhetoric, without which they could not have written as they did. Malory's prose, and not Chaucer's, is the prose analogue of Chaucer's poetry; summing up as it does some of the great attainments of the earlier Middle Ages, and presenting them in colours more brilliant, with a more conscious style, than they had possessed in their first rendering. The superiority of Chaucer's *Troilus* over the early version of the Norman *trouvère* is derived through Boccaccio from a school that had begun to be critical and reflective. Malory, in a similar way, rewrites

his "French book" with an ear for new varieties of cadence, and makes the book his own, in virtue of this art of his. Much of the "French book" has the common fault of medieval literature, the want of personal character in the style; like so many medieval books, it is thought of as belonging to a class rather than a personal author, as if it were one of many similar things turned out by a company with common trade methods. This is the case with some, not with the whole, of Malory's original; it is not the case with Malory. He is an author and an artist, and his style is his own.

Malory, in much the same way as Chaucer, is one of the moderns. He is not antiquated; he is old fashioned, perhaps —a different thing, for so are Bacon and Jeremy Taylor old fashioned, and Addison, and Fielding. The modern and intelligible and generally acceptable nature of Malory's book may serve to prove, if that were necessary, how very far from true or adequate is the belief that the beginning of the modern world was a revolt against the Middle Ages. The progress out of the Middle Ages had its revolutionary aspects, as when Duns Scotus was torn up in the New College quadrangle, and Florismarte of Hyrcania delivered to the secular arm in Don Quixote's backyard. But in literature, as a general rule, progress was made in a direct and continuous line, by taking up what was old and carrying it on. This at least was the method of Ariosto and Spenser, of Shakespeare and Cervantes, and their predecessors in this were Chaucer and Malory. It is impossible to draw any dividing line. There was no Protestant schism in literature. One cannot separate the *Morte D'Arthur* from the old romances on the one hand, nor from the Elizabethans on the other. Malory is succeeded by Lord Berners with his *Froissart* and his *Huon of Bordeaux*, and Lord Berners is a link with Thomas North, *Euphues*, and Sir Philip Sidney. Innumerable classical and foreign influences went to make the new world, but among them all the old currents from the old well-springs kept on flowing.

If any apology is needed for concerning oneself with the older English literature it must be this, that the older literature has never been cut off by any partition wall from the newer. Even the writers least in sympathy with Goths and monks and superstitions had at one time or other made excursions into the enchanted ground. One finds evidence enough of the favour shown to old books and old styles of literature in days when there

was no want of brilliant new books. The Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia* kept its place in rooms to which the *Spectator* found his way, and Dr. Johnson himself (who accomplished the adventure of the *Loingtaines Isles*) could be heartily interested in Amadis or Palmerin. Perhaps the historians of literature have paid too little attention to the effect on the upper literary currents of this underflow of popular romance. At any rate this popular appreciation of old books will explain in part the success which attended the labours of Gray, Warton, and Percy, and go far to prove that the taste for medieval scholarship is not an imported fashion, and not anything to be ashamed of. Scholars like Gray, Warton, and Percy, like Scott and Ellis, had not to create the taste, for every one who read at all had passed through the stage of the *Seven Champions* and the *Seven Wise Masters*; all they had to do was to clear up people's views of the importance of such like childish books, and display more and more fully the rich world to which they properly belonged, and from which they had come down. If any one objects now to the very early beginning of English literature, he may lay the blame on the nature of things; for it is no capricious choice, no antiquarian perversity, that prevents these selections from beginning comfortably with the Elizabethans.

There are good enough reasons, too, for not giving any pieces out of older authors than Chaucer. They are not reasons which affect the history of prose, or of English literature generally; for the literature does not begin, any more than the constitution, in the reign of Edward III. It is convenient to begin where the language has come nto something like its modern form, so as to get rid of the need for any large apparatus of glossary or notes. But the pedigree of English prose goes back beyond Wycliffe and Chaucer. It is not quite as long as that of the royal family of England; it stops short of Noah and Woden and Cerdic; but at any rate it goes back to Ælfred Æthelwulfing. That great king has been frequently threatened with ostracism, yet neither the political nor the literary history can do without him, and the literary like the political history of England is continuous.

In a book like this, which might be compared to a sculptured procession in bas-relief of orators and sages, one is forced to take a historical view, to consider the writers in their general relations to one another and to the whole of English history. Elsewhere

and at other times they may be studied more minutely, each for his own individual sake. There are many dangers attendant on both kinds of criticism, and the critic who deals in generalities has not always the easiest time of it. These volumes, and their companion selections from the poets, ought to clear away some of the difficulties. The characters of the several authors, and of the schools or fashions of thinking and phrasing to which they belong, are here set out in such a way that they illustrate one another, and represent, page after page, the changing moods of the national life. These books do the historian's work for him better than he can do it himself. There are sceptics and nominalists who say that it is an abstract futility to talk of the "progress of poesy," or the history of English thought; that the real existences are not poesy, or thought, but poets and thinkers; that the historian, when he tries to be philosophical and bring in his cunning apparatus, his "evolution" and his "environment," is merely setting his petards to an open door. If those sceptics are wrong and to be confuted, they will be confuted, not by argument from the philosophical historian (to which they will not listen), but by the gradual and tentative creation, in the minds of readers, of a picture of literary succession, such a picture as is sketched out in these volumes, where one author is set off against his fellow, and where groups of authors compare themselves with other groups.

It is not perhaps of much importance to have a theory of literary history stated in fine terms, but it is a poor thing to lose appreciation of the different tracts and levels over which literature has passed, to be without the perspective of literature.

It is in the earlier periods especially that a truer perspective is wanted. The earlier stages have been left too much to themselves and to the specialists, with the natural result that the value of the later stages has been wrongly judged, most of all in the case of Tudor literature, bordering as it does immediately on the *terra incognita*. The revolutions and innovations, the glory and the rapture and the daring of the Elizabethans, these things have been recognised; not so fully their indebtedness to the poetry, the rhetoric, the literary skill of the Middle Ages. The Elizabethans are praised at the expense of older writers: they were not the first to whom beauty seemed beautiful; the humanities were not brought into the island of Britain first of all in the Tudor times, nor are the humanities exclusively Greek or Italian.

The Elizabethans lose nothing, but gain, on the contrary, by rendering their due to their ancestors; to the older practical writers who kept their senses unclouded by mists of allegory or superstition, and described the real world clearly; to the visionaries who went before Sidney or Spenser.

W. P. KER.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

[It has been doubted, and not without reason, whether there ever was such a person as Sir John Mandeville or Maundeville, who gives himself out as the author of an exceedingly popular and interesting book of travels. This book appeared (probably in French originally, then in Latin and English) towards the end of the third quarter of the fourteenth century. It has been with still more reason doubted whether the book itself, even supposing that there was a Sir John Mandeville and that he was its author, is anything more than an ingenious patchwork constructed out of the writings of Marco Polo, of Friar Odoric, of Hayton the Armenian, and of others. Indeed, the passages borrowed have been identified with great precision. Neither of these points can be argued out here, though the opinion of the present writer, if it is of any importance, is decidedly against both the existence and the experience of Sir John. Almost all that is known on the subject will be found summarised in an article by Mr. E. B. Nicholson, and the late Colonel Yule, in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr. Nicholson's final conclusion, since strengthened by fresh discoveries, is that a certain physician of Liège assumed the name of Mandeville and wrote the book. Here it is sufficient to say that the writer of the book asserts himself to have been a native of St. Albans, and to have spent about forty years (from 1322 onwards) in the service of the Sultan and Great Chan (Emperor of China), and in travelling about the greater part of Asia and a smaller part of Africa. Later writers add that he died at Liège, and give particulars of a monument there to him. Unluckily they also specify its armorial bearings, which are not those of any known family of Mandeville. No contemporary or nearly contemporary authority says anything about him. But the book which goes by his name was enormously popular, and a vast number of MSS. exist of it in different languages. It was first printed in English by Pynson, but the standard edition, which requires re-editing, is that of 1727, reprinted with a few notes and an introduction by the late Mr. J. O. Halliwell (-Phillipps) in 1839, 1866, and 1883. There is also an edition of one MS. printed for the Roxburghe Club.]

THE perplexities which concern the authorship of the book passing under the name of Mandeville, and the personality of Mandeville himself, do not at all affect the literary interest and value of that book. Whether it be an authentic record of the experiences, imaginations, and credulities of an actual traveller, or a clever literary imposture executed at a time when profes-

sional men of letters were already pretty numerous, it is certainly one of the first examples of a book of general literature, written in prose which is indisputably English in the full modern sense. That it was originally written in French, which had not yet ceased to be, as it was to Brunetto Latini a century earlier, the common dialect of Europe for the lighter purposes of literature, was suspected long ago, and may be said to have been established by Mr. Nicholson. And there can be hardly more doubt that translation into English was speedy if not immediate. If it was really a literary hoax, then, no doubt, the hoaxer shot his bolt almost simultaneously at three different sets of game, by issuing it in French and Latin and English. It is a very unlucky thing that the one common edition in which it is accessible to English readers, that of Bohn's Library, is manipulated after a fashion which would be surprising from any one, but which is doubly surprising from so good a scholar and so sound a medievalist as the late Thomas Wright. But even in that version the charm of the book—that singular charm which distinguishes medieval work, and is alike absent from classical, Oriental, and modern literature—must be apparent. This is the charm of the romantic-marvellous. Sometimes, of course, the good Sir John indulges in marvels which are very marvellous, which are not at all romantic, and which have not quite unjustly earned him the reputation of being a descendant of Lucian or Lucian's originals and an ancestor of Baron Munchausen. To this day it is difficult to imagine what made him say gravely, that he had often tried the experiment of keeping diamonds wetted with May dew, and had found them increase in size. Yet it requires no great critical expertness to see that this unhesitating precision of statement lends much of their charm to such stories as those of the Castle of the Sparrowhawk and the Lady of the Land. It is more difficult to explain the difference between this precision and the often excessive and sometimes disgusting minuteness of Oriental wonder-tales.

If, however, Mandeville is interesting when modernised, he is far more interesting in the 1727 text, though it is by no means certain that the spelling of this represents the oldest MS. authority, and it is certain that it is not in the modern sense critical. This text is, in point of orthography and vocabulary, rather more modern than the received text of Chaucer, and presents a minimum of difficulty to any educated person. Its style, as is often the case with

examples of that period of a language which coincides with the current literary use of other languages, is simple, clear, and by no means awkward or inelegant. The sentences are of moderate length, and the clauses are connected and arranged with an orderliness evidently dictated by practice in Latin composition. Nor is there lacking a certain effort at cadence and harmony: indeed there is more of this than in the commoner examples of prose even two centuries later. But the real charm of the book lies in a combination of simplicity and colour which is eminently picturesque. In this it has no equal, the best passages of Malory excepted, among English prose books before the Renaissance, and there can be no doubt that its wide diffusion had a great influence in the romantic direction on the minds of its readers. The somewhat idle and disputable title of Father of English Prose has been taken from Mandeville of late and given to Wycliffe. But Mandeville, or the person who took his name, is certainly, as his date, his subject, and his great popularity show, the father of all such as use modern English prose for purposes of profane delight, and his book is as full of that delight now as when it was first written.

G. SAINTSBURY.

THE LADY OF THE LAND

AND some men say that in the Isle of Lango is yet the daughter of Hippocrates, in form and likeness of a great dragon, that is a hundred fathom of length, as men say: for I have not seen her. And they of the Isles call her, Lady of the Land. And she lieth in an old castle, in a cave, and sheweth twice or thrice in the year. And she doth no harm to no man, but if men do her harm. And she was thus changed and transformed, from a fair damsel, into likeness of a dragon, by a goddess, that was cleped Diana. And men say, that she shall so endure in that form of a dragon, unto the time that a knight come, that is so hardy, that dare come to her and kiss her on the mouth: and then shall she turn again to her own kind, and be a woman again. But after that she shall not live long. And it is not long since, that a knight of the Rhodes, that was hardy and doughty in arms, said that he would kiss her. And when he was upon his courser, and went to the castle, and entered into the cave, the dragon lift up her head against him. And when the knight saw her in that form so hideous and so horrible, he fled away. And the dragon bare the knight upon a rock, maugre his head; and from that rock she cast him into the sea: and so was lost both horse and man. And also a young man, that wist not of the dragon, went out of a ship, and went through the Isle, till that he came to the castle, and came in to the cave, and went so long till that he found a chamber, and there he saw a damsel that combed her head, and looked in a mirror; and she had much treasure about her, and he trowed, that she had been a common woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folly. And he abode, till the damsel saw the shadow of him in the mirror. And she turned her toward him, and asked him, what he would. And he said, he would be her leman or paramour. And she asked him if that he were a knight. And he said, nay. And then she said that he might not be her leman: but she bade him go again unto his fellows, and make him knight,

and come again upon the morrow, and she should come out of the cave before him, and then come and kiss her on the mouth, and have no dread; "for I shall do thee no manner of harm, albeit that thou see me in likeness of a dragon. For though thou see me hideous and horrible to look on, I do thee to witness, that it is made by enchantment. For without doubt, I am none other than thou seest now, a woman; and therefore dread thee nought. And if thou kiss me, thou shalt have all this treasure, and be my lord, and lord also of all that isle." And he departed from her and went to his fellows to ship, and let make him knight, and came again upon the morrow, for to kiss this damsel. And when he saw her come out of the cave, in form of a dragon, so hideous and so horrible, he had so great dread, that he fled again to the ship; and she followed him. And when she saw that he turned not again, she began to cry, as a thing that had much sorrow: and then she turned again, into her cave; and anon the knight died. And since then, hitherwards, might no knight see her, but that he died anon. But when a knight cometh, that is so hardy to kiss her, he shall not die; but he shall turn the damsel into her right form and kindly shape, and he shall be lord of all the countries and isles abovesaid.

OF THE QUALITIES OF THE RIGHT BALM

AND wyte ye well that, that a man ought to take good kepe for to buy balm, but if he can know it right well: for he may right lightly be deceived. For men sell a gum, that men clepen turpentine, instead of balm: and they put thereto a little balm for to give good odour. And some put wax in oil of the wood of the fruit of balm, and say that it is balm: and some distil cloves of gillyflower and of spikenard of Spain and of other spices, that be well smelling; and the liquor that goeth out thereof they clepe it balm: and they wean that they have balm; and they have none. For the Saracens counterfeit it by subtilty of craft, for to deceive the Christian men, as I have see full many a time. And after them, the merchants and the apothecaries counterfeit it eftsoons, and then it is less worth, and a great deal worse. But if it like you, I shall show, how ye shall know and prove, to the end that ye shall not be deceived. First ye shall well know, that

the natural balm is full clear, and of citron colour, and strong smelling. And if it be thick, or red or black, it is sophisticate, that is to say counterfeited and made like it, for deceit.

THE CASTLE OF THE SPARROWHAWK

AND from thence, men go through little Ermonye. And in that country is an old castle, that stands upon a rock, the which is cleped the Castle of the Sparrowhawk, that is beyond the city of Layays, beside the town of Pharsipee, that belongeth to the lordship of Cruk; that is a rich lord and a good Christian man; where men find a sparrowhawk upon a perch right fair, and right well made; and a fair Lady of Fayrye, that keepeth it. And who that will wake that Sparrowhawk, 7 days and 7 nights, and as some men say, 3 days and 3 nights, without company and without sleep, that fair lady shall give him, when he hath done, the first wish, that he will wish, of earthly things: and that hath been proved often times. And o time befel, that a king of Ermonye, that was a worthy knight and a doughty man and a noble prince, woke that hawk some time; and at the end of 7 days and 7 nights, the lady came to him and bade him wish; for he had well deserved it. And he answered that he was great lord the now, and well in peace, and had enough of worldly riches; and therefore he would wish none other thing, but the body of that fair lady, to have it at his will. And she answered him, that he knew not what he asked; and said, that he was a fool, to desire that he might not have: for she said, that he should not ask, but earthly thing: for she was no earthly thing, but a ghostly thing. And the king said, that he would ask none other thing. And the lady answered, "Sith that I may not withdraw you from your lewd courage, I shall give you without wishing, and to all them that shall come of you. Sire King, ye shall have war without peace, and always to the 9 degree, ye shall be in subjection of your enemies; and ye shall be needy of all goods." And never since, neither the King of Ermonye, nor the country, were never in peace, nor they had never since plenty of goods; and they have been since always under tribute of the Saracens. Also the son of a poor man woke that hawk, and wished that he might cheve well, and to be happy to merchandise. And the lady granted

him. And he became the most rich and the most famous merchant, that might be on sea or on earth. And he became so rich, that he knew not the 1000 part of that he had: and he was wiser, in wishing, than was the king. Also a Knight of the Temple woke there; and wished a purse ever more full of gold; and the lady granted him. But she said him, that he had asked the destruction of their Order; for the trust and the affiance of that purse, and for the great pride, that they should have: and so it was. And therefore look he kepe him well, that shall wake: for if he sleep, he is lost, that never man shall see him more. This is not the right way for to go to the parts, that I have named before; but for to see the marvel, that I have spoken of.

THE STATE OF PRESTER JOHN

THIS Emperor Prester John, when he goeth in to battle, against any other lord, he hath no banners borne before him: but he hath three crosses of gold, fine, great and high, full of precious stones: and every of the crosses be set in a chariot, full richly arrayed. And for to keep every cross, be ordained 10,000 men of arms, and more than 100,000 men on foot, in manner as men would keep a standard in our countries, when that we be in land of war. And this number of folk is without the principal host, and without wings ordained for the battle. And when he hath no war, but rideth with a privy retinue, then he hath borne before him but a cross of tree, without peinture, and without gold or silver or precious stones; in remembrance, that Jesu Christ suffered death upon a cross of tree. And he hath borne before him also a platter of gold full of earth, in token that his noblesse and his might and his flesh shall turn to earth. And he hath borne before him also a vessel of silver, full of noble jewels of gold full rich, and of precious stones, in token of his lordship and of his noblesse and of his might. He dwelleth commonly in the city of Sus-a; and there is his principal palace, that is so rich and so noble, that no man will trow it by estimation, but he had seen it. And above the chief tower of the palace, be two round pommels of gold; and in every of them be two carbuncles great and large, that shine full bright upon the night. And the principal gates of his palace be of precious stone, that men call sardoin: and the bordure and the

bars be of ivory: and the windows of the halls and chambers be of crystal: and the tables whereon men eat, some be of emerald, some of amethyst and some of gold, full of precious stones; and the pillars, that bear up the tables, be of the same precious stones. And the degrees to go up to his throne, where he sitteth at the meat, one is of onyx, another is of crystal, and another of jaspar green, another of amethyst, another of sardoin, another of cornelian, and the seventh that he setteth on his feet, is of chrysolite. And all these degrees be bordured with fine gold, with the tother precious stones, set with great pearls orient. And the sides of the seat of his throne be of emeralds, and bordured with gold full nobly, and dubbed with other precious stones and great pearls. And all the pillars in his chamber, be of fine gold with precious stones, and with many carbuncles, that give great light upon the night to all people. And albeit that the carbuncle give light enough, natheless at all times burneth a vessel of crystal full of balm, for to give good smell and odour to the Emperor, and to void away all wicked airs and corruptions.

JOHN WYCLIFFE

1324—1384

[John Wycliffe, the year of whose birth is conjecturally fixed as 1324, was born at Spresswell, which has been identified as a hamlet near the town of Old Richmond, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, but has now disappeared. His religious attitude was largely affected by the course of events in the preceding generation. The power of the Papacy in England had reached its highest point in the reign of John, who was content to hold his kingdom as the vassal of the Pope. But the Papal encroachments soon provoked resistance. This resistance first appeared under the leadership of one so entirely different in doctrinal position from Wycliffe as Grosstête, the Bishop of Lincoln, who had united to the most strict orthodoxy of doctrine, an attitude of firm independence towards Papal domination, when pushed to the disadvantage of the Church. Grosstête died in 1253; and the latter part of that century saw the resistance to the Papacy increased by a movement based on political and constitutional grounds. This, again, had deepened during the fourteenth century into a general discontent at the corruptions both of the Papacy and the Church generally; and the feeling which thus prevailed is seen in the poem of *The Vision of Piers Plowman*, which belongs to Wycliffe's own age.

The first English reformer was educated at Oxford, where he spent the greater part of his life, and where he appears to have held office at Merton College, and to have been, for a time, Master of Balliol College. It is difficult to say how far his influence extended during the earlier part of his life; but the most conspicuous instances of his intervention in public affairs, as well as the greater part of his writings, appear to belong to the few years before his death. In 1366 he came forward as an opponent of Papal claims, and in 1374 he went with John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, on an embassy to Bruges, where these claims were under discussion. He seems to have acted as the close ally of the Duke of Lancaster during the very obscure and tangled struggles of the Parliament of 1376, in which the influence of the Prelacy was ranged against the party of the Duke. By this time Wycliffe's attitude as a religious reformer had become more clearly defined, and he was summoned to appear before some of the bishops to answer for his heresies. By the help of the Duke of Lancaster he was able to withstand the attempt to silence him, but his opponents afterwards obtained his condemnation by a bull of the Pope. Even this, however, failed to crush him, as he found strenuous adherents at Oxford, and seems by this time (1378) to have had a considerable following in the country. In the later years of his life his doctrinal

divergencies from the orthodox creed seem to have attracted more attention if they did not indeed become more pronounced. The outbreak of the Social Revolt under Ball was asserted by Wycliffe's enemies to have been fostered by the itinerant preachers whom he had trained as a counterpoise to the more regular priesthood. But the efforts of his opponents, from whatever cause, failed to make him the object of any violent persecution; and, although after his death, Wycliffe's name was recalled as that of one of the most pronounced heretics and maligners of the Church, he died quietly in 1384 as rector of Lutterworth in Leicestershire.]

THE incidents of Wycliffe's life are interesting to us here, only as they serve to illustrate the position of his writings in English literature. Trained at Oxford, in the usual scholastic learning, he had considerable scholarship, had studied natural science, and in his Latin writings (which form the larger part of his works) he commonly employs the technical terms of the scholastic philosophy. We see the influence of this, the more professional side of his intellect, operating to some extent also in his English works.

As a writer of English prose, he came at a critical time. The older English was giving way to something which, when we strip off peculiarities of spelling and of verbal forms, approaches very nearly to our modern language. Comparing Wycliffe's style with that of the book of travels to which the name of Mandeville is attached, we see at once that his English is that of a scholar who has lost much of what may be called the childishness of archaicism, and who is ready to enrich his language with words borrowed freely either from a French or a classical source. We recognise that we are in the hands of one who, though he has nothing that could fairly be called a formed style, yet uses the direct and forcible English of a master, and whose example could not fail to influence the future of English prose.

In this connection Wycliffe's position as a religious teacher is of marked importance. The share which he took in the controversies of the day; his efforts to place the salient points of these controversies clearly before a popular audience; his occasional use of philosophical argument; his introduction of strokes of satire against those whom he attacked—all these gave directness, force, and precision to his style. But his influence upon English prose was, above all, based upon the part he took in providing a translation of the Scriptures in the vernacular. There had already been translations into Anglo-Saxon, and detached parts of the Scripture had been translated into Old English for

the use of priests. But the complete translation, which was planned by Wycliffe, and prepared under his supervision, was designed strictly for the use of the English people. It is impossible to say what parts of it were his own work, and the whole was not issued until after his death. But he frequently introduces passages of Scripture in the vernacular into his English sermons and homilies; and from those which occur in the following extracts it will be seen how greatly Wycliffe's work in this sphere influenced later English prose, and gave to it that simple force and directness which subsequent hands brought to greater perfection, without abandoning the original type, which it was his to set.

H. CRAIK.

SERMONS

I.

Cum turbæ irruerunt ad Jesum.—Luc. v. 1.

THE story of this gospel telleth good lore, how prelates should teach folk under them. The story is plain, how Christ stood by the river of Gennesaret, and fishers come down to wash therein their nets; and Christ went up into a boat that was Simon's, and prayed him to move it a little from the land, and He sate and taught the people out of the boat. And when Christ ceased to speak, He said to Simon, Lead the boat into the high sea, and let out your nets to taking of fish. And Simon answering said to Him, Commander, all the night travailing took we nought; but in Thy word shall I loose the net. And when they had done this they took a plenteous multitude of fish, and their net was broken. But they beckoned to their fellows that were in the other boat to come and help them; and they came and filled both boats of fish, so that well nigh were they both *dreynt*. And when Peter had seen this wonder, he fell down to Jesus' knee, and said, Lord, go from me for I am a sinful man. For Peter held him not worthy to be with Christ, nor dwell in His company; for wonder came to them all in taking of these fishes. And so wondered James and John, Zebedee's sons, that were Simon's fellows. And Jesus said to Simon, From this time shalt thou be taking men. And they set their boats to the land, and forsook all that they had, and *sued* Christ.

Before we go to spiritual understanding of this gospel we shall wit that the same Christ's disciple that was first cleped Simon, was cleped Peter after of Christ, for sadness of belief that he took of Christ, which Christ is a corner stone, and groundeth all truth. Over this we shall understand that the apostles were cleped of

Christ in many degrees; first they were cleped and accepted to be Christ's disciples; and yet they turned again, as Christ Himself ordained, to live in the world. After they were cleped to see Christ's miracles, and to be more homely with Him than they were before; but yet they turned again to the world by times, and lived worldly life, to profit of folk that they dwelt with. And in this wise Peter, James, and John went now to fish. But the third cleping and the most was this,—that the apostles forsook wholly the world and worldly things, and turned not again to worldly life, as after this miracle Peter and his fellows *sued* Christ continually. It is no need to dip us in this story more than the gospel telleth, as it is no need to busy us what hight Tobies' hound. Hold we us appeased in the measure that God hath given us, and dream we not about new points that the gospel leaveth, for this is a sin of curiosity that harmeth more than profiteth. The story of this gospel telleth us ghostly wit, both of life of the church and medeful works, and this should we understand, for it is more precious. Two fishings that Peter fished betokeneth two takings of men unto Christ's religion, and from the fiend to God. In this first fishing was the net broken, to token that many men be converted, and after break Christ's religion; but at the second fishing, after the resurrection, when the net was full of many great fishes, was not the net broken, as the gospel saith; for that betokeneth saints that God chooseth to Heaven. And so these nets that fishers fish with betokeneth God's law, in which virtues and truths be knitted; and other properties of nets tell properties of God's law; and void places between knots betokeneth life of kind, that men have beside virtues. And four cardinal virtues be figured by knitting of the net. The net is broad in the beginning, and after strait in end, to teach that men, when they be turned first, live a broad worldly life; but afterward, when they be dipped in God's law, they keep them straitlier from sins. These fishers of God should wash their nets in his river, for Christ's preachers should *chevely* tell God's law, and not meddle with man's law, that is troubled water; for man's law containeth sharp stones and trees, by which the net of God is broken and fishes wend out to the world. And this betokeneth Gennesaret, that is, a wonderful birth, for the birth by which a man is born of water and of the Holy Ghost is much more wonderful than man's kindly birth. Some nets be rotten, some have holes, and some be unclean for default of washing; and thus on three manners

faileth the word of preaching. And matter of this net and breaking thereof give men great matter to speak God's word, for virtues and vices and truths of the gospel be matter enough to preach to the people.

II.

Simile est regnum cœlorum homini.—MATT. xviii. 23.

THIS gospel telleth by a parable how by right judgment of God men should be merciful.—"The kingdom of Heaven, saith Christ, is like to an earthly king that would reckon with his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was offered unto him that owed him ten thousand besants, and when he had not to pay of, the lord bade he should be sold, his wife and his children and all that he had, and that that he ought the lord should be allgates paid. This servant fell down and prayed the lord and said, Have patience in me, and I shall quit thee all. The lord had mercy on him, and forgave him all his debt. This servant went out and found one of his debtors, that ought him an hundred pence; and took him and strangled him, and bade him pay his debt. And his servant fell down and prayed him of patience, and he should by time yield him all that he ought him. But this man would not, and went out and put him in prison, till he had paid the debt that he ought him. And other servants of this man, when they saw this deed, mourned full much, and told all this to the lord. And the lord cleped him, and said unto him, Wicked servant, all thy debt I forgave thee, for thou prayedst me; behoved it not thee to have mercy on thy servant, as I had mercy on thee? And the lord was wroth, and gave him to tormentors, till he had paid all the debt that he ought him. On this manner, said Christ, shall My Father of heaven do to you, but if you forgive, each one to his brother, of your free heart, the trespass that he hath done him.

The kingdom of heaven is holy Church of men that now travail here; and this Church by his head is like to a man king, for Christ, head of this Church, is both God and man. This king would reckon with his servants, for Christ hath will without end to reckon with men at three times. First, Christ reckoneth with men when He teacheth them by reason how much they have had of Him, and how much they owe Him; the second time Christ reckoneth with men, when in the hour of man's death He

telleth them at what point these men shall ever justly stand; the third reckoning is general, that shall be at the day of doom, when this judgment generally shall be openly done in deed. As anent the first reckoning, Christ reckoneth with rich men of this world, and showeth them how much they owe Him, and showeth by righteousness of His law how they and theirs should be sold, and so make amends by pain of things that they performed not in deed. But many such men for a time have compunction in heart, and pray God of His grace to have patience in them, and they shall in this life serve to Christ truly. And so Christ forgiveth them upon this condition. But they wend out, and *sue* not Christ their Lord in mercy, but oppress their servants that owe them but a little debt, and put them in prison, and think not on God's mercy; and other servants of God both in this life and in the other tell to God this *fellness*, and pray Him of vengeance. No doubt, God is wroth at this, and at two reckonings with man He reasoneth this cruel man, and judgeth him justly to pain.

And therefore, Christ biddeth, by Luke, all men to be merciful, for their Father of Heaven that shall judge them is merciful. But we should understand by this, that this mercy that Christ axeth is nothing again reason, and so by this just mercy men should some time forgive, and some time should they punish, but ever by reason of mercy. The reason of mercy standeth in this; that (which) men might do cruelly they (may) do justly for God's sake, to amendment of men; and men may mercifully reprove men, and punish them, and take of them their just debts for bettering of these debtors. On this manner doth God that is full of mercy, and saith that He reproveth and chastiseth His wanton children that He loveth; and thus Christ reproved Pharisees, and punished priests with other people, and punisheth mercifully all damned men in hell, for it standeth not with His right that He punish but mercifully. God giveth goods of kind by grace to these men that He damneth, and if He punished them more, yet He *meddleth* mercy. But here men should be ware that all the goods that they have be goods of their God, and they naked servants of God; and thus should they warily flee to take their own vengeance, but venge injury of God, and intend amendment. Thus Christ, meekest of all, suffered His own injury in two temptations of the fiend, but in the third He said, Go, Satan, and reproved him sharply by authority of God. Thus Moses, mildest man of all, killed many thousand of his folk, for they worshipped a calf as

they should worship God. And thus in our works of mercy lieth much discretion, for oft times our mercy axeth to venge and to punish men, and else justices of man's law should never punish men to the death, but oft times they do amiss, and they wit not when they do well, and so religion of priests should leave such judgments.

III.

Nisi granum frumenti.—JOHN xii. 24.

IN this short Gospel be doubts, both of conscience and of other. First philosophers doubt, whether (the) seed loseth his form when it is made a new thing, as the Gospel speaketh here; and some men think nay, for sith the same quantity or quality or virtue that was first in seed, liveth after in the fruit, as a child is often like to his father or to his mother, or else to his eld father, after that the virtue lasteth,—and sith all these be accidents, that may not dwell without subject,—it seemeth that the same body is first seed and after fruit, and thus it may oft change from seed to fruit and again. Here many cleped philosophers *glaver* diversely; but in this matter God's law speaketh thus, as did eld clerks, that the substance of a body is before that it be seed, and now fruit and now seed, and now quick and now dead. And thus many forms must be together in one thing, and specially when the parts of that thing be *meddled* together; and thus the substance of a body is now of one kind and now of another. And so both these accidents, quality and quantity, must dwell in the same substance, all if it be changed in kinds, and thus this same thing that is now a wheat corn shall be dead and turn to grass, and after to many corns. But variance in words in this matter falleth to clerks, and showing of equivocation, the which is more ready in Latin; but it is enough to us to put, that the same substance is now quick and now dead, and now seed and now fruit; and so that substance that is now a wheat corn must needs die before that it is made grass, and sith be made an whole ear. And thus speaketh holy writ and no man can disprove it. Error of freres in this matter is not here to rehearse, for it is enough to tell how they err in belief.

IV

Homo quidam habuit duos.—LUKE xv. 11.

LUKE saith that Christ told how a man had two sons; and the younger of them said unto his father, Father, give me a portion of the substance that falleth me. And the father de-parted him his goods. And soon after this young son gathered all that fell to him, and went forth in pilgrimage into a far country; and there he wasted his goods, living in lechery. And after that he had ended all his goods, there fell a great hunger in that land, and he began to be needy. And he went out and cleaved to one of the citizens of that country, and this citizen sent him into his town to keep swine. And this son coveted to fill his belly with these *holes* that the hogs eat, and no man gave him. And he, turning again, said, How many hinds in my father's house be full of loaves, and I perish here for hunger. I shall rise, and go to my father, and say to him, Father, I have sinned in Heaven and before thee; now I am not worthy to be cleped thy son, make me as one of thy hinds. And he rose and came to his father. And yet when he was far, his father saw him, and was moved by mercy, and running against his son, fell on his neck and kissed him. And the son said to him, Father, I have sinned in Heaven and before thee; now I am not worthy to be cleped thy son. And the father said to his servants anon, Bring ye forth the first stole, and clothe ye him, and give ye a ring in his hand, and shoon upon his feet. And bring ye a fat calf, and slay him, and eat we, and feed us; for this son of mine was dead, and is quickened again, and he was perished, and is found. And they began to feed him. And his elder son was in the field; and when he came and was nigh the house, he heard a symphony and other noise of minstrelsy. And this elder son cleped one of the servants, and asked what were these things. And he said to him. Thy brother is come, and thy father hath slain a fat calf, for he hath received him safe. But this elder son had disdain and would not come in; therefore, his father went out, and began to pray him. And he answered, and said to his father, Lo, so many years I serve to thee, I passed never thy mandement; and thou gavest me never a kid, for to feed me with my friends. But after that he, this thy son hath murthered his goods with hooris is come, thou hast

killed to him a fat calf. And the father said to him, Son, thou art ever more with me, and all my goods be thine. But it was need to eat and to make merry, for he this thy brother was dead, and liveth again; he was perished, and is found.

A SHORT RULE OF LIFE

If thou be a lord, look thou live a rightful life in thine own person, both anent God and man, keeping the hests of God, doing the works of mercy, ruling well thy five wits, and doing reason and equity and good conscience to all men. The second time, govern well thy wife, thy children, and thy homely men in God's law, and suffer no sin among them, neither in word nor in deed, up thy might, that they may be ensample of holiness and righteousness to all other. For thou shalt be damned for their evil life and thine evil sufferance, but if thou amend it up thy might. The third time, govern well thy tenants, and maintain them in right and reason and be merciful to them in their rents and worldly merciments, and suffer not thy officers to do them wrong nor extortions, and chastise in good manner them that be rebel against God's hests and virtuous living, more than for rebellion against thine own cause or person. And hold with God's cause, and love, reward, praise, and cherish the true and virtuous of life, more than if they do only thine own profit and worship; and maintain truly, up thy cunning and might, God's law and true preachers thereof, and God's servants in rest and peace, for by this reason thou holdest thy lordship of God. And if thou failest of this, thou forfeitest against God in all thy lordship, in body and soul; principally if thou maintainest Antichrist's disciples in their errors against Christ's life and His teaching, for blindness and worldly friendship, and helpest to slander and pursue true men that teach Christ's Gospel and His life. And warn the people of their great sins, and of false priests and hypocrites that deceive Christian men, in faith and virtuous life, and worldly goods also.

If thou be a labourer, live in meekness, and truly and wilfully do thy labour; that if thy lord or thy master be an heathen man, that by thy meekness and wilful and true service, he have not to murmur against thee, nor slander thy God nor Christendom.

And serve not to Christian lords with murmuring, nor only in their presence, but truly and wilfully in their absence, not only for worldly dread nor worldly reward, but for dread of God and good conscience, and for reward in heaven. For that God that putteth thee in such service wots what state is best for thee, and will reward thee more than all earthly lords may, if thou dost it truly and wilfully for His ordinance. And in all things beware of murmuring against God and His visitation, in great labour and long, and great sickness and other adversities, and beware of wrath, of cursing and *warying*, or banning, of man or of beast. And ever keep patience and meekness and charity both to God and man. And thus each man in these three states oweth to live, to save himself and help other; and thus should good life, rest, peace, and charity be among Christian men, and they be saved, and heathen men soon converted, and God magnified greatly in all nations and sects that now despise Him and His law, for the wicked living of false Christian men.

THE CLERGY SUBJECT TO THE CIVIL MAGISTRATE

WORLDLY clerks and feigned religious break and disturb much the king's peace and his realm's. For the prelates of this world, with priests less and more, write in their laws that the king hath no jurisdiction nor power of their persons, nor the goods of holy Church. And yet Christ and His Apostles were most obedient to kings and lords, and taught all men to be subject to them and serve them, truly and wilfully, in bodily works and tribute, and dread them and worship them before all other men. First, the wise King Solomon put down an high bishop that was false to him and his realm, and exiled him, and ordained a good priest for him, as the third book of Kings telleth. And Jesus Christ paid tribute to the emperor, and commanded men to pay him tribute. And Saint Peter commandeth in God's name Christian men to be subject to every creature of man, either to the king, as more high than other, or to dukes, as sent of him to the vengeance of misdoers, and praising of good men. Also Saint Paul commandeth by authority of God that every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but of God; princes be not to the

dread of good work, but of evil work. Wilt thou not dread the potestate? Do good and thou shalt have praising thereof, for he is God's minister to thee unto good. Soothly, if thou hast done evil, dread thou, for he beareth not the sword without cause, for he is God's minister, avenger unto wrath to him that doth evil. Therefore be ye subject, not only for wrath but for conscience. Pay to all men debts, both tribute and custom, and dread and honour and love. And our Saviour Jesus Christ suffered meekly painful death of Pilate, not excusing him from his jurisdiction by his clergy. And Saint Paul proferred him ready to suffer death by doom of the emperor's justice, if he were worthy to death, as Deeds of Apostles teach. And Paul appealed to the heathen emperor from the priests of the Jews, for to be under his jurisdiction and to save his life. Lord! who hath made our worldly clerks exempt from kings' jurisdiction and chastising, sith God giveth kings this office on all misdoers? Certes no man but Anti-Christ, Christ's enemy; sith clerks, and namely high priests, should be most meek and obedient to lords of this world, as were Christ and His Apostles, and teach other men both in word and deed to be mirror of all men, to give this meekness and obedience to the king and his rightful laws. How strong thieves and traitors be they now to kings and lords, in denying this obedience, and in giving ensample to all men in the land for to be rebel against the king and lords! For in this they teach lewd men and commons of the land, both in words and laws and open deed, to be false and rebel against the king and other lords. And this seemeth well by their new law of decretals, where the proud clerks have ordained this,—that our clergy shall pay no subsidy nor tax, nor helping of our king and our realm, without leave and assent of the worldly priest of Rome; and yet many times this proud worldly priest is enemy of our land, and privily maintaineth our enemies, to war against us with our own gold. And thus they make this alien proudest priest of all other to be chief lord of all goods that clerks have in the realm, and that is of the most part thereof. Where be more traitors both to God and holy Church, and namely to their liege lord and his realm; to make an alien worldly priest, enemy to us, chief lord of the most part of our realm?

CHAUCER

[The year of Chaucer's birth is unknown: it may be reckoned as not later than 1340. He was born in London, the son of a wine merchant; and by the circumstances of his birth and fortune found himself admitted to a knowledge of different ranks of society and different occupations: he was early a courtier, he saw something of war and was prisoner for a short time in France; later, he had considerable experience of affairs, both of routine work in a government office, and of more exciting diplomatic commissions. His prosperity was not uniform, and he was not rich when he died in 1400. To his immediate and vivid knowledge of various aspects of mankind, he added a great amount of learning. Chaucer's prose works are four in number:—(1) a translation of Boetius, *de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, referred to in the Prologue to the *Legend of Good Women*, and the poem to Adam the Scribe: (2, 3) two of the Canterbury Tales; *Melibeus*, told by Chaucer himself, from Jean de Meun's abridged French version of the *Liber Consolationis et Consilii* of Albertano of Brescia (1246); and the *Parson's Tale*, mainly from the *Somme le Roi* of Frere Lorens (1279): (4) the *Treatise on the Astrolabe*, written in 1391 for the author's son Lewis.

"*Boece*" has been edited by Dr. R. Morris, and the *Astrolabe* by Professor Skeat, for the Early English Text Society. The Chaucer Society has printed the *Liber Consolationis*, edited by Dr. Sundby; *l'Histoire de Mélibée et de Prudence*, as incorporated in *le Ménagier de Paris*, was published in 1846.]

THE value of Chaucer's prose lies chiefly in the fact that it was written by Chaucer. Of the four prose treatises belonging to him, there is none that is not translation, close or loose. In his poetry also Chaucer is a "great translator," but there the proportions of original and translated work are different, and there the translated, or derivative, work has an interest and originality of style that is wholly wanting to the prose. The prose works, however, are not to be neglected.

Chaucer has two different manners of working: in some of his writings and from some points of view he is an original inventor; more frequently he appears as an agent for

imported knowledge, for commonplaces both in abstract ideas, in imagination, and in style. From the first he is superior in poetic style to the two preceding centuries of English versifiers, who had depended upon French authors for their stories, or their metres, or both. If he does not at first go much beyond the Romaunt of the Rose, or the school of Machault and Deschamps, at any rate he is the equal of his masters in their own province; the first English rhymer who can speak the courtly language and escape from rusticity, the first who has a right to criticise the older imperfect styles

> "Of Horn Child and of Ypotis,
> Of Bevis and Sir Guy."

And while he learned from France the fine art of poetic language, he learned also from Boccaccio, what no French author could have taught him, the art of construction in story-telling, the epic unities, the grouping and co-ordination of scenes and incidents. In his prose there is nothing corresponding to these magnificent poetical acquisitions. The authors from whom he translates or adapts have nothing very novel or original in their matter, and Chaucer's prose style is in no way an innovation on the good, ordinary, common form of medieval prose.

What is most surprising about the matter of the four prose treatises is that so much of it should be so dull, particularly in the two that belong to the *Canterbury Tales*. The *Parson's Tale* and the *Tale of Melibeus* are taken from books that have not the distinction of the *Consolation of Philosophy*, nor the immediate practical utility of the *Treatise on the Astrolabe*. The *Parson's Tale* is a good version of the common doctrine of medieval preachers at their best; the *Tale of Melibeus* is perhaps the worst example that could be found of all the intellectual and literary vices of the Middle Ages—bathos, forced allegory, spiritless and interminable moralising. Contented acquiescence in this exhausted air is not what one would expect from Chaucer, and sometimes one is tempted to think that the *Tale of Melibeus* is a mischievous companion of the *Rime of Sir Thopas*, and meant to parody a worse kind of "drasty speech." But that suggestion is desperate, and there is nothing for it but to believe that Chaucer found some interest in the debate of Melibeus and his wife Prudence.

Chaucer's whole literary career shows him emerging from the

average opinion and manner of his contemporaries, and coming out from the medieval crowd to stand apart by himself, individual and free. At first he is like every one else; his voice is not his own, but the voice of the century, of the average mind. 'Even after he had come to his own, and found his true genius, he kept a retreat open into the comfortable world of easy thinking. Those two *Canterbury Tales* are the proof of it, and not the only proof: the retention, for instance, of his "Life of St. Cecilia," as the Second Nun's tale, shows how far he was from any intolerance towards his earlier and less exacting habits of thought and imagination.

In a number of medieval authors, and in Chaucer more than any, there is a union of poetical or original talent with an interest in the diffusion of useful knowledge. The minds of these authors are represented or symbolised in numbers of composite medieval manuscript books, where there is a medley of poetry and sermons, romance, receipts, prescriptions, and popular history or science—a tale of Troy or Brittany crammed in along with an *Algorismus* or a *Lucidarium*. Chaucer, if he was the most original author, was also the most typical average man of his time. His collection would have been incomplete without Boetius and the Astrolabe, without Melibeus and the *Parson's Tale*.

His choice in three of these four cases is beyond all criticism, if it was his purpose to help in that work of teaching which had engaged the clergy from the first, and had competed with the attraction of poets and minstrels at the courts of Charles the Great and Alfred. By his translation of Boetius Chaucer claims recognition as the successor of Alfred. Although the *Consolation of Philosophy* has lost its vogue, it still keeps its place of honour, and still justifies, by its clear statement of all the ancient great ideas, the esteem in which it was held for a thousand years. It was the one book of all others which, by its simplicity, kept something of the older Greek influences alive, the serenity of the earlier philosophers, in times that were encumbered and distressed with the accumulation of philosophical subtilties. To go to Boetius was to rise above scholasticism, to obtain a wider prospect; and Chaucer did not err in going where Dante had gone before him.

The *Treatise on the Astrolabe* justifies itself; it was written for Chaucer's son, and it deals with matter that was universally interesting. Moreover, it deals with that one part of science in

which the popular culture of Chaucer's time was far ahead of the present. Most people nowadays are satisfied with the dogma that the earth goes round the sun; they accept this on trust, and know nothing more about the sun or stars; they are ignorant of the facts that go to make the puzzling astronomical passages in the *Canterbury Tales* or the *Divine Comedy*.

The *Parson's Tale* is a good sermon compiled from different sources, notably from the *Somme des Vices et des Vertus* of Friar Laurence, the Dominican (1279), an admirably written essay on Holy Living, to which some reparation was due from England. It had been translated about fifty years earlier into a thing called the *Ayenbite of Inwit* by an honest monk of Canterbury, whose method of translation (viz. to turn each French word discretely into English without regard to context, common sense, grammar or orthodoxy) remained unparalleled, till in the latter days came Pedro Carolino and the Portuguese Dialogue Book. Chaucer's *Parson's Tale* is a different rendering of Friar Laurence, and of the gentle, urbane eloquence of medieval clerical French prose at its best. This French book has a likeness, in its refinement, and its freedom from vulgar emphasis and vulgar condescension, to the prose of Ælfric. There is not much difference, one finds, in the matter of prose literature, for all the 300 years that had gone by.

The *Tale of Melibeus* makes one doubt whether the change between the tenth century and the fourteenth was not for the worse. There are curious inanities in old, popular, edifying books, like the Dialogues of Gregory. But the *Tale of Melibeus* is beyond rivalry for its enjoyment of the rankest commonplaces. There is glow and unction about its mediocrity; the intolerable arguments of Dame Prudence are a masterpiece, as though written in an orgy and enthusiasm of flatness and insipidity. Why it was selected by Chaucer for translation is mysterious enough. Yet the monstrous virtue of Dame Prudence has affinities with some of the untruths in the *Canterbury Tales*—with Griselda, with the point of honour in the *Franklin's Tale;* after all, it is only an exaggeration of what is well known in all medieval literature: it is not a new element. It is hard to forgive, especially when one thinks that it was to this the innocent Sir Thopas was sacrificed. In one sense, however, the *Tale of Melibeus* displays the foundation of all Chaucer's works. The peculiarity of Chaucer is that with all his progress in his art he kept close to the general

sense of his age, and had always, in some corner of his being, the average mind of the fourteenth century. To that part of him belong all his prose works. The *Tale of Melibeus* is representative of the ideas and tastes of millions of good souls. Being representative, it could not be alien from Chaucer.

W. P. KER.

PREFACE TO THE TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE

LITTLE Lewis my son, I have perceived well by certain evidences thine ability to learn sciences touching numbers and proportions; and as well consider I thy busy prayer in special to learn the treatise of the astrolabe. Then, forasmuch as a philosopher saith, he wrappeth him in his friend that condescendeth to the rightful prayers of his friend, therefore have I given thee a sufficient astrolabe as for our horizon, compounded after the latitude of Oxenford, upon which by mediation of this little treatise, I purpose to teach thee a certain number of conclusions appertaining to the same instrument. I say *a certain* of conclusions, for three causes. The first cause is this; trust well that all the conclusions that have been found, or else possibly might be found in so noble an instrument as an astrolabe, be unknown perfectly to any mortal man in this region, as I suppose. Another cause is this; that soothly in any treatise of the astrolabe that I have seen there be some conclusions that will not in all things perform their behests. And some of them be too hard to thy tender age of ten year to conceive.

This treatise divided in five parts will I show thee under full light rules and naked words in English; for Latin ne canst thou yet but small, my little son. But natheless suffice to thee these true conclusions in English, as well as sufficeth to these noble clerks Greeks these same conclusions in Greek, and to Arabians in Arabic, and to Jews in Hebrew, and to the Latin folk in Latin; which Latin folk have them first out of other diverse languages, and written in their own tongue, that is to say, in Latin. And God wot that in all these languages, and in many more, have these conclusions been sufficiently learned and taught, and yet by divers rules, right as divers paths lead divers folk the right way to Rome.

Now will I pray meekly every discreet person that readeth or heareth this little treatise, to have my rude enditing for excused,

and my superfluity of words, for two causes. The first cause is, for that curious enditing and hard sentence is full heavy at once for such a child to learn. And the second cause is this, that soothly me seemeth better to write unto a child twice a good sentence, than he forget it once.

And, Lewis, if so be that I show thee in my light English as true conclusions touching this matter, and not only as true, but as many and as subtle conclusions as be showed in Latin in any common treatise of the astrolabe, can me the more thank; and pray God save the king, that is lord of this language, and all that him faith beareth and obeyeth, every one in his degree, the more and the less. But consider well, that I ne usurp not to have found this work, of my labour or of mine *engine*. I am not but a lewd compilator of the labour of old astrologians, and have it translated in mine English only for thy doctrine; and with this sword shall I slay envy.

DESCRIPTION OF HELL

THE third cause that ought move a man to contrition, is dread of the day of doom, and of the horrible pains of hell. For as St. Jerome saith, at every time that I remember me of the day of doom, I quake; for when I eat or drink, or what so that I do, ever seemeth me that the trump soundeth in mine ear, Rise ye up that be dead, and come to the judgment. Oh good God! much ought a man to dread such a judgment, there as we shall be all, as saith St. Paul, before the seat of our Lord Jesu Christ; where as he shall make a general congregation, where as no man may be absent, for certes there availeth no *essoin* nor excusation; and not only that our default shall be judged, but eke that all our works shall be openly known. And as St. Bernard saith there shall no plaining avail nor no sleight; we shall give reckoning of every idle word. There shall we have a judge that may not be deceived nor corrupt; and why? for certes, all our thoughts be discovered as to him, nor for prayer, nor for mede he will not be corrupt. And, therefore, saith Solomon, the wrath of God will not spare no wight for prayer nor for gift. And, therefore, at the day of doom there is no hope to escape. Wherefore, as St. Anselm saith, full great anguish shall the sinful folk have at that

time; there shall be the stern and the wroth judge set above, and under him the horrible pit of hell open, to destroy him that would not beknow his sins, which sins openly be shewed before God and before every creature; and on the left side more devils than heart may think for to harry and to draw the sinful souls to the pain of hell; and within the hearts of folk shall be the biting conscience, and without forth shall be the world all burning. Whither shall then the wretched sinful man flee to hide him? Certes he may not hide him, he must come forth and shew him. For certes, as saith St. Jerome, the earth shall cast him out of him and the sea also, and the air also, that shall be full of thunder-claps and lightnings. Now soothly, who-so well remembreth him of these tidings, I guess his sin shall not turn him to delight but to great sorrow, for dread of the pain of hell. And, therefore, saith Job to God, suffer, Lord, that I may a while bewail and weep, or I go without returning to the dark land covered with darkness of death, to the land of misease and of darkness, whereas is the shadow of death, whereas is none order nor ordinance, but grisly dread that ever shall last. Lo, here may ye see, that Job prayed respite a while, to weep and bewail his trespass: for forsooth one day of respite is better than all the treasure in this world. And for as much as a man may acquit himself before God by penance in this world and not by treasure, therefore should he pray to God, to give him respite a while, to weep and to wail his trespass. For certes, all the sorrow that a man might make from the beginning of the world, is but a little thing at regard of the sorrow of hell. The cause why that Job calleth hell the land of darkness, understandeth that he clepeth it land or earth, for it is stable and never shall fail: and dark, for he that is in hell hath default of light material: for certes the dark light that shall come out of the fire that ever shall burn, shall turn him to pain that is in hell, for it sheweth him to the horrible devils that him torment. Covered with the darkness of death: that is to say, that he that is in hell, shall have default of the sight of God: for certes the sight of God is the life perdurable. The darkness of death be the sins that the wretched man hath done, which that disturb him to see the face of God, right as a dark cloud doth betwixt us and the sun. Land of misease: because that there be three manner of defaults against three things that folks in this world have in this present life, that is to say, honours, *delices*, riches. Against honours have they in hell shame and confusion: for well

ye wit that men clepe honour the reverence that men do to the man; but in hell is none honour nor reverence: for certes no more reverence shall be done there to a king than to a knave. For which God saith by the prophet Jeremiah, thilk folk that me displease, shall be in despite. Honour is eke cleped great lordship. There shall no wight serve other, but of harm and of torment. Honour eke is cleped great dignity and highness; but in hell shall they be all for-trode of devils. And God saith, the horrible devils shall go and come upon the heads of damned folk; and this is, for as much as the higher that they were in this present life, the more shall they be abated and defiled in hell. Against riches of this world shall they have misease of poverty, and this poverty shall be in four things: in default of treasure, of which, as David saith, the rich folk that embraced and united in all their heart the treasure of this world, shall sleep in the sleeping of death, and nothing shall they find in their hands of all their treasure. And moreover, the misease of hell shall be in the default of meat and drink. For God saith thus by Moses, they shall be wasted by hunger, and the birds of hell shall devour them with bitter teeth, and the gall of the dragon shall be their drink, and the venom of the dragon their morsels. And further, moreover their misease shall be in default of clothing, for they shall be naked in body, as of clothing, save of fire in which they burn, and other filths; and naked shall they be of soul, of all manner virtues, which that is the clothing of the soul. Where be then the gay robes, and the soft sheets, and the small shirts? Lo, what saith of them the Prophet Isaiah, under them shall be strawed moths, and their covertures shall be of worms of hell. And further, moreover their misease shall be in default of friends, for he is not poor that hath good friends; but here is no friend, for neither God nor no creature shall be friend unto them, and every of them shall hate other with deadly hate. The sons and the daughters shall rebel against the father and the mother, and kindred against kindred, and chide and despise every of them other, both day and night, as God saith by the Prophet Micah, and the loving children that whilom loved so fleshly every other would every of them eat other if they might. For how should they love them together in the pain of hell, when they hated every of them other in the prosperity of this life? For trust well their fleshly love was deadly hate; as saith the Prophet David, Whoso that loveth wickedness, he hateth his soul, and whoso

hateth his own soul certes he may love none other wight in no manner. And therefore in hell is no solace nor friendship, but ever the more fleshly kindreds that be in hell, the more cursing, the more chidings, and the more deadly hate there is among them. And furtherover they shall have default of all manner *delices;* for certes *delices* be after the appetites of the five wits; as sight, hearing, smelling, savouring, and touching. But in hell their sight shall be full of darkness and of smoke, and their eyes, therefore, full of tears; and their hearing full of *waymenting*, and of grunting of teeth, as saith Jesu Christ, their nostrils shall be full of stinking stink; and, as saith Isaiah the Prophet, their savouring shall be full of bitter gall; and touching of all their body shall be covered with fire that never shall quench, and with worms that never shall die, as God saith by the mouth of Isaiah. And for all so much as they shall not ween that they may die for pain, and by their death flee from pain, that may they understand in the word of Job, that saith, there is the shadow of death. Certes a shadow hath the likeness of the thing of which it is a shadow; but the shadow is not the same thing of which it is shadow; right so fareth the pain of hell; it is like death, for the horrible anguish; and why? for it paineth them ever as though men should die anon; but certes they shall not die. For, as saith St. Gregory, to wretched caitiffs shall be given death without death, and end without end, and default without failing; for their death shall always live, and their end shall evermore begin, and their default shall not fail. And, therefore, saith St. John the Evangelist, they shall follow death, and they shall not find him, and they shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them. And eke Job saith, that in hell is no order of rule. And albeit that God hath created all things in right order, and no thing without order, but all things be ordained and numbered, yet natheless they that be damned be not in order, nor hold no order. For the earth shall bear them no fruit (for, as the Prophet David saith, God shall destroy the fruit of the earth as for them), nor water shall give them no moisture, nor the air no refreshing, nor fire no light. For, as saith St. Basil, the burning of the fire of this world shall God give in hell to them that be damned, but the light and the clearness shall be given in heaven to his children; right as the good man gives flesh to his children and bones to his hounds. And for they shall have no hope to escape, saith St. Job, at the last, that there shall horror and grisly dread dwell without end. Horror is alway

dread of harm that is to come, and this dread shall ever dwell in the hearts of them that be damned. And, therefore, have they lorn all their hope for seven causes. First, for God that is their judge shall be without mercy to them, nor they may not please Him, nor none of His hallows, nor they may give no thing for their ransom, nor they have no voice to speak to Him, nor they may not flee from pain, nor they have no goodness in them that they may show to deliver them from pain. And, therefore, saith Solomon, the wicked man dieth, and when he is dead he shall have no hope to escape from pain. Whoso would then well understand these pains and bethink him well that he hath deserved thilk pains for his sins, certes he should have more talent to sigh and to weep, than for to sing or play. For as that Solomon saith, Whoso that had the science to know the pains that be established and ordained for sin he would make sorrow.

(From "The Parson's Tale," in the *Canterbury Tales*.)

REGINALD PECOCK

[Reginald, or Reynold, Pecock was born, as far as may be calculated by the leading events of his life, a few years before the end of the fourteenth century. He seems to have been a native of Wales, and was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, of which he became Provost in 1417. In 1431, having secured the patronage of Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, then the leading man in England, he became Master of the College established in London by Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor. In 1444 he was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph, having now become widely known both as a preacher and writer, and having devoted himself especially to correct the errors of the "Lollards," by which name the followers of Wycliffe, and others who had carried Wycliffe's attacks upon the Church to more extreme lengths, were popularly known. In 1449 Pecock wrote his *Repressour of over-much Blaming the Clergy* (although the book seems not to have appeared until five or six years later), and in the same year he was consecrated Bishop of Chichester. Some time after he produced his *Treatise of Faith*, and this, with the *Repressour*, constitutes the chief memorial of his work in English prose. He died about 1460.]

It is a matter of some difficulty to trace Pecock's position during the stormy disputes that raged in England throughout his life. But it must be remembered that the religious struggles had passed into a new phase since Wycliffe's days. On the one hand, the shades of religious opinion had become much more numerous, and tendencies to unorthodoxy of creed were judged with a more critical eye. On the other hand, those who impugned the authority of the Church were the subject of more severe repressive laws, which were often turned against those who, while they defended ecclesiastical usages, based their defence upon principles which allowed too free a handling of matters which it was deemed the duty of the truly orthodox to hold the subject of implicit acceptance rather than of argument. We must also take account of the fact that political factions ran high, and that the patronage of such a man as the Duke of Gloucester was in itself a ground

for the bitter hatred of those who sought to supplant the Duke. After Gloucester's fall, Pecock seems to have been adroit enough to secure the patronage of his opponent, the Duke of Suffolk; but the influence of Suffolk, as the adherent of Queen Margaret, was short-lived; and after his murder Pecock seems to have become an object of hatred both to the people and to the now dominant faction, who used the charge of heresy to crush him, or lent their aid to those who determined to crush him for his heretical opinions.

The *Repressour* had defended certain usages or "governances" of the Church—the use of images, pilgrimage, clerical endowments, the orders of the clergy, the primacy of the Pope, and the religious orders—which had been made the subject of attack and satire by the Lollards. But he defended these, frequently, not by the authority of Scripture or the Church, but by an appeal to reason, and by arguing that they were not forbidden by Scripture. He constantly seeks to appeal to natural reason, or "reason of kind" as he calls it. The danger of such a defence was evident; but what is not so clear is the reason for Pecock being selected for persecution, and the means by which his enemies were able to stir up against him what was apparently a strong current of popular opinion. His *Treatise of Faith* touched an even more dangerous point; and the unorthodox tendency of his teaching became more plain, when in that work he attacked the thesis, then stoutly maintained, "That the faith hath no merit which is proved by human reason."

Whatever may have been the contributing causes of his downfall, it is plain that Pecock became the object of intense hatred. In 1457 he was expelled from a Council of Lords, spiritual and temporal, at London, and was soon after arraigned for heresy. His conduct now proved that he did not possess the courage of his opinions. He attempted feebly to maintain the orthodoxy of his utterances; but brought face to face with the alternative of recantation or a martyr's death, he scarcely hesitated in his choice. His attitude, indeed, seems that of one who had adopted certain views from conceit or love of novelty rather than from conviction. He must die in his errors, he said in effect, or be put to shame by recantation; and he chose the latter alternative. This did not, however, secure him from the vengeance of his enemies. He was deprived of his bishopric, and confined in strict durance, and on a meagre pension, in Thorney Abbey, where he died.

In judging Pecock's style we must take account not only of the events of his time and of his religious attitude, but also of the temper and character of the man. He was evidently a man of boundless conceit, which pleased itself by constant flattering references to his own works, and to the ample support which they afford, in his own opinion, to the positions he maintains. There is little of devotion or heartiness in his religious writings, which seem to be the fruit of a mind pleased with the refinements of scholastic reasoning, and enjoying its own acuteness. Many of the arguments he employs are far-fetched and ingenious rather than fitted to convince us of the sincerity of the writer. But the chief interest of his works, as the earliest specimens of strictly controversial prose writing, lies in the curious combination of a refinement and subtlety little suited to his age, with the choice of the vernacular as his medium of expression. This moved his accusers to attack as impious the handling of religious mysteries in the tongue of the vulgar, and it was evidently adopted by Pecock in order to secure greater popularity. His diction is archaic for his own age, and is even affected in its discarding of all those stores with which not Chaucer only, but even Wycliffe, had enriched our language. The strained archaicism—because we can call it nothing else—is all the more curious when taken in connection with the elaborate statement of arguments in the logical forms of the schools, with his accuracy of definition, and with his careful recapitulation of terms, which might remind us of the iteration of a legal document. In Pecock, as in those of a later day whose aims and motives we may more exactly gauge, "the style was the man"; and we must not forget in judging that style that it is the expression of a mind acute rather than strong; supporting views which were not inspired by devotion, but developed with ingenuity; following a method borrowed from the schoolmen, but choosing a medium by which he might reach the ear of the people.

H. CRAIK.

THE USES OF LOGIC

THAT I be the better and the clearer understood of the lay people in some words to be after spoken in this present book, I set now before to them this doctrine taken shortly out of the faculty of logic. An argument, if he be full and formal, which is cleped a syllogism, is made of two propositions, driving out of them, and by strength of them, the third proposition. Of the which three propositions the two first be cleped premisses, and the third following out of them is cleped the conclusion of them. And the first of those two premisses is cleped the first premiss, and the second of them is cleped the second premiss. And each such argument is of this kind, that if the both premisses be true the conclusion concluded out, and by them, is also true; and but if evereither of those premisses be true, the conclusion is not true. Ensample thereof is this: "Each man is at Rome, the Pope is a man, eke the Pope is at Rome." So here be set forth two propositions, which be these: "Each man is at Rome," and "The Pope is a man"; and these be the two premisses in this argument, and they drive out the third proposition, which is this: "The Pope is at Rome," and it is the conclusion of the two premisses. Wherefore, certes, if any man can be sicker for any time that these two premisses be true, he may be sicker that the conclusion is true, though all the angels in heaven would say, and hold that, thilk conclusion were not true. And this is a general rule in every good and formal and full argument, that if his premisses be known for true the conclusion ought be avowed for true, whatever creature will say the contrary.

What properties and conditions be required to an argument, that he be full and formal and good, is taught in logic by full, fair, and sure rules, and may not be taught of me here in this present book. But would God it were learned of all the common people in their mother's language, for then they should thereby

be put from much rudeness and boisterousness which they have now in reasoning; and then they should soon know and perceive when a *skile* and an argument bindeth and when he not bindeth, that is to say, when he concludeth and proveth his conclusion, and when he not so doeth; and then they should keep themselves the better from falling into errors, and they might the sooner come out of errors by hearing of arguments made to them, if they into any errors were fallen; and then they should not be so blunt and so rude and informal and boisterous in reasoning, and that both in their arguing and in their answering, as they now be; and then should they not be so obstinate against clerks and against their prelates, as some of them now be, for default of perceiving when an argument proceedeth into his conclusion of needs, and when he not so doeth, but seemeth only so do. And much good would come forth if a short compendious logic were devised for all the common people in their mother's language; and, certes, to men of court, learning the king's law of England in these days, thilk now said short compendious logic were full precious. Into whose making, if God will grant leave and leisure, I purpose sometime after mine other business for to essay.

Repressour, Part I.

REASON AND SCRIPTURE

OF which first principal conclusion thus proved followeth further this corollary, that whenever and wherever in Holy Scripture, or out of Holy Scripture, be written any point or any governance of the said law of kind, it is more verily written in the book of man's soul than in the outward book of parchment or of vellum; and if any seeming discord be betwixt the words written in the outward book of Holy Scripture and the doom of reason, writ in man's soul and heart, the words so written withoutforth ought be expounded and be interpreted and brought for to accord with the doom of reason in thilk matter; and the doom of reason ought not for to be expounded, glazed, interpreted, and brought for to accord with the said outward writing in Holy Scripture of the Bible, or aughtwhere else out of the Bible. Forwhy, when ever any matter is treated by it which is his ground, and by it which is not his ground, it is more to trust to the treating which is made

thereof the ground than by the treating thereof by it which is not thereof the ground; and if thilk two treatings ought not discord, it followeth that the treating done by it which is not the ground ought to be made for to accord with the treating which is made by it the ground. And therefore this corollary conclusion must needs be true. *Repressour*, Part I.

DIVINITY AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY

EVEN as grammar and divinity be two diverse faculties and cunnings, and therefore be unmeddled, and each of them hath his proper to him bounds and marks, how far and no farther he shall stretch himself upon matters, truths, and conclusions, and not to *entermete*, neither *entermeene*, with any other faculty's bounds; and even as saddlery and tailory be two diverse faculties and cunnings, and therefore be unmeddled, and each of them hath his proper to him bounds and marks, how far and no farther he shall stretch himself forth upon matters, truths, and conclusions, and not intercommune with any other craft or faculty in conclusions and truths: so it is that the faculty of the said moral philosophy and the faculty of pure divinity, or the Holy Scripture, be two diverse faculties, each of them having his proper to him bounds and marks, and each of them having his proper to him truths and conclusions to be grounded in him, as the before-set six first conclusions shew.

Wherefore followeth that he unreasonably and reprovably asketh, which asketh where a truth of moral philosophy is grounded in pure divinity or in Holy Scripture, and will not else trow it to be true; like as he should unreasonably and reprovably ask, if he asked of a truth in masonry, where it is grounded in carpentery; and would not else trow it be true, but if it were grounded in carpentery.

No man object here against me to be about for to falsify this present thirteenth conclusion; and that, forasmuch as spurriers in London gild their spurs which they make, and cutlers in London gild their knives which they make, as though therefore spurrery and cutlery *entermeened* and interfered with goldsmith craft, and that these crafts kept not to themselves their proper and several to themselves bounds and marks. For certes though the spurrier

and the cutler be learned in thilk point of goldsmith craft which is gilding, and therefore they use thilk point and deed and truth of goldsmith craft, yet thilk point of gilding is not of their craft but only of goldsmith craft; and so the crafts be unmeddled though one workman be learned in them both, and use them both, right as if one man had learned the all whole craft of goldsmithy and the all whole craft of cutlery, and would hold shops of both, and work somewhile the one craft and somewhile the other craft. Yet therefore those crafts in thilk man be not the less diverse, nor never the less keep their severalty in bounds and marks as in themselves, though one man be learned in them both, and can work them both, and hath them both. Yet it is impossible the one of those crafts for to enter and *entermete* with the truths of the other, though one man can work in them both: for then those two crafts were not two diverse crafts, not subordinate. And thus ought be avoided this objection, right as though a man were a knight and a priest; yet knighthood in thilk man is as far atwin from priesthood in the same man (as by their both natures and beings, though not in place or person), as be knighthood in one person and priesthood in an other person.

Repressour, Part I.

REASONABLE USE OF IMAGES

PERADVENTURE they will say thus: Many hundreds of men clepe this image the Trinity, and they clepe this image Christ, and this image the Holy Ghost, and this image Mary, and this image Saint Peter, and this image Saint Paul, and so forth of other; and they would not so clepe, but if they felt and believed withinforth as they clepe withoutforth; for else they were double. Wherefore all those hundreds believe amiss about those images. Thereto it is full light for to answer. When I come to thee in thy parish church thou wilt peradventure say to me thus: Lo here lieth my father and there lieth my grandfather, and in the other side lieth my wife; and yet they lie not there, but only their bones lie there. If I come to thee into thine hall or chamber thou wilt peradventure say to me in describing the story painted or woven in thine hall or chamber: "Here rideth King Arthur, and there fighteth Julius Cæsar, and here Hector of Troy throweth down a knight," and so forth. For though thou thus say thou wilt not hold thee for to

say therein amiss. Shall I therefore bear thee hand that thou trowest thy father and thy grandfather and thy wife for to live and dwell in their sepulchres, or shall I bear thee an hand that thou trowest Arthur and Julius Cæsar and Hector to be quick in thy cloth, or that thou wert double in then so ruling of speech? I trow thou wouldest say I were uncourteous, or else unwise and foolish, if I should bear thee so an hand, if it liked thee for to so speak. And, if this be true, it followeth that as well thou art uncourteous, or else thou art to be excused of uncourtesy by thy great folly and madness, if thou bear me an hand that all the world full of clerks and of other laymen ween some images to be God, and some images to be quick Saints; or that they be double and guilefull, if they clepe an image of God by the name of God, and an image of a Saint by the name of a Saint. But (for more clearly this same answer to be understood) it is to wit, that if figurative speeches were not allowed to be had in use, that the image or the likeness of a thing may be cleped by the name of the thing of which he is image and likeness, and that the part of a thing may be cleped under and by the name of his whole, as that men say they have lived forty winters, meaning thereby that they have lived forty years, certes this challenge might well proceed and have his intent; but againward it is so that such figurative and unproper speech, for to clepe the image of a thing by and under the name of the thing of which he is image, hath been in famous use and hath been allowed both of Holy Scripture and of all peoples. And therefore, though men in such woned figurative speech say, "Here at this altar is the Trinity, and there at thilk altar is Jesus, and yonder is the Holy Ghost, and thereby is Mary with Saint Peter," and so forth; it needeth not therefore be said that they mean and feel that this image is the Trinity, or that thilk image is verily Jesus, and so forth of other; but that these images be the likenesses or the images of them.

Repressour, Part II.

DEFENCE OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS

FOR to turn now again into the matter of religious; though it be sufficiently now before answered to the second seeming *skile* made against those religious, yet into greater strengthening and

enforcing of the same made answer and into the more clearing of this truth, that the said religious be not to be cut away from the church, I set thus much more here at this time: Though it were so, that no more excuse were to the said religious for to defend them from cutting away than which is before said (that out, from, and by them no sin cometh in the first said manner, but in the second said manner only; and therefore they deserve not to be cut away, namely sith they be means into great ghostly goods), yet more thereto for to excuse may be set thus: that greater sin would come from, by, and out of the cuttings away of those religious than cometh now from, by, and out of the havings and holdings of the same religious, and greater sin is letted by the being and holding of those religious than is all the sin by them coming; and therefore they ought much rather be maintained than be laid aside. That this is true, what is now said, I prove thus: Take me all the religious men of England, which be now and have been in religion in England this thirty years and more now ended, in which thirty years hath been continual great war betwixt England and France; and let see what should have *worthe* of the men in these years, if they had not been made religious. Let see how they should have lived, and what manner of men they should have been. Whether not they should have been as wellnigh all other men be and have been in this thirty-fourth winter in England; and therefore they should have been or guileful artificers, or unpitiful questmongers and forsworn jurors, or soldiers waged into France for to make much murther of blood, yea, and of souls, both in their own side and in the French side? Who can say nay thereto, but that right likely and as it were unscapably these evils and many more should have befallen to those persons, if they had not been religious? And no man can find againward that those persons, whiles they have lived in religion, have been guilty of so much sin, how much sin is now rehearsed; and of which they should have been guilty, if they had not been religious. Then followeth of need that the religious in England have been full noble and full profitable hedges and wards throughout these thirty-four years for to close and keep and hedge in and warn so many persons from so much greater sins into which else, if those religious had not been, those persons should have fallen and have been guilty. And soothly this *skile* (as me seemeth) ought move each man full much for to hold with such religious, if he be wise for to consider how sinful it is wellnigh

all persons living out of religion ; and into how cumbrous a plight the world is brought, that those sins (as it were) may not be left ; and how that religious persons should be of like bad condition, if they were not in religion, and that in religion they be not of so bad condition, though they be men and not angels, and cannot live without all sin ; and that the sin coming into them, whiles they be in religion, cometh not into them by the religion as by the first manner of coming before taught in the same chapter, but by the second manner of coming only.

Repressour, Part II.

MALORY

[Beyond what is stated by Caxton in his Preface to the *Morte d'Arthur*, and in his Colophon, and what Malory himself says at the end of his compilation, we know nothing of the authorship or of the author of this the most popular English work of the closing Middle Ages. In his Preface Caxton tells us how for certain reasons he at first shrunk from printing a book about King Arthur; but, being at length persuaded by "many noble and divers gentlemen of this realm of England," he, "after the simple conning that God hath sent him, enprised to imprint a book of the noble histories of the said King Arthur and of certain of his knights after a copy unto me delivered, which copy Sir Thomas Malory did take out of certain book of French, and reduced it into English." In his Colophon he again mentions Sir Thomas as the reducer of the work into English, and adds that it was by himself "divided into xxi books chapitred, and enprinted, and finished in the Abbey Westminster, the last day of July the year of our Lord mcccclxxxv."

"I pray you," runs Malory's own concluding sentence,—the last part of it, in a kind of metre—the words "knight," "might," and "night" rhyming together—"all gentlemen and gentlewomen that read this book of Arthur and his knights from the beginning to the ending, pray for me while I am on live that God send me good deliverance, and when I am dead I pray you all pray for my soul; for this book was ended the ninth year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth by Sir Thomas Maleore, knight, as Jesu help him for his great might, as he is the servant of Jesus both day and night." Edward IV.'s regnal years are computed from 4th March 1461; so Malory's translation was finished sometime between 4th March 1469 and 4th March 1470, some fifteen years before Caxton printed it. There is a village called Kirkby Mallory in Leicestershire, about five miles north of Hinckly; and we know, on Leland's authority, that a family of the name held property at Hutton Conyers and also at High Studley, both places near Ripon in the West Riding of Yorkshire. In the north transept of Ripon Cathedral is a monument to the Mallorys of Studley Royal. But with neither of these occurrences of the name can he be certainly connected. His description of himself as the servant of Jesu both day and night might very well mean, and has been taken to mean, that he was in "Holy Orders"; but more probably it simply expresses what all his work illustrates, viz., that he was of a sincerely religious spirit.]

Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* is of high distinction in many ways. It is the largest and completest collection of the

Arthurian romances; it is arranged with remarkable skill and judgment; it is written in a style of wonderful simplicity and of wonderful effectiveness; it has been ever since the favourite handbook of all students, poetic and other, who have felt any interest in the Arthurian story and in chivalrous romance.

It is, in fact, a complete Arthuriad. What so many great writers designed, Malory has in his own way accomplished. He tells the tale of the old king from the beginning to the end. There are many episodes, but these are subordinate to the main theme. No doubt he takes his material from the French; but he takes it from various sources, not from any single work which had already done what it was his special purpose to do. So to translate and abridge and to correlate numerous French works that treated of the Table Round in prose and in poetry was an achievement demanding a real artistic sense and power. And, in fact, to this day the only Arthurian epic our literature has to show is this work of Malory's. For Spenser never reached the properly Arthurian part of the *Faerie Queen*; Milton never actually took in hand the Arthurian legends, though they so long and so late attracted him; Dryden's opera of *King Arthur* just serves to remind us that he never wrote the heroic poem on Arthur which, wisely or unwisely, he for many years meditated; Tennyson himself warns us against looking to him for an epic, when he entitles his Arthurian pieces "Idylls." Thus our one Arthurian epic is in prose. Some critic has regretted that Malory did not attempt verse; but we may be sure that Malory's judgment was sound in this respect. He understood well his own limits and the limits of his time, as also his own genius and the genius of his time. A different age would have filled him with a different inspiration. But the latter part of the fifteenth century in England was probably incapable of any high poetic form. And an attempt on Malory's part to assume a poetic form would probably have been scarcely less disastrous than had Bunyan produced his famous allegory in such couplets as compose its Preface, instead of in the admirable prose which, with his other gifts, has given him a place amongst English classics. The prose of Malory too is admirable. It is spoilt by no tricks or affectations; it is not always thinking of itself, so to speak, or wishing to be thought about. It aims merely at doing its duty as a rendering of its master's thought. What particularly distinguishes it is its thoroughly idiomatic character. Malory displays a fine

instinct in his use of his mother-tongue. It is wonderful to see how this subtle sense led him to the choice of phrases that were to remain always part of the vernacular, his choice, no doubt, improving their chance of remaining so; for there was no more popular book in the sixteenth century than the *Morte d'Arthur*. Above all, Malory's language and style exactly suit his subject. In no work is there a perfecter harmony—a more sympathetic marriage—of this kind. This chronicler of knighthood is himself a knight. His heart is devoted to the chivalry he portrays, and his tongue is the faithful spokesmen of his heart.

JOHN W. HALES.

How Arthur by the mean of Merlin gat Excalibur his sword of the Lady of the Lake

Right so the king and he departed, and went until an hermit that was a good man and a great leach. So the hermit searched all his wounds and gave him good salves; so the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended that he might ride and go, and so departed. And as they rode, Arthur said, I have no sword. No force, said Merlin, hereby is a sword that shall be yours and I may. So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand. Lo, said Merlin, yonder is that sword that I spake of. With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake: What damsel is that? said Arthur. That is the Lady of the lake, said Merlin; and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly beseen, and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her that she will give you that sword. Anon withal came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. Damsel, said Arthur, what sword is that, that yonder the arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword. Sir Arthur king, said the damsel, that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have it. By my faith, said Arthur, I will give you what gift ye will ask. Well, said the damsel, go ye into yonder barge and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time. So Sir Arthur and Merlin alight, and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles, and took it with him. And the arm and the hand went under the water; and so they came unto the land and rode forth. And then Sir Arthur saw a rich pavilion: What

signifieth yonder pavilion? It is the knight's pavilion, said Merlin, that ye fought with last, Sir Pellinore, but he is out, he is not there; he hath ado with a knight of yours, that hight Egglame, and they have fought together, but at the last Egglame fled, and else he had been dead, and he hath chased him even to Carlion, and we shall meet with him anon in the high way. That is well said, said Arthur, now have I a sword, now will I wage battle with him and be avenged on him. Sir, ye shall not so, said Merlin, for the knight is weary of fighting and chasing, so that ye shall have no worship to have ado with him; also he will not lightly be matched of one knight living; and therefore it is my counsel, let him pass, for he shall do you good service in short time, and his sons after his days. Also ye shall see that day in short space, ye shall be right glad to give him your sister to wed. When I see him, I will do as ye advise me, said Arthur. Then Sir Arthur looked on the sword, and liked it passing well. Whether liketh you better, said Merlin, the sword or the scabbard? Me liketh better the sword, said Arthur. Ye are more unwise, said Merlin, for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword for while ye have the scabbard upon you ye shall never loose no blood, be ye never so sore wounded, therefore keep well the scabbard always with you. So they rode unto Carlion, and by the way they met with Sir Pellinore; but Merlin had done such a craft that Pellinore saw not Arthur, and he passed by without any words. I marvel, said Arthur, that the knight would not speak. Sir, said Merlin, he saw you not, for and he had seen you ye had not lightly departed. So they came unto Carlion, whereof his knights were passing glad. And when they heard of his adventures they marvelled that he would jeopard his person so alone. But all men of worship said it was merry to be under such a chieftain that would put his person in adventure as other poor knights did.

How tidings came to Arthur that king Ryons had overcome eleven kings, and how he desired Arthur's beard to trim his mantle.

This meanwhile came a messager from king Ryons of North Wales, and king he was of all Ireland, and of many Isles. And this was his message, greeting well king Arthur in this manner

wise, saying that king Ryons had discomfited and overcome eleven kings, and every each of them did him homage, and that was this—they gave him their beards clean flayed off, as much as there was; wherefore the messager came for king Arthur's beard. For king Ryons had trimmed a mantle with kings' beards, and there lacked one place of the mantle, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and burn and slay, and never leave till he have the head and the beard. Well, said Arthur, thou hast said thy message, the which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent unto a king; also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet to make a trimming of it. But tell thou thy king this: I owe him none homage, nor none of mine elders; but or it be long he shall do me homage on both his knees, or else he shall lose his head, by the faith of my body, for this is the most shamefulest message that ever I heard speak of. I see well thy king met never yet with worshipful man, but tell him I will have his head without he do me homage. Then the messenger departed. Now is there any here, said Arthur, that knoweth king Ryons? Then answered a knight that hight Naram, Sir, I know the king well; he is a passing good man of his body as few be living, and a passing proud man; and, Sir, doubt ye not he will make war on you with a mighty puissance. Well, said Arthur, I shall ordain for him in short time.

How Balin met with his brother Balan, and how each of them slew other unknown, till they were wounded to death.

Then afore him he saw come riding out of a castle a knight, and his horse trapped all red, and himself in the same colour. When this knight in the red beheld Balin, him thought it should be his brother Balin because of his two swords, but because he knew not his shield, he deemed it was not he. And so they *aventred* their spears, and came marvellously fast together, and they smote each other in the shields, but their spears and their course were so big that it bare down horse and man, that they lay both in a swoon. But Balin was bruised sore with the fall of his horse, for he was weary of travel. And Balan was the first that rose on foot and drew his sword, and went toward Balin, and he arose and went

against him, but Balan smote Balin first, and he put up his shield, and smote him through the shield and cleft his helm. Then Balin smote him again with that unhappy sword, and well nigh had felled his brother Balan, and so they fought there together till their breaths failed. Then Balin looked up to the castle, and saw the towers stand full of ladies. So they went to battle again, and wounded each other dolefully, and then they breathed oft-times, and so went unto battle, that all the place there as they fought was blood red. And at that time there was none of them both but they had either smitten other seven great wounds, so that the least of them might have been the death of the mightiest giant in this world. Then they went to battle again so marvellously that doubt it was to hear of that battle for the great blood-shedding, and their hauberks unnailed, that naked they were on every side. At the last Balan, the younger brother, withdrew him a little and laid him down. Then said Balin le Savage, What knight art thou? for or now I found never no knight that matched me. My name is, said he, Balan, brother to the good knight Balin. Alas! said Balin, that ever I should see this day. And therewith he fell backward in a swoon. Then Balan went on all four feet and hands, and put off the helm of his brother, and might not know him by the visage it was so full hewen and bled; but when he awoke he said, O Balan, my brother, thou hast slain me and I thee, wherefore all the wide world shall speak of us both. Alas! said Balan, that ever I saw this day, that through mishap I might not know you, for I espied well your two swords, but because ye had another shield I deemed you had been another knight. Alas! said Balin, all that made an unhappy knight in the castle, for he caused me to leave mine own shield to our both's destruction, and if I might live I would destroy that castle for ill customs. That were well done, said Balan, for I had never grace to depart from them since that I came hither, for here it happed me to slay a knight that kept this island, and since might I never depart, and no more should ye brother, and ye might have slain me as ye have, and escaped yourself with the life. Right so came the lady of the tower with four knights and six ladies and six yeomen unto them, and there she heard how they made their moan either to other, and said, We came both out of one womb, and so shall we lye both in one pit. So Balan prayed the lady of her gentleness, for his true service that she would bury them both in that same place there the battle was

done. And she granted them with weeping it should be done richly in the best manner. Now will ye send for a priest, that we may receive our sacrament and receive the blessed body of our Lord Jesus Christ. Yea, said the lady, it shall be done. And so she sent for a priest and gave them their rites. Now, said Balin, when we are buried in one tomb, and the mention made over us how two brethren slew each other, there will never good knight nor good man see our tomb but they will pray for our souls. And so all the ladies and gentlewomen wept for pity. Then, anon Balan died, but Balin died not till the midnight after, and so were they buried both, and the lady let make a mention of Balan how he was there slain by his brother's hands, but she knew not Balin's name.

How Sir Tristram demanded La Beale Isoud for king Mark, and how Sir Tristram and Isoud drank the love drink.

THEN upon a day king Anguish asked Sir Tristram why he asked not his boon, for whatsoever he had promised him he should have it without fail. Sir, said Sir Tristram, now is it time, this is all that I will desire, that ye will give me La Beale Isoud your daughter, not for myself, but for mine uncle king Mark, that shall have her to wife, for so have I promised him. Alas, said the king, I had lever than all the land that I have ye would wed her yourself. Sir, and I did, then were I shamed for ever in this world, and false of my promise. Therefore, said Sir Tristram, I pray you hold your promise that ye promised me, for this is my desire, that ye will give me La Beale Isoud to go with me into Cornwall, for to be wedded to king Mark mine uncle. As for that, said king Anguish, ye shall have her with you, to do with her what it please you, that is for to say if that ye list to wed her yourself, that is to me levest: and if ye will give her unto king Mark your uncle, that is in your choice.

So to make a short conclusion, La Beale Isoud was made ready to go with Sir Tristram, and dame Bragwaine went with her for her chief gentlewoman, with many other. Then the queen, Isoud's mother, gave to her and dame Bragwaine, her daughter's gentlewoman, and unto Gouvernail, a drink, and charged them that what day king Mark should wed, that same

day they should give him that drink, so that king Mark should drink to La Beale Isoud; and then, said the queen, I undertake either shall love other the days of their life. So this drink was given unto dame Bragwaine and unto Gouvernail. And then anon Sir Tristram took the sea and La Beale Isoud; and when they were in their cabin, it happed so that they were thirsty, and they saw a little flacket of gold stand by them, and it seemed by the colour and the taste that it was noble wine. Then Sir Tristram took the flacket in his hand, and said, Madam Isoud, here is the best drink that ever ye drank, that dame Bragwaine your maiden, and Gouvernail my servant, have kept for themselves. Then they laughed and made good cheer, and either drank to other freely, and they thought never drink that ever they drank to other was so sweet nor so good. But by that their drink was in their bodies, they loved either other so well that never their love departed for weal neither for woe. And thus it happed the love first betwixt Sir Tristram and La Beale Isoud, the which love never departed the days of their life.

How after that king Arthur had tidings he returned and came to Dover, where Sir Mordred met him to let his landing, and of the death of Sir Gawaine.

And so as Sir Mordred was at Dover with his host, there came king Arthur with a great navy of ships, galleys, and carracks. And there was Sir Mordred ready awaiting upon his landage, to let his own father to land upon the land that he was king over. Then there was launching of great boats and small, and full of noble men of arms, and there was much slaughter of gentle knights, and many a full bold baron was laid full low on both parties. But king Arthur was so courageous, that there might no manner of knights let him to land, and his knights fiercely followed him. And so they landed, maugre Sir Mordred and all his power, and put Sir Mordred aback, that he fled and all his people. So when this battle was done, king Arthur let bury his people that were dead, and then was the noble knight Sir Gawaine found in a great boat lying more than half dead. When Sir Arthur wist that Sir Gawaine was laid so low, he went unto him, and there the king made sorrow out of measure, and took Sir Gawaine in his arms, and thrice he there swooned. And when he

awaked he said, Alas, Sir Gawaine, my sister's son, here now thou liest, the man in the world that I loved most, and now is my joy gone: for now, my nephew Sir Gawaine, I will discover me unto your person; in Sir Launcelot and you I most had my joy, and mine affiance, and now have I lost my joy of you both, wherefore all mine earthly joy is gone from me. Mine uncle king Arthur, said Sir Gawaine, wit you well, my death day is come, and all is through mine own hastiness and wilfulness, for I am smitten upon the old wound the which Sir Launcelot gave me, on the which I feel well I must die, and had Sir Launcelot been with you as he was, this unhappy war had never begun, and of all this am I causer, for Sir Launcelot and his blood through their prowess held all your cankered enemies in subjection and danger: and now, said Sir Gawaine, ye shall miss Sir Launcelot. But, alas, I would not accord with him, and therefore, said Sir Gawaine, I pray you, fair uncle, that I may have paper, pen, and ink, that I may write to Sir Launcelot a schedule with mine own hands. And then when paper and ink was brought, then Gawaine was set up weakly by king Arthur, for he was shriven a little tofore, and then he wrote thus, as the French book maketh mention,—Unto Sir Launcelot, flower of all noble knights that ever I heard of, or saw by my days, I Sir Gawaine, king Lot's son, of Orkney, sister's son unto the noble king Arthur, send thee greeting, and let thee have knowledge, that the tenth day of May I was smitten upon the old wound that thou gavest me afore the city of Benwick, and through the same wound that thou gavest me I am come to my death-day. And I will that all the world wit that I, Sir Gawaine, knight of the Table Round, sought my death, and not through thy deserving, but it was mine own seeking, wherefore I beseech thee, Sir Launcelot, to return again unto this realm, and see my tomb, and pray some prayer, more or less, for my soul. And this same day that I wrote this schedule, I was hurt to the death in the same wound, the which I had of thy hand, Sir Launcelot. For of a more nobler man might I not be slain. Also, Sir Launcelot, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, make no tarrying, but come over the sea in all haste, that thou mayest with thy noble knights rescue that noble king that made thee knight, that is my lord Arthur, for he is fully straitly bestad with a false traitor, that is my half brother Sir Mordred, and he hath let crown him king, and would have wedded my lady queen Guenever, and so had he done, had she not put herself in the tower of London.

And so the tenth day of May last past, my lord Arthur and we all landed upon them at Dover, and there we put that false traitor Sir Mordred to flight, and there it misfortuned me to be stricken upon thy stroke, and at the date of this letter was written but two hours and an half afore my death, written with mine own hand, and so subscribed with part of my heart's blood. And I require thee, most famous knight of the world, that thou wilt see my tomb.—And then Sir Gawaine wept, and king Arthur wept, and then they swooned both. And when they awaked both, the king made Sir Gawaine to receive his Saviour. And then Sir Gawaine prayed the king to send for Sir Launcelot, and to cherish him above all other knights. And so at the hour of noon, Sir Gawaine yielded up the spirit. And then the king let inter him in a chapel within Dover castle; and there yet all men may see the skull of him, and the same wound is seen that Sir Launcelot gave him in battle. Then was it told king Arthur that Sir Mordred had pitched a new field upon Barham Down. And upon the morn the king rode thither to him, and there was a great battle betwixt them, and much people were slain on both parties. But at the last Sir Arthur's party stood best, and Sir Mordred and his party fled unto Canterbury.

How by misadventure of an adder the battle began, where Mordred was slain, and Arthur hurt to the death.

THEN were they condescended that king Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and every each of them should bring fourteen persons. And they came with this word unto king Arthur. Then said he, I am glad that this is done. And so he went into the field. And when Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that and they see any sword drawn, Look ye come on fiercely, and slay that traitor Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him. In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that, —And ye see any sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth: for in no wise I will not trust for this treaty: for I know well my father will be avenged upon me. And so they met as their pointment was, and so they were agreed and accorded thoroughly: and wine was fetched, and they drank. Right so came an adder out of a little

heath bush, and it stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him stungen, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beames, trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them together. And king Arthur took his horse, and said, Alas this unhappy day, and so rode to his party; and Sir Mordred in likewise. And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no christian land. For there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever king Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Mordred many times, and did full nobly as a noble king should; and at all times he fainted never. And Sir Mordred that day put him in devoir, and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted, till the noble knights were laid to the cold ground, and ever they fought still, till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware of all his host, and of all his good knights, were left no more on live but two knights, that was Sir Lucan de butlere, and his brother Sir Bedivere: and they full were sore wounded. Jesu mercy, said the king, where are all my noble knights becomen. Alas that ever I should see this doleful day. For now, said Arthur, I am come to mine end. But would to God that I wist where were that traitor Sir Mordred, that hath caused all this mischief. Then was king Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. Now give me my spear, said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought. Sir, let him be, said Sir Lucan, for he is unhappy: and if ye pass this unhappy day, ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this. For blessed be God ye have won the field: for here we be three on live, and with Sir Mordred is none on live. And if ye leave off now, this wicked day of destiny is past. Tide me death, betide me life, saith the king, now I see him yonder alone, he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail shall

I never have him. God speed you well, said Sir Bedivere. Then the king gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying, Traitor, now is thy death day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And then king Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin of his spear throughout the body more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death's wound, he thrust himself, with the might that he had, up to the bur of king Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth. And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oft-times. And Sir Lucan de butlere and Sir Bedivere oft-times heaved him up, and so weakly they led him betwixt them both to a little chapel not far from the sea side. And when the king was there, he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. Now go thou, Sir Lucan, said the king, and do me to wit what betokens that noise in the field. So Sir Lucan departed. for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he went, he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how the pillers and robbers were come into the field to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of broaches and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who that were not dead all out, there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the king as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. Therefore by mine advice, said Sir Lucan, it is best that we bring you to some town. I would it were so, said the king,—

How king Arthur commanded to cast his sword Excalibur into the water, and how he was delivered to ladies in a barge.

But I may not stand, my head works so. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said king Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee. Alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting, the king swooned, and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the

lift, that the part of his bowels fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart brast. And when king Arthur came to himself again, he beheld Sir Lucan how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his bowels lay at his feet. Alas, said the king, this is unto me a full heavy sight to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I. Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul. Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me: for, wit thou well, and I might live myself the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the king, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. What sawest thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king; therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so eft he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the king that he had been at the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan. Ah traitor, untrue, said king Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have wend that thou that hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou

wouldest for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side, and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and an hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw king Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the king: and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps king Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over much cold. And so then they rowed from the land; and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies. Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and the ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest, and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two *holts hoar* of a chapel and an hermitage.

How Sir Launcelot departed to seek the queen Guenever, and how he found her at Almesbury.

Then came Sir Bors de Ganis, and said, My lord Sir Launcelot, what think ye for to do, now to ride in this realm? wit thou well ye shall find few friends. Be as be may, said Sir Launcelot, keep you still here, for I will forth on my journey, and no man nor

child shall go with me. So it was no boot to strive, but he departed and rode westerly, and there he sought a seven or eight days, and at the last he came to a nunnery, and then was queen Guenever ware of Sir Launcelot as he walked in the cloister, and when she saw him there she swooned thrice, that all the ladies and gentlewomen had work enough to hold the queen up. So when she might speak, she called ladies and gentlewomen to her, and said, Ye marvel, fair ladies, why I make this fare. Truly, she said, it is for the sight of yonder knight that yonder standeth: wherefore, I pray you all, call him to me. When Sir Launcelot was brought to her, then she said to all the ladies, Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought, and the death of the most noblest knights of the world; for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, wit thou well I am set in such a plight to get my soul's health; and yet I trust, through God's grace, that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ, and at doomsday to sit on his right side, for as sinful as ever I was are saints in heaven. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee on God's behalf, that thou forsake my company, and to thy kingdom thou turn again and keep well thy realm from war and wrack. For as well as I have loved thee, mine heart will not serve me to see thee; for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, go to thy realm, and there take thee a wife, and live with her with joy and bliss, and I pray thee heartily pray for me to our Lord, that I may amend my misliving. Now, sweet madam, said Sir Launcelot, would ye that I should return again unto my country, and there to wed a lady? Nay, madam, wit you well that shall I never do; for I shall never be so false to you of that I have promised, but the same destiny that ye have taken you to, I will take me unto, for to please Jesu, and ever for you I cast me specially to pray. If thou wilt do so, said the queen, hold thy promise; but I may never believe but that thou wilt turn to the world again. Well, madam, said he, ye say as pleaseth you, yet wist you me never false of my promise, and God defend but I should forsake the world as ye have done. For in the quest of the Sancgreal I had forsaken the vanities of the world, had not your lord been. And if I had done so at that time with my heart, will, and thought, I had passed all the

knights that were in the Sancgreal, except Sir Galahad my son. And therefore, lady, sithen ye have taken you to perfection, I must needs take me to perfection of right. For I take record of God, in you I have had mine earthly joy. And if I had found you now so disposed, I had cast me to have had you into mine own realm.

How Sir Launcelot came to the hermitage where the archbishop of Canterbury was, and how he took the habit on him.

But sithen I find you thus disposed, I insure you faithfully I will ever take me to penance, and pray while my life lasteth, if that I may find any hermit either grey or white that will receive me. Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me, and never no more. Nay, said the queen, that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works. And they departed. But there was never so hard an hearted man, but he would have wept to see the dolour that they made. For there was lamentation as they had been stung with spears, and many times they swooned. And the ladies bare the queen to her chamber, and Sir Launcelot awoke, and went and took his horse, and rode all that day and all that night in a forest, weeping. And at the last he was ware of an hermitage and a chapel stood betwixt two cliffs, and then he heard a little bell ring to mass, and thither he rode and alight, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard mass. And he that sang mass was the bishop of Canterbury. Both the bishop and Sir Bedivere knew Sir Launcelot, and they spake together after mass. But when Sir Bedivere had told his tale all whole, Sir Launcelot's heart almost brast for sorrow, and Sir Launcelot threw his arms abroad, and said, Alas, who may trust this world! And then he kneeled down on his knees, and prayed the bishop to shrive him and assoil him. And then he besought the bishop that he might be his brother. Then the bishop said, I will gladly: and there he put an habit upon Sir Launcelot, and there he served God day and night with prayers and fastings.

SIR JOHN FORTESCUE

[Sir John Fortescue, born c. 1394, died c. 1476 (both dates are conjectural), was a younger son of an old county family tracing its genealogy to the Conquest. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and afterwards at Lincoln's Inn. In 1442 he was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench and knighted. From 1445 to 1455 he was selected by each Parliament as one of the Triers of Petitions, one among many proofs of the confidence his contemporaries felt in his capacity and integrity. In the Civil War he took the losing side, and after the fatal battle of Towton was included in the general Act of Attainder (1461) directed against the Lancastrians. The two following years he spent with the exiled royal family in Scotland, where he wrote a series of tracts against the Yorkist claim. From Scotland he accompanied Margaret to the Continent, where from 1463 to 1471 he occupied himself in writing (*De Laudibus*), in educating the young prince, and in efforts to bring about a Lancastrian restoration. He took a leading part in the negotiations which culminated in the alliance of Warwick and Margaret in 1470, and was taken prisoner in the final overthrow of his party at Tewkesbury. The Lancastrian line being now extinct, he recognised Edward IV. and was allowed to purchase his pardon by writing a formal refutation (*Declaration upon Certain Writings*) of his earlier pamphlets on the succession. He then withdrew to Ebrington and died there at an advanced age; the last mention of him is in 1476. The Lord Chancellorship seems in his case to have been a mere title conferred in exile.

De Laudibus first printed 1537, translated (*a*) 1573 by R. Mulcaster, and reissued 1573, 1575, 1578, 1599, 1609, 1616, 1660, 1672; (*b*) by Francis Gregor, 1737, 1741, 1775, 1825. *Governance of England*, first published 1714; the revised and annotated edition by C. Plummer (1885) is a model of careful scholarship, and a mine of information. The other writings are to be found only in Lord Clermont's (1869) sumptuous and exhaustive collection of the complete works.]

FORTESCUE'S writings fall into three divisions—I. Pamphlets on the Succession; II. Constitutional Treatises; III. Miscellaneous Tracts.

I. *Pamphlets on the Succession.*—Those on the Lancastrian side were written in Scotland, between 1461 and 1463, and the two most important are extant only in Latin, the Yorkist dynasty

having stifled any translations which may have existed. The retraction (*c*), on the other hand, being meant for immediate publicity, was naturally written in the vernacular.

a. De titulo Edwardi comitis Marchiæ.—This short piece strikes the keynote of Fortescue's Lancastrian pamphlets, the invalidity of succession through the female, which is here supported partly by general considerations, but mainly by an appeal to historical precedent.

b. De Naturâ Legis Naturæ et de ejus censurâ in successione regnorum supremâ, a bulky and dull treatise dealing with the subject of female succession in general without direct reference to the controversy of the day. The king of Assyria dies, and the succession is disputed between his brother, his daughter, and the daughter's son. In Part I. it is argued that the dispute must be decided by the Law of Nature, which is prior to all other law and of divine origin; and in the course of the argument Fortescue developes at length his favourite classification of constitutions into (i.) Dominium regale, absolute monarchy; (ii.) Dominium politicum, republican government; and (iii.) that which partakes of both characters (Dominium politicum et regale) limited or constitutional monarchy. This introductory part really belongs to the constitutional section. In Part II. the Law of Nature is installed as judge, and the three parties plead before her, the daughter maintaining the right of female succession, the brother denying it altogether, and the grandson advancing Edward III.'s plea that a woman though incapable of succeeding can transmit the right of succession. After the pleadings have been followed by "replications," and these again by "duplications," the judge sums up in favour of the brother on the strength of (i.) the Scripture text. "Thou shalt be subject to the man, and he shall rule thee," which puts the daughter out of court, and (ii.) the legal maxim "No one can transmit to another a greater legal right than belongs to himself," which is equally fatal to the grandson's claim. The treatise closes with an appeal to the Pope to enforce this decision, and thus prevent further wars of succession.

Three other pieces on the same theme are extant, but so brief or so fragmentary as to be without importance.

(*c*) *A declaration upon certain writings sent out of Scotland against the King's title to the Realm of England* is the title of the retractation. It is in the form of a dialogue. A learned man takes Fortescue to task for the trouble his succession tracts had

caused in England, and then proceeds to expose certain historical blunders contained in them. Retreat is thus ingeniously veiled: the author yields to more accurate information inaccessible to him while on the Continent. The historical arguments thus disposed of, there remains the more formidable difficulty involved in the text, "Thou shalt be subject to the man, and he shall rule thee." The plea of inaccurate information could no longer be urged. Fortescue feels that here at least he can hardly draw back without loss of character. The learned man, however, reassures him; it is the commonest thing in the world for lawyers to argue on the other side of the question, and in this case loyalty makes it a duty. Thus encouraged Fortescue sustains his legal reputation by proving that the rule is no bar to female succession, inasmuch as every woman is already subject to one man, viz. the Pope! The true defence of his *volteface*, however, is his Whiggism. The man who wrote *The Governance* could not champion indefeasible hereditary right.

II. *Constitutional Writings.*—On these depend his permanent reputation, both as a constitutional lawyer and as a writer of English. They present in the tersest and most uncompromising form the Lancastrian theory of constitutional government; and so, when the period of Tudor despotism was over, the constitutional opposition which appealed to *Confirmatio Cartarum* (1297) as the record of its rights, went back for its constitutional theory to Fortescue. The burden throughout is the superiority of limited to absolute monarchy, of which England and France are taken as the types.

(*a*) *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, the best known and most important of his writings, is in the form of a dialogue between Fortescue and Prince Edward, for whose instruction it was compiled. The judge urges the prince, while perfecting himself in all martial exercises, not to neglect the study of law. This leads to a comparison of English Law with the Civil Law much to the advantage of the former, especially in such points as the jury system, the illegality of torture, and the inability of the English king to make or change laws on his own sole authority.

(*b*) *The Governance of England*, also known as "the difference between an Absolute and a Limited monarchy" is the most mature and least pedantic of his writings, and must have been written after 1471. The first part sets forth in English dress and conciser form the argument of the *De Laudibus*; the

second deals with the causes of the paralysis which, during Henry VI.'s reign was creeping over the central authority, and suggests several remedies, such as the resumption of royal grants, the reform of the Privy Council, etc.

III. *Miscellaneous Writings.*—(*a*) *A Dialogue between Understanding and Faith* is a brief but touching tract on the miseries produced by the Civil War, and breathes a spirit of unaffected piety and resignation. (*b*) Two other short pieces, *The Commodities of England*, and *The Twenty-two Righteousnesses belonging to a King*, have been ascribed to Fortescue, apparently, however, without sufficient ground.

The historical value of Fortescue's works is great, both as illustrating his own age, as having furnished weapons to the constitutional reformers of 1641, and as being the first English writings in which a constitutional system is based upon analysis of existing institutions, rather than on the *à priori* speculation so dear to the medieval mind.

As a writer of English prose, Fortescue's chief merit lies in the fact that he was the first to adapt it to the discussion of political and constitutional problems. His phraseology is, of course, somewhat antiquated: he preserves the *en* termination of the infinitive and of the plural of verbs, together with a few other archaisms which have disappeared by the reign of Henry VIII. His style, moreover, being necessarily experimental, lacks elegance and harmony; but it is never undignified, it always exhibits the vigour, lucidity, and method of the practised lawyer, and occasionally kindles with the glow of patriotism or professional pride.

H. R. REICHEL.

THE GOVERNANCE OF ENGLAND

THE FRUITS OF JUS REGALE AND JUS POLITICUM ET REGALE

AND how so be it that the French king reigneth upon his people *dominio regali*, yet Saint Louis, sometime king there, nor any of his progenitors set never *tailles* or other imposition upon the people of that land without the assent of the three estates, which when they be assembled be like to the court of the Parliament in England. And this order kept many of his successors into late days, that England men made such war in France, that the three estates durst not come together. And then for that cause, and for great necessity which the French king had of goods for the defence of that land, he took upon him to set *tailles* and other impositions upon the commons without the assent of the three estates; but yet he would not set any such charges, nor hath set, upon the nobles for fear of rebellion. And because the commons there, though they have grudged, have not rebelled, or been hardy to rebel, the French kings have yearly sithen set such charges upon them, and so augmented the same charges, as the same commons be so impoverished and destroyed that they may *uneath* live. They drink water; they eat apples with bread right brown made of rye; they eat no flesh, but if it be right seldom a little lard or of the entrails and hides of beasts slain for the nobles and merchants of the land. They wear no woollen, but if it be a poor coat under their uttermost garment made of great canvas, and called a frock. Their hosen be of like canvas, and pass not their knee, wherefore they be gartered, and their thighs bare. Their wives and children go barefoot; they may in no other wise live. For some of them that were wont to pay to his lord for his tenement, which he hireth by the year, a *scute*, payeth now to the king over that *scute* five *scutes*. Wherethrough they be *arted* by necessity so to watch, labour, and grub in the ground for

their sustenance, that their nature is wasted, and the kind of them brought to nought. They go crooked, and be feeble, not able to fight, nor to defend the realm; nor they have weapons, nor money to buy them weapons withal. But verily they live in the most extreme poverty and misery, and yet dwell they on the most fertile realm of the world. Wherethrough the French king hath not men of his own realm able to defend it except his nobles, which bear none such impositions, and therefore they be right likely of their bodies; by which cause the said king is compelled to make his armies and retinues for the defence of his land of strangers, as Scots, Spaniards, Aragoners, men of Almayne and of other nations, or else all his enemies might overrun him, for he hath no defence of his own except his castles and fortresses. Lo this is the fruit of his *Jus Regale.* If the realm of England, which is an isle, and therefore may not lightly get succour of other lands, were ruled under such a law and under such a prince, it would be then a prey to all other nations that would conquer, rob, or devour it; which was well proved in the time of the Britons when the Scots and the Picts so beat and oppressed this land that the people thereof sought help of the Romans, to whom they had been tributary. And when they could not be defended by them, they sought help of the Duke of Britain, then called Little Britain, and granted therefore to make his brother Constantine their king. And so he was made king here, and reigned many years, and his children after him, of which great Arthur was one of their issue. But, blessed be God, this land is ruled under a better law, and therefore the people thereof be not in such penury, nor thereby hurt in their persons; but they be wealthy, and have all things necessary to the sustenance of nature. Wherefore they be mighty, and able to resist the adversaries of this realm, and to beat other realms that do or would do them wrong. Lo this is the fruit of *Jus politicum et regale*, under which we live. Somewhat now I have showed the fruits of both laws, *ut ex fructibus eorum cognoscatis eos.*

THE HARM TO ENGLAND IF THE COMMONS WERE POOR

SOME men have said that it were good for the king that the commons of England were made poor, as be the commons of France. For then they would not rebel, as now they do often-

times; which the commons of France do not, nor may do, for they have no weapons, nor armour, nor goods to buy it withal. To this manner of men may be said with the philosopher, *ad pauca respicientes de facili enunciant.* This is to say, they that see but few things will soon say their advices. Forsooth these folk consider little the good of the realm of England, whereof the might standeth most upon archers, which be no rich men. And if they were made more poor than they be, they should not have wherewith to buy them bows, arrows, jacks, or any other armour of defence, whereby they might be able to resist our enemies when they list to come upon us; which they may do in every side, considering that we be an island, and, as it is said before, we may not soon have succour of any other realm. Wherefore we shall be a prey to all our enemies, *but if* we be mighty of ourselves, which might standeth most upon our poor archers; and therefore they need not only have such *ablements* as now is spoken of, but also they need to be much exercised in shooting, which may not be done without right great expenses, as every man expert therein knoweth right well. Wherefore the making poor of the commons, which is the making poor of our archers, shall be the destruction of the greatest might of our realm. *Item*, if poor men may not lightly rise, as is the opinion of these men, which for that cause would have the commons poor, how then, if a mighty man made a rising, should he be repressed, when all the commons be so poor that after such opinion they may not fight, and by that reason not help the king with fighting? And why maketh the king the commons every year to be mustered, sithen it were good they had no harness nor were able to fight? O, how unwise is the opinion of these men, for it may not be maintained by any reason! *Item*, when any rising hath been made in this land before these days by commons, the poorest men thereof have been the greatest causers and doers therein. And thrifty men have been loth thereto for dread of losing of their goods. But yet oftentimes they have gone with them through menacing that else the same poor men would have took their goods, wherein it seemeth that poverty hath been the whole cause of all such risings. The poor man hath been stirred thereto by occasion of his poverty for to get goods, and the rich men have gone with them because they would not be poor by losing of their goods. What, then, would fall if all the commons were poor? Truly it is like that this land then should be like unto the realm of Bohemia, where

the commons for poverty rose upon the nobles, and made all their goods to be common: *Item*, it is the king's honour, and also his office, to make his realm rich; and it is dishonour when he hath but a poor realm, of which men will say that he reigneth but upon beggars. Yet it were much greater dishonour if he found his realm rich, and then made it poor. And it were also greatly against his conscience, that ought to defend them and their goods, if he took from them their goods without lawful cause; from the infamy whereof God defend our king, and give him grace to augment his realm in riches, wealth, and prosperity to his perpetual laud and worship. *Item*, the realm of France giveth never freely of their own goodwill any subsidy to their prince, because the commons thereof be so poor as they may not give anything of their own goods. And the king there asketh never subsidy of his nobles for dread that if he charged them so they would *confedre* with the commons, and peradventure put him down. But our commons be rich, and therefore they give to their king at some times *quinsimes* and *dessimes*, and ofttimes other great subsidies, as he hath need for the good and defence of his realm. How great a subsidy was it when the realm gave to their king a *quinsime* and a *dessime* quinquennial, and the ninth fleece of their wools, and also the ninth sheaf of their grains for the term of five years. This might they not have done if they had been impoverished by their king, as be the commons of France; nor such a grant hath been made by any realm of Christendom, of which any chronicle maketh mention; nor none other may or hath cause to do so. For they have not so much freedom in their own goods, nor be entreated by so favourable laws as we be, except a few regions before specified. *Item*, we see daily how men that have lost their goods, and be fallen into poverty, become anon robbers and thieves, which would not have been such if poverty had not brought them thereto. How many a thief then were like to be in this land, if all the commons were poor. The greatest surety truly, and also the most honour that may come to the king, is that his realm be rich in every estate. For nothing may make his people to arise but lack of goods or lack of justice. But yet certainly when they lack goods they will arise, saying that they lack justice. Nevertheless if they be not poor, they will never arise but if their prince so leave justice that he give himself all to tyranny.

ONLY COWARDICE KEEPS THE FRENCHMEN FROM RISING

POVERTY is not the cause why the commons of France rise not against their sovereign lord. For there were never people in that land more poor than were in our time the commons of the country of Caux, which was then almost desert for lack of tillers, as it now well appeareth by the new husbandry that is done there, namely in grubbing and stocking of trees, bushes, and groves grown while we were there lords of the country. And yet the said commons of Caux made a marvellous great rising, and took our towns, castles, and fortresses, and slew our captains and soldiers at such a time as we had but few men of war lying in that country. Which proveth that it is not poverty that keepeth Frenchmen from rising, but it is cowardice and lack of heart and courage, which no Frenchman hath like unto an Englishman. It hath been oftentimes seen in England that three or four thieves for poverty have set upon six or seven true men, and robbed them all. But it hath not been seen in France that six or seven thieves have been hardy to rob three or four true men. Wherefore it is right seldom that Frenchmen be hanged for robbery, for they have no hearts to do so terrible an act. There be therefore more men hanged in England in a year for robbery and manslaughter than there be hanged in France for such manner of crime in seven years. There is no man hanged in Scotland in seven years together for robbery. And yet they be oftentimes hanged for larceny and stealing of goods in the absence of the owner thereof. But their hearts serve them not to take a man's goods while he is present, and will defend it, which manner of taking is called robbery. But the Englishman is of another courage. For if he be poor, and see another man having riches, which may be taken from him by might, he will not spare to do so, but if that poor man be right true. Wherefore it is not poverty, but it is lack of heart and cowardice that keepeth the Frenchmen from rising.

THE LAWYER REFUTING HIS OWN ARGUMENTS

The Learned Man.—Your wisdom, sir, conceiveth well how sergeants and advocates, that be right worshipful men, argue daily to prove the titles of their clients, and after that, in a like case, for another client, they argue to the contrary intent, and be not for that, nor ought to be, blamed. So also do the judges in matters of great difficulty wherein they be also indifferent, as they be, for such disputation is to them best mean to find the right in every doubtous case. Gracian also, that compiled the book of the Law Canon, called *Decrees*, in all his questions which he maketh in the cases which he putteth there, called causes, disputeth for either party of every question. Thus doth Saint Thomas in *Secunda Secundæ*, and in all his books whereas he asketh any questions; and thus do all the clerks that determine any matters in schools; for this order is no doubleness, but argument and proof of cunning and virtue. And sith your writings, which ye have made in the matters in the which I now move you, were but arguments, and ye no Judge, but a partial man, servant to him for whose favour ye made the arguments, and his cause is now expired, and he dead, ye may now honestly and commendably, without any note of blame, argue to the contrary intent of that ye have done before this time, if ye find reasons and grounds to do so. And also ye be now bound in conscience and by right to do so, considering that ye be the king's liegeman, and of his Council, and found in his noble grace also great clemency and favours as ever did man sith he first reigned upon us; and peradventure your old arguments and writings may else turn and be occasion to his harm, or to the infamy of the title by which he reigneth upon us, which I am right sure you would not were so. And, sir, if you write as I move you to do, and then it fortune your writing to be not of such effect as ye intend, which thing methinketh you dread greatly, the king shall not be harmed thereby; for his highness may then make other notable and cunning men to make better writing therein, wherein they shall find less difficulty when they have seen your writings.

Fortescue.—Sir, your reasons and motives be so great that, if I do not as ye move me, I dread that men shall hold me self-willed; and therefore I will essay and do as ye desire me. The

matter which ye say I wrote, and is so greatly against the king, is this: I wrote how that me seemed no woman ought soverainly or supremely to reign upon man. Which matters I pretended to prove by the judgments which God gave upon the first woman when she had sinned, saying to her these words, *Eris sub potestate viri, et ipse dominabitur tui*, which be written in the book of Genesis, the third chapter, and be such in English, "Thou shalt be under the power of man, and he shall be thy lord"; which words, spoken to that woman, were, as I then wrote, spoken to all the kind of women, as the words then spoken by God to the first man were said to all mankind. This matter ye now desire that I will so declare, and also the matters of a book which I wrote in Latin to enforce mine intent herein, as the king, our sovereign lord, be not harmed by them in his titles of England or of France. Sir, as to the first point in which ye desire my declaration, I hope to find not difficulty. For our Lord said not in His aforesaid judgement that a woman should be under the power and lordship of all men, or of many men, but He said indefinitely or indeterminably that she should be under the power and lordship of man; which is true if she be under the power or lordship of any man. For logicians say, *Quod propositio indefinita est vera si in aliquo supposito illa sit vera*, and by that reason she is under the power and lordship of man if in any kind of subjection she be under the power and lordship of any man. Wherefore howbeit that there be many kinds of lordships called by diverse names in Latin, as is *Dominium regale*, *Dominium politicum*, *Dominium despoticum*, and such other; if a woman be under the power of man in one of the kinds of lordships, she is under the lordship of man. And that every woman is under the power and lordship of some one man, which is all that she is *arted* unto by the aforesaid judgment in Genesis, may not be denied; for every woman is under the power and lordship of the pope, which is a man, and he vicar of Christ, God and man. And though his power and lordship were but spiritual, yet the being under that power and lordship is a being under the power and lordship of man. Wherefore the aforesaid text of Genesis, or anything by me deduced thereof, may not prove that a woman may not reign in a kingdom of which the king hath no sovereign in temporalities, sith she abideth alway subject to the pope. And by the same reason it may not hurt the king in his titles to his aforesaid two realms.

Item, this matter is argued in the aforesaid Latin book in this form. God commanded, and by His judgement established, that every woman shall be under the power and lordship of man; then, by the same commandment and judgement, He commanded that no woman shall be free or exempt from the power and lordship of man; for, as I wrote there, *Precepto uno contrariorum eorum alterum prohiberi necesse est.* But a woman to reign in a kingdom, of which the kingdom is subject to no man in temporalities, is a woman to be free and exempt from the power and lordship of man; it shall then necessarily ensue that no woman may reign in any such kingdom; for it were supremely and sovereignly to reign upon man, wherethrough she were then not under the power and lordship of man. This is the strongest argument that is made in the said book by reason of the aforesaid text of Genesis. Wherefore if this argument be clearly destroyed, the first matter which ye desire me to declare is then clearly declared. Now truly I am right sorry that ever I made any such argument; for it is an informal tale, and no kind of syllogism. Wherefore the minor is impossible, and therefore not true; and the consequent, if it might be called a consequent, is not necessary. Wherefore this manner of argument proveth nothing.

(From *A Declaration upon Certain Writings lately sent out of Scotland.*)

JOHN CAPGRAVE

[John Capgrave, an extensive contributor to the prose literature of the fifteenth century, was born at Lynn in Norfolk on the 21st of April 1393. After receiving his education either at Cambridge, as seems most probable, or at Oxford, or possibly at both Universities, he entered the priesthood in his twenty-fourth year, and appears to have resided for a time in London. But he seems to have settled early at the Friary at Lynn, devoting himself to those theological and historical studies of which his works are the record. Shortly after taking the degree of Doctor of Divinity at Oxford he was elected Provincial of his Order in England, and it is likely that during the latter years of his life he was head of the Friary where he had resided so long. Beyond the facts that he witnessed the embarkation of the *Princess Philippa* when she sailed to Norway, that he was personally acquainted with William Millington, the first Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and that he visited Rome, nothing more is known of his life. He died at Lynn, 12th August 1464, aged seventy years. By far the greater portion of his writings remains in manuscript; but his principal work in English, *The Chronicle of England*, has been edited in the Master of the Rolls Series by the Rev. Francis Charles Hingeston (1858), and his principal Latin work, the *Liber de Illustribus Henricis*, by the same editor for the same series.]

THE interest of Capgrave is purely historical. A place has been assigned to him in this volume, not because his writings have any intrinsic value from a literary point of view, but because no work illustrating the development of English prose literature would be complete without some notice of an author who is our earliest important historian in the vernacular, and who contributed so extensively to theology and history. The work in which he is seen most to advantage is the *Liber de Illustribus Henricis*, but as this is in Latin the scope of the present collection does not admit of extracts from it. His chief work in English—indeed the only work which has been printed in its entirety—is his *Chronicle of England*. It commences, as was usual with such works in those days, with the Creation, and it is continued in the form of annals, more or less meagre, to the reign of Richard II. From that

point the narrative becomes much fuller, and is pursued in the form of regular history to the year 1418. The *Chronicle* is dedicated to Edward IV.

Capgrave stands midway between two important eras in the development of English prose composition—between the era initiated by John de Trevisa, the pseudo Mandeville, Chaucer, and Wycliffe, which may be said to have culminated in the chief work of Reginald Pecock, and the era initiated by his immediate successors, Sir Thomas Malory, whose *Morte d'Arthur* was completed in 1473, and Sir John Fortescue, whose *Governance of England* was written about 1476. But in point of style Capgrave is as inferior to his predecessors as he is to his successors. Incomparably inferior in point of vigour, grace, rhythm, and copiousness and choice of words to the composition of the chief contemporaries of Chaucer, his style as compared with that of Pecock seems almost a relapse into barbarism. Without vigour or colour, without grace or ornament, his style is singularly jejune and feeble. Here and there, indeed, a neatly turned sentence and a rhythmic paragraph indicate that the example of his more accomplished predecessors had not been without effect. Considering how much our language had been enriched by Chaucer and Lydgate in verse, and by Pecock and others in prose, it is surprising that Capgrave's vocabulary should be so limited; and limited it is in a remarkable degree. But the explanation of his literary deficiencies is no doubt partly to be found in the temper of the man himself, and partly in the fact that his life was passed, not at any of the centres of culture, but in a remote and obscure corner of the provinces. His temper is the temper of the pedant and the monk, neither curious nor intelligent when important matters are in question, but scrupulous about trifles, and delighting uncritically to record them; inordinately superstitious, narrow alike in sympathy and in understanding, without grasp and without vigour. It is, however, due to him to say that, if he abuses the Wycliffites and the Lollards, he is no friend to Papal aggression, and this circumstance, and this only, connects him with the party of progress.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

DEDICATION TO EDWARD IV

O MY benign Lord, receive this book, though it be simple: and let that Gospel come in mind, where the widow offered so little, and had so much thank.

Now will I make you privy what manner opinion I have of your person in my privy meditations. I have a trust in God that your entry into your heritage shall, and must be, fortunate, for many causes. First, for ye entered in the sixtieth year of Christ after that a M.CCCC. were complete. This number of six is among writers much commended for that same perfection that belongeth to six. When he riseth by one the same belongeth to him when he is multiplied by ten. The number of six is applied to a square stone, which hath six planes, and eight corners. Wherever you lay him or turn him, he lieth firm and stable. Ye shall understand that all the labour of the world is figured in six days; for the Sunday betokeneth the rest that shall be in Heaven. We pray God that all your labour in this world may rest on God, which joined by the corner stone Christ the two walls of Jews and Heathen into one Faith. This number eke of six is praised for his particular numbers, which be one, two, three; and these be cleped *cote*, for in their revolving they make him ever whole, as six times one is six, thrice two is six, twice three is six. This consideration may ye have in this *arsmetrick*. Serve one God all the days of your life, which days, as is said, be comprehended in the number six, and there is six times one. Make in your soul two *ternaries*, one in faith, another in love: believe in God—Father and Son and Holy Ghost: love God in all your heart, all your soul, and all your mind. Make eke three *binaries*. As for the first, think that ye be made of two natures—body and soul. Look that your soul have ever the sovereignty, and that the bestial moving of the body oppress not the soul. The second *binary* is to think that there be two ways in this world, one to

life, another to death. That way that leadeth to everlasting life, though it be strait, keep it. Those men that run the large way clepe them again by your power The third *binary* is love of God, and love of your neighbour. For even as it is your duty to love God with dread, so it is your office for to see that men love you with dread. The Apostle, when he speaketh of *potestates*, "He beareth not his sword," he saith, "without cause." The Roman law was, "To spare them that asked grace, and to smite down the proud."

CAUSES OF THE LONGEVITY OF THE ANTEDILUVIANS

MEN that be studious move this question, why men at that time lived so long. And they assign many reasons. One is the goodness and the cleanness of complexion which was new given them by God. For when it was newly taken, it had more virtue because of the Giver. Another cause is, that men lived that time with more temperance than they do now. The third cause may be cleped the goodness of those meats which they ate; for they ate no thing but such as groweth freely on the earth, neither flesh nor fish; and by the Flood, which came for the most part out of the salt sea, cleped the ocean, the earth was so impaired that it bare never so good fruits sith. The fourth is of the great science which Adam had, and which he taught his issue: for he knew the virtue of herbs and seeds better than ever did any earthly man, save Christ; and he knew the privy working of them which were most able to preserve men in long life. The fifth cause is of the good aspect of stars, that was over them at those days, which aspect profiteth much to the length of life to man and to beast; for this is a common proverb at the philosophers, that the bodies in earth be much ruled after the planets above. The sixth cause is of God's ordination, that would those men should live so long for multiplication of their kindred, and eke for to have long experience of certain sciences.

THE VISION WHICH APPEARED TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR

OCTAVIAN began to reign the year of the world five thousand one hundred and seven and fifty. Before the Nativity of Christ he reigned twelve years, and after the Nativity of Christ fourteen years. He was born in Rome; his father hight Octavian, a senator. His mother was of the kin of Æneas, a Trojan. Cousin he was unto Julius Cæsar, and, by choice, his son. This man brought all the empire into one monarchy. And yet, as worthy as he was, he wanted not vices: for he would never rest without great number of women and maidens. The people of Rome, for his great beauty, prosperity, and peace, would worship him as a god. But he would not receive it, but asked leisure to give them an answer. Then called he to him sibyl Tiburtine, and rehearsed unto her the desire of the senate. She asked the space of three days *avisement*, in which she, and he, and many more, fasted and prayed. And at the three days' end, they saw Heaven open, and a great brightness shining upon them: and then saw they a fair image of a maid upon an altar, and a child in her arms. And when he marvelled greatly, he heard a voice from Heaven crying in this manner, "This is the altar of God's son." Then fell he down unto the earth, and reverently worshipped that sight. The next day he went unto the Capitol, and told them all this vision, and refused their proffer. This same vision was seen in the chamber of Octavian, which is now a Church and a Convent of *Freres Menouris*. It is cleped now "Ara Cœli."

THE STORY OF COUNT LEOPOLD

CONRARDUS PRIMUS reigned twenty years. He loved peace above all things; and therefore he made a law, that who that breaketh peace betwixt any princes, he should lose his head.

There was an earl in this land they cleped Lupold. He was accused to the emperor that he had broke this statute. Wherefore he fled into a wilderness, and lived as a hermit with wife and children. No man wist where he was. And happed afterward the king hunted in the same forest, lost his *meny*; night fell on,

and for very need he was lodged with this hermit; and that same night the countess had child; and a voice heard the emperor that this same child should be his successor. And the emperor had scorn that so poor a child should reign after him, commanded his servants to bear the child into the wood, slay him, and bring him the heart. They thought of pity they might not fulfil this: they laid the child in the leaves, and brought him the heart of a hare. A duke they cleped Herri found the child, bare it to his house, and, because his wife was barren, they feigned it was hers. When the child was grown, the emperor dined with this duke. The child stood before him, and he gan remember the face of that child which he commanded to be slain, desired him of the Duke, led him forth, sent him to the empress with such a letter, "That day that ye receive this child, ordain for him that he be dead." So happed the child for to sleep in a priest's house by the way, and the priest read the letter: of pity he erased the clause, and changed it into this sentence, "That day ye receive this child, in most goodly haste wed him to our daughter." When the emperor came home, and saw that God's ordinance would not be broke, he took it more at ease; specially when he knew what man was his father.

THE GHOST OF BISHOP GROSTESTE APPEARS TO THE POPE

IN the thirty-sixth year of his reign died Robert Grosteste, born in Suffolk, and bishop of Lincoln. He bequeathed all his books to the Freres Menouris of Oxenford. He had been at Rome and pleaded for the right of the Church of England under the Pope Innocent. For that same pope raised many new things of this land, and gave the benefices without consent of the king, or patrons, or any other. And this same bishop Robert wrote and said against the pope; and at Rome, in his presence, appealed from him to the high King of Heaven. So came he home, and died. And in his death he appeared to the pope, and smote him in the side with the pike of his cross-staff, and said thus: "Rise, wretch, and come to the doom." These words heard the *cubiculers*, and the stroke was seen in his side, for he died anon after that.

WILLIAM CAXTON

[Caxton, the exact year of whose birth is uncertain, but may safely be placed between 1411 and 1422, was born and spent his earliest years in the Weald of Kent. He was apprenticed to Robert Large, a mercer of repute in London, who was Lord Mayor in 1440. On the death of his master shortly after, Caxton went to Bruges, carrying on the business of a mercer there, and acting subsequently (in 1465) as Governor of the Company of Merchant Adventurers, who pushed the interests of English traders in the Low Countries, and to whom Edward IV. had granted a charter. In this capacity he was employed in the endeavour to arrange a commercial treaty, which did not succeed until the accession of Charles the Bold as Duke of Burgundy, and his marriage to Margaret, the sister of Edward IV., in 1468. This coincided with the date when Caxton was beginning to occupy his leisure with literary pursuits. He was already engaged in translating into English a French version of the tales of Troy, called *Le Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, and his attempt obtained the patronage of the Duchess, into whose service he entered. In the succeeding years he was employed in further translations, and in preparing for the more important business of his life by learning the infant art of printing. This he transferred to England in 1476, when he set up his printing-press at Westminster. He had already followed up the translation of the Troy Tales by the *Game and Play of Chess*, also from the French, and he now issued the first book printed in England, *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, a translation made by Anthony Woodville, Lord Rivers. From this time he showed marvellous activity in two spheres of labour—translations from the French, of which he made no fewer than twenty-one, and printed copies of his own or others' work, of which seventy-one specimens seem to have come from his press down to the time of his death in 1491.]

THE most important part of Caxton's work was undoubtedly that which he achieved by the introduction of printing into England, which indirectly had an enormous influence upon the future of our literature. This, however, scarcely falls within the scope of the present volume, which is concerned rather with his place in the development of English prose. "I was born," he says himself, "and learned mine English in Kent, in the Weald, where, I doubt not, is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place

of England." But he was sent, by the care of his parents to one of the schools, which had during the previous generation undergone a great change, and where a written English was taught to the scholars in place of the French which had previously formed the foundation of education for the better class. When he began his translations, Caxton was met at the very outset with a difficulty of choice. Was he to attempt to build up from the common vernacular a written language, or was he to help in the construction of what was virtually a new tongue upon a broader and more literary basis? The objection to the first was that the vernacular varied infinitely, as between different parts of the country. He was urged, he tells us, "to use old and homely terms in my translations." But when he attempted, on the model of old books, to obey the advice, he found that these terms were so rude and broad that he could not himself understand them. "It was more like to Dutch than English; I could not reduce, nor bring it to be understood." Not only did it vary between one county and another, but it was in such a state of fluctuation and wavering that no certainty of its fixed form could be attained. Between the choice of the "rude, plain, and curious terms," Caxton, in his own words, "stood abashed." The difficulty that thus faced Caxton was one upon which hung a most critical question for the future of our language; and it is fortunate that the general taste of the literary patrons of his time, under whose guidance he worked, pointed clearly in the direction of a more elaborate and eclectic style. All his own inclinations evidently pointed the same way. The associate of the nobles of his day, familiar with courts, accustomed to the pomp and pageantry of chivalry, he found his chief model in the French style, of which he professes profound admiration. He tells us how, when he was about to begin his translation of the *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, he took a French book in which he had great pleasure, "For the fair language of the French, which was in prose so well and compendiously set and written, which methought I understood the sentence and substance of every matter." To spread abroad a taste for a similar style in England—one which would be as readily and easily understood by all his countrymen, as the rude vernacular was, in separate dialects, by the men of each county—this was Caxton's ambition, and for the way in which he accomplished his task he deserves quite as much gratitude as for the energy and enterprise with which he planted in

England that art which was to revolutionise the place of literature amongst the nations. He saw the growth of a new language, "honourably enlarged and adorned," begun even in the days of his boyhood, when Henry V. was king; he saw the gratitude due to Chaucer for having first set a model of "ornate writing." "Before that (Chaucer) by his labour, embellished, ornated, and made fair our English, in this realm was had rude speech and incongruous, as yet appeareth by old books." He saw the skill with which Chaucer "comprehended his matter in short, quick, and high sentences," and he devoted himself, with a literary taste and discernment which perhaps have been unduly cast into the shade by his material triumphs in the printer's art, to help in spreading abroad the style which Chaucer's genius had begun. Caxton cannot be said to have creative power or literary invention of his own. But it is a mistake to conceive of him as only a diligent and humble translator, content to spread abroad the work of others, and without discernment or judgment of his own. His own translations, if we may give the name to his free paraphrase of French books of romance and chivalry, and to his compilations from the tales then floating about Europe, are unambitious and of no great interest in matter. They are filled with the usual tedious moralisings, and show no great power of selection or force of narrative. But they have the essential element of literary power in a style of admirable clearness, in a certain easy and polished grace of language, and in a bold adoption of words of foreign origin, which were fitted to enrich the storehouse of English, and to give to our tongue the most valuable quality of facility and variety of expression. It is for this that Caxton deserves not only the praise due to a pioneer in his craft, but also that due to a weighty contributor to the development of our literary style.

H. CRAIK.

PROLOGUE TO THE RECUEIL DES HISTOIRES DE TROYE.

HERE beginneth the volume entitled and named the *recueil* of the histories of Troy, composed and drawn out of divers books of Latin into French, by the right venerable person and worshipful man, Raoul le Fevre, priest and chaplain unto the right noble, glorious, and mighty prince in his time, Philip, duke of Bourgoyne, of Brabant, etc., in the year of the incarnation of our Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and four, and translated and drawn out of French into English by William Caxton, mercer of the city of London, at the commandment of the right high, mighty, and virtuous princess, his redoubted lady Margaret, by the grace of God Duchess of Bourgoyne, of Lotryk, of Brabant, etc., which said translation and work was begun in Bruges in the County of Flanders, the first day of March, the year of the incarnation of our said Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and eight, and ended and finished in the holy city of Cologne the 19th day of September, the year of our said Lord God one thousand four hundred sixty and eleven, etc.

And on that other side of this leaf followeth the prologue.

When I remember that every man is bounden by the commandment and counsel of the wise man to eschew sloth and idleness, which is mother and nourisher of vices, and ought to put myself unto virtuous occupation and business, then I, having no great charge of occupation, following the said counsel, took a French book and read therein many strange and marvellous histories wherein I had great pleasure and delight, as well for the novelty of the same as for the fair language of French, which was in prose so well and compendiously set and written, which methought I understood the sentence and substance of every matter. And forsomuch as this book was new and late made and drawn into French, and never had seen it in our English tongue, I thought in myself it

should be a good business to translate it into our English, to the end that it might be had as well in the realm of England as in other lands, and also for to pass therewith the time, and thus concluded in myself to begin this said work. And forthwith took pen and ink and began boldly to run forth as blind Bayard, in this present work which is named the *Recueil* of the Trojan histories. And afterward when I remembered myself of my simpleness and unperfectness that I had in both languages, that is, to wit, in French and in English, for in France was I never, and was born and learned mine English in Kent in the Weald where, I doubt not, is spoken as broad and rude English as in any place of England, and have continued, by the space of thirty years, for the most part in the countries of Brabant, Flanders, Holland, and Zeeland; and thus when all these things came tofore me after that I had made and written a five or six quires, I fell in despair of this work and purposed no more to have continued therein, and those quires laid apart, and in two years after laboured no more in this work. And was fully in will to have left it, till on a time it fortuned that the right high, excellent, and right virtuous princess, my right redoubted lady, my lady Margaret, by the grace of God sister unto the King of England and of France, my sovereign lord — Duchess of Bourgoyne, of Lotryk, of Brabant, of Lymburgh, and of Luxembourg, Countess of Flanders and Artois and of Bourgoyne, Palatine of Hainault, of Holland, of Zeeland, and of Namur, Marchioness of the holy empire, lady of Fries, of Salins, and of Mechlin—sent for me to speak with her good grace of divers matters. Among the which, I let her highness have knowledge of the foresaid beginning of this work, which anon commanded me to show the said five or six quires to her said grace, and when she had seen them, anon she found a default in mine English, which she commanded me to amend, and moreover commanded me straitly to continue and make an end of the residue then not translated; whose dreadful commandment I durst in no wise disobey, because I am a servant unto her said grace, and receive of her yearly fee, and other many good and great benefits, and also hope many more to receive of her highness; but forthwith went and laboured in the said translation after my simple and poor cunning; also, nigh as I can, following mine author, meekly beseeching the bounteous highness of my said lady that of her benevolence list to accept and take in *gree* this simple and rude work here following. And if there be anything written or said to her pleasure, I shall think my labour

well employed, and whereas there is default that she *arette* it to the simpleness of my cunning which is full small in this behalf, and require and pray all them that shall read this said work to correct it, and to hold me excused of the rude and simple translation. And thus I end my prologue.

EPILOGUE TO THE DICTES AND SAYINGS OF THE PHILOSOPHERS

HERE endeth the book named the dictes or sayings of the philosophers, imprinted by me, William Caxton, at Westminster, the year of our Lord 1477. Which book is late translated out of French into English, by the noble and puissant lord, Lord Anthony, Earl of Rivers, lord of Scales and of the Isle of Wight, Defender and Director of the *siege* apostolic for our holy Father the Pope, in this realm of England, and governor of my lord Prince of Wales. And it is so that at such time as he had accomplished this said work, it liked him to send it to me in certain quires to oversee, which forthwith I saw and found therein many great, notable, and wise sayings of the philosophers, according unto the books made in French which I had oft afore read, but certainly I had seen none in English till that time. And so afterward, I came unto my said lord, and told him how I had read and seen his book, and that he had done a meritory deed in the labour of the translation thereof into our English tongue, wherein he had deserved a singular laud and thank, etc. Then my said lord desired me to oversee it and, whereas I should find fault, to correct it; wherein I answered unto his lordship that I could not amend it, but if I should so presume I might apaire it, for it was right well and cunningly made and translated into right good and fair English. Notwithstanding he willed me to oversee it, and showed me divers things which as him seemed, might be left out, as divers letters missives sent from Alexander to Darius and Aristotle and each to other, which letters were little pertinent unto the dictes and sayings aforesaid forasmuch as they specify of other matters, and also desired me, that done, to put the said book in print. And thus, obeying his request and commandment, I have put me in devoir to oversee this his said book, and bēhold, as nigh as I could, how it accordeth with the original, being in French. And I find nothing discordant therein,

save only in the dictes and sayings of Socrates. Wherein I find that my said lord hath left out certain and divers conclusions touching women. Whereof I marvel that my said lord hath not written them, nor what hath moved him so to do, nor what cause he had at that time. But I suppose that some fair lady hath desired him to leave it out of his book, or else he was amorous on some noble lady, for whose love he would not set it in his book, or else for the very affection, love, and goodwill that he hath unto all ladies and gentlewomen, he thought that Socrates spared the sooth and wrote of women more than truth, which I cannot think that so true a man and so noble a philosopher as Socrates was should write otherwise than truth. For if he had made fault in writing of women, he ought not nor should not be believed in his other dictes and sayings. But I apperceive that my said lord knoweth verily that such defaults be not had nor found in the women born and dwelling in these parts nor regions of the world. Socrates was a Greek born in a far country from hence, which country is all of other conditions than this is. And men and women of other nature than they be here in this country. For I wot well, of whatsomever condition women be in Greece, the women of this country be right good, wise, pleasant, humble, discreet, sober, chaste, obedient to their husbands, true, secret, stedfast, ever busy and never idle, attemperate in speaking, and virtuous in all their works, or at least should be so. For which causes so evident my said lord, as I suppose, thought it was not of necessity to set in his book the sayings of his author Socrates touching women. But, forasmuch as I had commandment of my said lord to correct and amend whereas I should find fault, and other find I none save that he has left out these dictes and sayings of the women of Greece. Therefore in accomplishing his commandment, forasmuch as I am not in certain whether it was in my lord's copy or not, or else peradventure that the wind had blown over the leaf, at the time of translation of his book, I purpose to write those same sayings of that Greek Socrates, which wrote of the women of Greece and nothing of them of this realm, whom I suppose he never knew. For if he had, I dare plainly say that he would have reserved them in especial in his said dictes. Alway not presuming to put and set them in my said lord's book, but in the end apart in the rehearsal of the works, humbly requiring all them that shall read this little rehearsal that if they find any fault to *arette* it to Socrates and not to me.

PIETY OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

HERE is to be noted that this King Harry the fifth was a much noble prince after he was king and crowned, howbeit tofore in his youth he had been wild, reckless, and spared nothing of his lusts nor desires, but accomplished them after his liking. But as soon as he was crowned, anointed, and sacred, anon suddenly he was changed into a new man and set all his intent to live virtuously in maintaining of holy church, destroying of heretics, keeping justice and defending his realm and subjects. And forasmuch as his father had deposed by his labour the good King Richard and piteously made him to die, and for the offence done to him against his allegiance, he had sent to Rome to be assoiled thereof. For which offence the pope, our holy father, enjoined him to make him be prayed for perpetually and, like as he had done to be taken from him his natural life, therefore he should do found four tapers to burn perpetually about his body that, for the extinction of his bodily life, his soul may ever be remembered, and live in Heaven in spiritual life. And also that he should, every week, on the day as it cometh about of his death, have a solemn mass of *Requiem*, and, on the even tofore, a *dirige* with nine lessons, and a dole to poor people, alway on that day, of *enleven* shillings eight pence, to be dealed penny meal. And once in the year, at his anniversary, his *terment* to be holden in the most honest wise, and to be dealed that day twenty pounds in pence to poor people, and to every monk to have twenty shillings; which all these things performed this noble King for his father. For King Harry the fourth, his father, performed it not during his life, whom, as it is said, God touched and was a leper ere he died. Also then this noble prince let do call all the abbots and priors of saint Benedict's order in England, and had them in the Chapter House of Westminster, for the reformation of the order, wherein he had communication, and also with bishops and men of the spirituality, in so forth that they doubted sore that he would have had the temporalities out of their hands. Wherefore, by the advice, labour, and procuring of the spirituality, encouraged the King to challenge Normandy and his right that he had in France, to the end to set him a work there that he should not seek occasions to enter into such matters. And so, all his life after, he laboured in the wars in conquering great part of the realm of France, that by the agreement of the King

Charles, he had all the governance of the realm of France, and was proclaimed regent and heir of France. And so, notwithstanding all this great war that he had, yet he remembered his soul and also that he was mortal and must die. For which he ordained, by his life, the place of his sepulchre where he is now buried, and every day three masses perpetually to be sung in a fair chapel over his sepulchre.

(From Caxton's continuation of Trevisa's *Polycronicon.*)

THE CHARACTER OF THE TRUE KNIGHT

THE knight ought to be made all armed upon an apt horse, in such wise that he have an helmet on his head, and a spear in his right hand, and covered with his shield; a sword and a mace on his left side; clad with an hauberk and plates before his breast; leg harness on his legs; spurs on his heels, on his hands his gauntlets. His horse well broken and taught, and apt to battle, and covered with his arms. When the knights be made they be *bayned* or bathed. That is the sign that they should lead a new life and new manners, also they wake all the night in prayers and orisons unto God that He will give them grace that they may get that thing that they may not get by nature. The king or prince girdeth about them a sword, in sign that they should abide and keep him of whom they take their *dispences* and dignity.

Also a knight ought to be wise, liberal, true, strong, and full of mercy and pity, and keeper of the people and of the law, and right as chivalry passeth other in virtue, in dignity, in honour, and in reverence, right so ought he to surmount all other in virtue; for honour is nothing else but to do reverence to another person for the good and virtuous disposition that is in him. A noble knight ought to be wise and proved before he be made knight, it behoveth him that he had long time used the war and arms; that he may be expert and wise for to govern others. For sith that a knight is captain of a battle, the life of them that shall be under him lieth in his hand, and therefore behoveth him to be wise and well advised. For sometimes art, craft, and *engine* is more worth than strength or hardiness of a man that is not proved in arms, for otherwhile it happeth that when the prince of the battle *affyeth* and trusteth in his hardiness and strength, and

will not use wisdom and *engine* for to run upon his enemies, he is vanquished and his people slain. Therefore saith the philosopher that no man should choose young people to be captains and governors, forasmuch as there is no certainty in their wisdom. Alexander of Macedon vanquished and conquered Egypt, Judæa, Chaldee, Africa, and Assyria unto the marches of *Bragmans* more by the counsel of old men than by the strength of the young men. We read in the history of Rome that there was a knight, which had to name Malechete, that was so wise and true that when the emperor Theodosius was dead, he made mortal war against his brother germane which was named Gyldo or Guy, forasmuch as this said Guy would be lord of Africa without leave and will of the senators; and this said Guy had slain the two sons of his brother Malechete, and did much torment unto the Christian people, and afore that he should come into the field against his brother Guyon, he went to an isle of *Capayre* and led with him all the Christian men that had been sent thither in exile, and made them all to pray with him by the space of three days and three nights. For he had great affiance and trust in the prayers and orisons of good folk and specially that no man might counsel nor help but God. And three days before he should fight, Saint Ambrose, which was dead a little before, appeared to him, and shewed him by revelation the time and hour that he should have victory. And forsomuch as he had been three days and three nights in orisons and prayers, and that he was assured for to have victory, he fought with five thousand men against his brother that had in his company four score thousand men; and by God's help he had victory. And when the barbarians that were come to help Guy saw the discomfiture they fled away. And Guy fled also into Africa by ship. And when he was there arrived, he was soon after strangled. These two knights of whom I speak were two brethren germane, which were sent into Africa for to defend the commonweal.

In likewise Judas Maccabæus, Jonathas and Simon his brethren, put themselves in the mercy and guard of our lord God, and against the enemies of the law of God, with little people in regard of the multitude that were against them, and had also victory. The knights ought to be true to their princes, for he that is not true loseth the name of a knight. Unto a prince truth is the greatest precious stone when it is *meddled* with justice. Paul, the histographier of the Lombards, rehearseth that there

was a knight named Enulphus, and was of the city of Pavia, that was so true and faithful to his lord and king named Patharick that he put him in peril of death for him. For it happened that Grimald Duke of Buneventayns, of whom we have touched before in the chapter of the queen, did do slay Godibert which was king of the Lombards by the hand of Goribert duke of Tarent, which was descended of the crown of Lombardy. And this Grimald was made king of Lombardy in his place, and after this put and banished out of the country this Patharick which was brother unto the king Godibert, that for fear and dread fled into Hungary. And then this knight Enulphus did so much that he got the peace again of his lord Patharick against the king Grimald, and that he had license to come out of Hungary where he was always in peril, and so he came and cried him mercy. And the king Grimald gave him leave to dwell and to live honestly in his country, always foreseen that he took not upon him and named himself king, how well he was king by right. This done, a little while after, the king that believed evil tongues, thought in himself how he might bring this Patharick unto the death; and all this knew well the knight Enulphus, which came the same night with his squire for to visit his lord, and made his squire to unclothe him and to lie in the bed of his lord, and made his lord to rise and clothe him with the clothes of his squire, and in this wise brought him out, brawling and beating him as his servant, by them that were assigned to keep the house of Patharick that he should not escape. Which supposed that it had been his squire that he entreated so outrageously, and so he brought him unto his house which joined with the walls of the town. And at midnight, when all men were asleep, he let adown his master by a cord. Which took an horse out of the pasture, and fled unto the city of *Aast*, and there came to the king of France. And when it came unto the morn, it was found that Enulphus and his squire had deceived the king and the watchmen, whom the king commanded should be brought tofore him, and demanded of them the manner how he was escaped, and they told him the truth. Then the king demanded his council of what death they had deserved to die that had so done and wrought against the will of him. Some said that they should be hanged and some said they should be flayed, and others said that they should be beheaded. Then said the king; By that Lord that made me, they be not worthy to die, but for to have much worship and

honour, for they have been true to their lord. Wherefore the king gave them great laud and honour for their feat. And after it happened that the proper squire and servant of Godibert slew the traitor Goribald, that by treason had slain his lord at a feast of Saint John in his city of Tarent, whereof he was lord and duke. Thus ought the knights to love together, and each to pūt his life in adventure for other; for so be they the stronger and the more doubted, like as were the noble knights Joab and Abysay that fought against the Syrians and Ammonites and were so true, that one to that other, that they vanquished their enemies, and were so joined together, that if the Syrians were stronger than that one of them, that other helped him. We read that Damon and Phisias were so right perfect friends together, that when Dionysius which was king of Sicily had judged one to death for his trespass in the city of Syracuse, whom he would have executed, he desired grace and leave to go into his country for to dispose and ordain his testament. And his fellow pledged him and was surety for him upon his head that he should come again, whereof they that heard and saw this, held him for a fool and blamed him. And he said always that he repented him nothing at all, for he knew well the truth of his fellow. And when the day came and the hour that execution should be done, his fellow came and presented himself before the judge, and discharged his fellow that was pledge for him. Whereof the king was greatly abashed, and for the great *trouth* that was found in him, he pardoned him, and prayed them both that they would receive him as their great friend and fellow. Lo here the virtues of love, that a man ought not to doubt the death for his friend. Lo what it is to do for a friend, and to lead a life debonnair, and to be without cruelty; to love and not to hate, which causeth to do good against evil; and to turn pain into benefit and to quench cruelty.

The very true love of the common weal and profit nowadays is seldom found. Where shalt thou find a man in these days that will expose himself for the worship and honour of his friend, or for the common weal. Seldom or never shall he be found. Also the knights should be large and liberal, for when a knight hath regard unto his singular profit by his covetousness, he despoileth his people. For when the soldiers see that they put them in peril, and their master will not pay them their wages liberally, but intendeth to his own proper gain and profit, then,

when the enemies come, they turn soon their backs and flee oftentimes. And thus it happeth by him that intendeth more to get money than victory, that his avarice is ofttimes cause of his confusion. Then let every knight take heed to be liberal, in such wise that he ween not nor suppose that his scarcity be to him a great winning or gain. And for this cause he be the less loved of his people, and that his adversary withdraw to him them by large giving. For ofttime battle is advanced more for getting of silver than by the force and strength of men. For men see all day that such things as may not be achieved by force of nature be gotten and achieved by force of money. And forsomuch it behoveth to see well to that when the time of battle cometh, that he borrow not nor make no *taillage*. For no man may be rich that leaveth his own, hoping to get and take of others. Then alway all their gain and winning ought to be common among them except their arms. For in like wise as the victory is common, so should the despoil and booty be common unto them. And therefore David, that gentle knight in the first book of Kings in the last chapter, made a law: that he that abode behind by malady or sickness in the tents should have as much part of the booty as he that had been in the battle. And for the love of this law he was made afterward King of Israel. Alexander of Macedon came in a time like a simple knight unto the court of Porus, King of Ind, for to espy the estate of the king and of the knights of the court. And the king received him right worshipfully, and demanded of him many things of Alexander and of his constancy and strength, nothing weening that he had been Alexander, but Antigone one of his knights. And after he had him to dinner; and when they had served Alexander in vessel of gold and silver with diverse meats, after that he had eaten such as pleased him, he voided the meat and took the vessel and held it to himself and put it in his bosom or sleeves. Whereof he was accused unto the king. After dinner then the king called him and demanded him wherefore he had taken his vessel, and he answered: Sir King, my lord, I pray thee to understand and take heed thyself and also thy knights. I have heard much of thy great highness, and that thou art more mighty and puissant in chivalry and in *dispences* than is Alexander, and therefore I am come to thee, a poor knight, which am named Antigone, for to serve thee. Then it is the custom in the court of Alexander that what thing a knight is served with, all is his,

meat and vessel and cup. And therefore I had supposed that this custom had been kept in thy court, for thou art richer than he. When the knights heard this, anon they left Porus, and went to serve Alexander, and thus he drew to him the hearts of them by gifts, which afterward slew Porus that was King of Ind, and they made Alexander king thereof. Therefore remember, knight, alway that with a closed and shut purse shalt thou never have victory. Ovid saith that he that taketh gifts, he is glad therewith, for they win with gifts the hearts of the gods and of men.

(From *The Game and Play of Chess.*)

ROBERT FABYAN

[Fabyan seems to have belonged to a family of some consideration in the city of London, and was probably born in London rather before the middle of the fifteenth century. His history gives us sufficient evidence of his high respect for, and intimate acquaintance with, the municipal institutions of his native city; and in the latest decade of the century he served as alderman and sheriff, and discharged various functions as a representative citizen. He was a member of the Drapers' Company; and lived in the parish of St. Michael's, Cornhill, in London, and at his mansion of Halsteds at Theydon Gernon, Essex. He died in 1511.]

FABYAN'S history was called by himself *The Concordance of Histories*, and it is important as showing the first attempt, earnest although uncritical, to weigh authorities against one another. In style and matter, with all its roughness, it is quite as far advanced beyond Trevisa's translation of Higden's *Polychronicon* as the century which separates them would lead us to expect. He was evidently acquainted both with Latin and French, and had studied carefully a vast number of authorities in both languages. His narrative, bald though it is both in style and matter, is not without some grace of quaintness; and this is increased by his habit of introducing a few lines of Latin poetry, to point a moral or to recall an epitaph, and adding a metrical translation of his own. His interest in such literary devices is further proved by his carefully prescribing in his will the inscription, in Latin and English verse, which is to be placed upon his tomb. He is entirely without any sense of historical proportion, and gives us the most trifling events in as full detail as the most important, introducing more than once a complete list of the dishes at a royal feast. His respect for preceding authorities, however fabulous their tales, was tempered only by the fact that they did not all agree; and his reverence, as a substantial city burgess, for the rulers of the land was tempered only by his devout attachment to the Church which

these rulers sometimes offended, and by the maxims of morality which he conceived it to be the chief duty of the historian to inculcate, and which these rulers often infringed. How he reconciled his allegiance and his conscience may be seen by his quoting the words of Giraldus Cambrensis, concerning Henry II.: "Dreadful it is to allege against him that may put a man out of land, and to describe him with many words that may exile a man with one word: wherefore it were a notable deed to tell the sooth of a prince's deeds, and offend the prince in no mean; but yet when the prince is dead and gone, then will men talk without fear that beforetime they spared for fear."

The prose style of Fabyan shows very little advance towards grace of composition, and retains for the most part abundant traces of the style of the Chronicle, upon which he based his narrative. This is naturally most apparent in the earlier part of his work, which starts from the fables about Brute and his conquest of Britain. The first six parts of the History cover the period down to the Norman Conquest; and the reader feels at the end inclined to agree with the spirit of the author's envoi:

> Now shaketh my hand, my pen waxeth dull,
> For wearied and tired: seeing this work so long,
> The authors so raw, and so far culled,
> Dim and dark, and strange to understand,
> And far out of tune, to make true song.
> The stories and the years to make accordant,
> That it to the reader might show true and pleasant.

But after the Conquest, in the seventh part, which forms two-thirds of the whole, the narrative becomes more interesting, even though the style continues bald and uncouth, and the cadence of the sentence is entirely wanting; and when we come down to the later centuries the story is occasionally even graphic and forcible, and sometimes becomes ornate in description. In Fabyan, indeed, we see how style advanced, as history became something more than a series of fables more or less slavishly compiled from preceding chroniclers. It is easy to see that he has Froissart's work before him; although Fabyan had not the artistic sense which enabled Berners, a few years later, to make such splendid use of the French model.

Fabyan seems to have carried on the work into the reign of Henry VIII., although his death occurred only about two years after Henry's accession. It was first printed, by Pynson, in 1516:

but some expressions employed by Fabyan, with regard to the wealth of the Church, seem to have provoked the wrath of Wolsey, and by his orders part of that edition was destroyed. A second edition appeared in 1533; and a third, carrying down the narrative to the thirty-second year of Henry VIII., in 1542. The ecclesiastical changes which had occurred in the interval led to considerable modifications in the text, particularly in regard to the treatment of the struggles between the Church and the Crown, and the respect shown to the papal authority.

The modern edition is that published in 1811 by Henry Ellis, and is an admirable model of editorial work.

H. CRAIK.

CHARLEMAGNE.

AFTER this time and season, many great and noble deeds were done by this said Charles, and by his sons and captains under him, and by his commandment. And for the personage of so noble a prince should be had in mind, therefore divers authors testify that he was fair and well-faring of body, and stern of look and of face; his body was eight foot long, and his arms and legs well lengthed and strengthed after the proportion of the body; his face of a span broad, and his beard very long. Of his strength wonders are told; he would at one meal eat an whole hare, or two hens, or an whole goose, or a like quantity of other meat, and drink thereto a little wine mingled with water. Among his other notable deeds, he made a bridge over the river of Rhine, of five hundred pace long, by the city of Mayence; and he builded, as witnesseth Antoninus, and other, as many abbeys and monasteries, as there be letters in the cross row of the A B C; and in the front of either of the said abbeys, after the time of their foundation, he *pyght* or set a letter of gold of the value of an hundred pound *turnoys*, which is near to the value of English money now current, twenty mark for a pound *turnoys* is much like 2s. 8d. sterling; and a pound Parisian is near upon 40d. sterling: but it standeth at no certainty for heighting and lowing of their coins. He also builded or new reedified the city of *Aguysgrany*, and endowed the church of Our Lady there, with many great gifts and precious relics, which yet remain there to this day; in which city, and near about, he used much to abide and lie. And for his great deeds and victories he deserved to be named Charles the Great, and for all his great might and honour, yet that notwithstanding, he was meek and lowly in his heart, mild and gracious to the poor, and merciful to wretches and needy, and set his sons to learn, as well letters, as martial and knightly feats; and his daughter he set to spinning and wool work. And he was expert in all speeches, so that he needed

none interpreters to explain or express to him the messages of strange ambassadors; and in the time of his dinner or meals, he used to have read before him lessons and epistles; and specially of the works of Saint Austen, *de Civitate Dei.* In him was no thing to be discommended, but that he held his daughter so long unmarried. This noble man Charles, three years before his death, he had peace with all countries, as well such as were obeisant unto the empire, as such as longed to his dominion of France. In the which time of rest, among other godly and virtuous deeds, he made his testament, and distributed his tem poral moveable goods in three parts; whereof two parts he gave to maintaining of bishops and other ministers of the church, and for the reparation of churches, and necessaries to the same, and to the maintaining of the divine service of God, with also the aid and feeding of poor and needy people; and the third part to his children and other of his ally. Ye shall understand this Charles had in his treasury specially noted, before his other jewels, four tables or boards, whereof three were of silver and the fourth of gold. In one was graven the likeness of the city of Constantine the Noble; the which he bequathe to the Church of Rome. In another was graven or wrought, the likeness of the city of Rome; and that he gave to the bishop of Rheims and to his church; and the third table of silver wherein was graven the *Mappa Mundi*; and the fourth of gold, he gave to his sons. Many things there were, and causes of the exalting of the fame of this prince. But among other, one is specially remembered of mine author: Gagwyne, the King of Persia, then ruling a great part of the Orient, sent unto Charles an ambassade honourable with many rich presents: among the which was an horologe or a clock of laten, of a wonder artificial making, that at every hour of the day and night, when the said clock should strike, images on horseback appeared out of sundry places, and after departed again by mean of certain *vices.* He sent to him also tents of rich silk, and balm natural, with certain elephants, requiring him of amity and friendship; and in like wise did the emperor of Constantine the Noble. Albeit that he, in his mind, was not well contented that the pope had in that wise divided the empire, and set such a man of might in the room thereof. This Charles had divers wives; but of the second, named Eldegard he received three sons; that is to say, Lewis, Pepin, and Charles; the which Pepin he made King of Longobards or Italy, as before is showed of his notable deeds.

What should I longer hold process of this great conqueror? For like as I before shewed, of his notable deeds might I make a great volume if I should of them shew the clearness, and the circumstance of every conquest that he in his time achieved. But death that is to all persons equal, lastly took him in his dim dance, when he had been King of France, with his brother, and alone forty-seven years; of the which he ruled the empire, as before is shewed, fourteen years; in the year of his age, as saith the French chronicles, seventy-two, and was buried at Aquysgrany with great pomp, in the year of our Lord's incarnation thirteen hundred and fifteen, with this superscription upon his tomb: "Caroli Magni Cristianissimi Imperatoris Romanorum, corpus sub hoc sepulcro conditum est," which may be Englished as followeth:

> Of Charles the great and emperor most cristen
> Of Rome, the body is hid this tomb within.

WILLIAM WITH THE LONG BEARD

THEN John, which had turned to the French king again his own brother, seeing the fame and honour of his brother, and feebleness of his own power, made means to Eleanor his mother, by whose mediation he was reconciled to his brother, the king, and after became his true knight. When the king and his brother John were thus agreed, they rode over the land to visit the countries, and see how they were guided by the officers of the king. Among other, two there were, which showed that they would do many things to the king's profit; the one was abbot of Cadonence, within Normandy, and that other was named William with the long beard. The abbot warned the king of the fraud of his officers, whereby he thought, by the punishment of his officers he should win great favour of the people. Then this abbot gat a warrant of the king, and at London called divers officers before him, for to yield to him their account, but he died shortly, so that his purpose came to small effect. And William with the long beard showed to the king the outrage of the rich men, which, as he said, spared their own, and pilled the poor people. It is said that this William was born in London, and purchased that name by use of his beard. He was sharp of wit and some deal lettered;

a bold man of speech, and sad of his countenance, and took upon him greater deeds than he could wield: and some he used cruel, as appeareth in appeaching his own brother of treason, the which was a burgess of London, and to him had shewed great kindness n his youth. This William stirred and excited the common people to desire and love freedom and liberty, and blamed the excess and outrage of rich men: by such means he drew to him many great companies, and with all his power defended the poor man's cause against the rich, and accused divers to the king, shewing that, by their means, the king lost many forfeits and escheats. For this, gentlemen and men of honour maligned again him, but he had such comfort of the king that he kept on his purpose. Then the king being warned of the congregations that this William made, commanded him to cease of such doings, that the people might exercise their arts and occupations; by reason whereof it was left for a while: but it was not long or the people followed him, as they before that time had done. Then he made unto them collations or exhortations, and took for his antetheme, *Haurietis aquas in gaudio de fontibus salvatoris*, that is to mean, ye shall draw, in joy, waters of the wells of our saviour: and to this he added, "I am," said he, "the saviour of poor men: ye be poor and have assayed the hard hands of rich men: now draw ye therefore *holeful* water of love of my wells, and that with joy, for the time of your visitation is come. I shall," said he, "depart waters from waters. By waters I understand the people; then shall I depart the people which is good and meek, from the people that is wicked and proud, and I shall dissever the good and the ill, as the light is departed from the darkness." When report of this was brought to the archbishop of Canterbury, he, by counsel of the lords of the spiritualty, sent unto this William, commanding him to appear before the lords of the king's council to answer unto such matters as there should be laid unto him. At which day this William appeared, having with him a multitude of people, in so much that the lords were of him *adrad*, for the which cause they remitted him with pleasant words for the time, and commanded certain persons in secret manner, to espy when he were void of his company, and then to take him, and to put him in sure keeping, the which, according to that commandment, at time convenient, as they thought, set upon him to have taken him; but he, with an axe, resisted them, and slew one of them, and after fled to saint Mary Bow Church, of Chepe,

and took that for his safeguard, defending him by strength, and not by the suffrages of the church: for to him drew, shortly, great multitude of people; but in short process, by mean of the heads and rulers of the city; the people minished, so that, in short time, he was left with few persons, and after, by fire, compelled to forsake the church, and so was taken, but not without shedding of blood. After which taking, he was arraigned before the judges, and there, with nine of his adherents, cast and judged to die, and was hanged, and they with him the day following. But yet the rumour ceased not: for the common people raised a great crime upon the archbishop of Canterbury, and other, and said that, by their means, William, which was an innocent of such crimes as were object and put again him, and was a defender of the poor people again extortioners and wrongdoers, was by them put wrongfully to death: approving him an holy man and martyr, by this tale following: saying, that a man being sick of the fevers, was cured by virtue of a chain which this William was bound with in time of his duress of imprisonment, which, by a priest of the ally of the said William, was openly declared and preached, whereby he brought the people in such an error, that they gave credence to his words, and secretly, in the night, conveyed away the gibbet that he was hanged upon, and scraped away that blood that was shed of him when he was taken, or else when he was headed and quartered, so that they made there an hollow place by fetching away of that earth, and said that sick men and women were cured of divers sicknesses by virtue of that blood and earth. By these means, and blowing of fame, that place was the more visited by women and undiscreet persons, of the which some watched there the whole night in prayer, so that the longer this continued, the more disclander was anoted to the justices, and to such as put him to death: notwithstanding, in process of time, when his acts were published, as the slaying of a man with his own hand, with other detestable crimes, somewhat killed the great flame of the hasty pilgrimage; but not clearly till the archbishop of Canterbury accursed the priest that brought up the first fable, and also caused that place to be watched, that such idolatry should there no more be used.

WAT TYLER'S REBELLION

IN this mayor's year and end of the third year of King Richard, toward the summer season, in divers places of the land, the commons arose suddenly and ordained to them rulers and captains, and especially in Kent and Essex, the which named their leaders Jack Straw, Will Waw, Wat Tyler, Jack Shepherd, Tom Miller, and Hob Carter. These unruled company gathered unto them great multitude of the commons, and after sped them toward the city of London, and assembled them upon Black Heath in Kent, within three miles of London, and upon Corpus Christi day, being the eleventh day of June, they entered the tower of London, and there the king being then lodged, took from thence perforce Master Sudbery, then Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Robert Halys, lord or prior of St. John's, and a white friar, confessor unto the king, which three persons, with huge noise and cry, they led unto the hill of the said tower, and smote off their heads, and when they had so done, they returned into Southwark by boats and barges, and there slew and robbed all strangers that they might find: and that done they went to Westminster, and took with them all manner of sanctuary men, and so came unto the Duke of Lancaster's place standing without Temple Bar, called Savoy, and spoiled that was therein, and after set it upon fire and brent it; and from thence they *yode* unto the head place of Saint John's in Smithfield, and despoiled that place in like wise. Then they entered the city, and searched the Temple and other inns of court, and spoiled their places and brent their books of law, and slew as many men of law and questmongers as they might find: and that done they went to Saint Martin's the Grand, and took with them all sanctuary men, and the prisons of Newgate, Ludgate, and of both counters, and destroyed their registers and books, and in like manner they did with the prisoners of the Marshalsea and King's Bench in Southwark. When Jack Straw had thus done all thing at his will, and saw that no resistance was made again, he was smitten with so huge a presumption that he thought no man his peer, and so being enflamed with that presumption and pride rode unto the Tower, where the king, being smally accompanied of his lords, caused him to ride about some part of the city, and so conveyed him into Smithfield, where in the king's presence, he caused a proclamation to be made, and

did full small reverence unto the king. Which misorder and presumption when William Walworth, then Mayor of London, beheld, of very pure disdain that he had of his pride, ran to him suddenly with his sword, and wounded him to death, and forthwith strake off his head, and areared it upon a spear's point, and therewith cried, "King Richard, King Richard." When the rebels beheld their captain's head, anon they fled as sheep: howbeit many were taken, and many were slain, and the remnant chased, that the city and suburbs of the same was clean voided of them that night, which was Monday, and the fifteenth day of June. When the king had beholden the great manhood of the mayor, and assistance of his brethren and aldermen, anon, in reward of his deed, he dubbed the said William Walworth, Nicholas Brembre, John Philpot, Nicholas Twyfford, Robert Launder, and Robert Gayton, aldermen, knights. And in this season also, called the *hurling* time, the commons of Norfolk and Suffolk came unto the abbey of Bury, and there slew one of the king's justices, called John Candish, and the prior of the place with other, and after spoiled and bare away much thing out of that said place: but after this, as well the one as the other of these rebels, were taken in divers and sundry places and put in execution, by ten, by twelve, by fifteen, and twenty, so that one of them accused the other to the destruction of a great number of them.

MARRIAGE OF RICHARD II. AND ISABEL OF FRANCE

IN the beginning of this mayor's year, and nineteenth year of King Richard, and eighteenth day of November, as affirmeth the French chronicle, King Richard being then at Calais, spoused or took to wife, within the church of Saint Nicholas, Isabel, the daughter of Charles the Sixth, then King of France, which Lady Isabel, as witnesseth the said French story, at the day of her marriage was within eight years of age, and as it is registered in one of the books of Guildhall of London, the French king in proper person came down with a goodly company of lords and knights unto a town called Arde, which standeth upon the utter border of Picardy, where, within his own dominion, a rich and

sumptuous pavilion was *pyght*; and in like manner a little beyond Gynys, within the English pale was another like pavilion *pyght* for King Richard, so that atween the two said pavilions was a distance of seventy pace, and in the midway atween both was ordained the third pavilion, at the which both kings coming from either of their tents sundry times there met, and had communication either with other; the ways or distance atween set with certain persons appointed standing in arms, two and two, the one side being set with Englishmen, and that other with French; and a certain distance from either of the two first said pavilions, stood both hosts of both princes, or such companies as before either of them was appointed to bring. Here if I should bring in the divers meetings of the said princes, and the curious services that either caused other to be fed and served with, within either of their tents, or of their dalliance and pastimes continuing the season of their meetings, and the diversity of the manifold spices and wines which there was ministered at that said season: with also the rich apparel of the said pavilions, and cupboards garnished with plate and rich jewels, it would ask a long tract of time: but who that is desirous to know or hear of the circumstance of all the premises, let him read the work of Master John Froissart, made in French, and there he shall see everything touched in an order. And here I shall shortly touch the gifts that were given of either of the princes and of their lords: and first King Richard gave unto the French king an hanap or basin of gold, with an ewer to the same; then againward the French King gave unto him three standing cups of gold, with covers garnished with pearl and stone, and a ship of gold set upon a bier, richly garnished with pearl and stone. Then at their second meeting King Richard gave unto him an *owche* set with so fine stones, that it was valued at five hundred mark sterling, where again the French king gave unto him two flagons of gold, a tablet of gold, and therein an image of Saint Michael, richly garnished: also a tablet of gold with a crucifix therein, well and richly dight: also a tablet of gold with an image of the Trinity richly set with pearl and stone; also a tablet of gold with an image of Saint George, in like wise set with pearl and stone; which all were valued at the sum of fifteen hundred mark. Then King Richard seeing the bounty of the French King, gave to him a baldric or collar of gold, set with great diamonds, rubies, and *balessys*, being valued at five thousand mark, the which for

the preciosity thereof, that it was of such an excellency and fineness of stuff, the French King therefore ware it about his neck, as often as the king and he met together; then the French king gave unto him an *owche* and a spice plate of gold, of great weight, and valued at two thousand mark. Many were the rich gifts that were received of lords and ladies of both princes, among the which specially are noted three gifts which King Richard gave unto the Duke of Orleans, for the which he received again of the duke treble the value; for where his were valued at a thousand mark the duke's were valued at three thousand mark. Finally, when the said princes had thus either solaced with other, and concluded all matters concerning the above said marriage, the French king delivered unto King Richard dame Isabel, his daughter, saying these words following: "Right dear beloved son, I deliver here to you the creature that I most love in this world next to my wife and my son, beseeching the Father in heaven that it may be to his pleasure, and of the weal of you and your realm, and that the amity atween the two realms, in avoiding of effusion of Christian men's blood, may be kept inviolate for the term atween us concluded;" which term was thirty winter as expresseth the French chronicle. After which words, with many thanks given upon either parties, preparation was made of departing: and after King Richard had conveyed the French King toward Arde, he took his leave and returned unto his wife, the which was immediately, with great honour, conveyed unto Calais, and there after to the King spoused, as before to you I have shewed. After the which solemnisation with all honour ended, the king with his young wife took shipping, and so within short while landed at Dover, and from thence sped him toward London: whereof the citizens being warned, made out a certain horsemen well appointed in one livery of colour, with a cognisance broidered upon their sleeves, whereby every fellowship was known from other, the which, with the mayor and his brethren clothed in scarlet, met the king and the queen upon the Black Heath, and after due salutation and reverent welcomes unto them made, by the mouth of the recorder, the said citizens conveyed the king upon his way till he came to Newington, where the king commanded the mayor with his company to return to the city, for he with his lords and ladies was appointed that night to lie at Kennington.

LORD BERNERS

[John Bourchier, or Bouchier, afterwards Lord Berners, was descended from a family of great distinction, which could claim kinship with the Plantagenets, and which had already furnished a long list of men high in Church and State. The Bourchiers had at first been supporters of the Lancastrian House: but had afterwards joined the Yorkist party, on whose behalf our author's grandfather, Lord Berners (whom he succeeded), fought at St. Albans, while his father, Humphrey Bourchier, fell at Barnet fighting on the same side. John Bourchier was born about 1467, and succeeded to the title in 1474. Even as a child he seems to have lived at the Court, and was knighted in 1477; but, according to the growing custom of the day which no longer countenanced the complete separation of arms from letters, he was sent to Oxford, where, according to Anthony Wood, he belonged to Balliol College. After his stay at the University he travelled abroad, returning to England when the Earl of Richmond became Henry VII., with the Bourchier family amongst his chief supporters. It was a member of that family, Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, who placed the crown on Henry's head. In the following years Lord Berners distinguished himself in military service, and he continued as high in favour with Henry VIII. as with his father. He served under Lord Surrey in Scotland, and was employed on embassies of high importance. About 1520 he seems to have been appointed Governor of Calais, and there he spent his last years, employed at Henry's command, upon the translation of Froissart's *Chronicles* from the French. He died in 1532.]

By birth, by education, by association and employment; as the head of a great family, from his youth a courtier; as the companion in arms as well as in letters of his kinsman, Surrey; as conversant not only with the learning of Oxford, but with the active life of the counsellor and the soldier; as acquainted not only with the languages but with the rulers of all the leading European states—Lord Berners was one on whose head all that was choicest in the England of his day seemed to unite, so as to make him in truth one of the most typical figures in an age when the chivalry of the past was linked, as it were, with the intellectual activity of the future. His work has precisely the qualities which such a training and such opportunities were likely to give: and it is perhaps not

too much to say that there is no one who, without producing a work of original genius or research, has laid English literature under such a heavy debt of obligation, as Lord Berners by his translation of Froissart. From the abundance of French and Spanish romances he translated a few specimens: and he also made a translation from a French version of the Spaniard Guevara's work entitled the Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius, or *El Relox de Principes.* As Guevara's work was not published until 1529, and as no French version is known to have appeared in Berners' time, some doubt may be felt as to the genesis of the book. But these works have long been forgotten: his chief achievement, and that by which his name must live, is his reproduction of the French Chronicle in a translation, which, by the rarest of literary gifts, has all the energy and verve of an original work.

Berners' work is an advance no less upon the laboured ponderousness of works which produced, in an English dress, the old chroniclers, than upon the more ornate, but fantastic and shadowy translations of the romances. He had the good fortune in following a royal order (which is enough of itself to prove a rare literary sagacity in Henry VIII.), to find an author between whom and himself—though separated by a century of time—there was a close sympathy of thought and interest. This was the first condition of success; but that success was made still more sure by the union of a romantic fancy with experience of active life, and of the pomp and pageantry that surround the great. Nor was Berners simply the laureate of chivalry. Faithful as he is to his original, we can yet trace his own feeling through his choice of words, and he is able to give us an impression of earnest sympathy with every phase of the amazingly varied scene through which the Chronicle leads us.

We have seen how even in Fabyan's *Concordance of Histories*, with all its roughness and coldness, the interest grows, and the force of the narrative increases as he comes nearer to the events of his own days, and more especially when he tells of that Government of London, in which he had himself borne a part. But in Berners we have got many strides further away from the monkish chronicler, to whom it never even remotely occurred that any words that fell from his pen should recall scenes of real life—of a life, heard in his cloister only as a confused and distant babble of noise. It is the very opposite of the mood of the monkish chronicler which gives to Berners' translation those qualities that make it a model of style, simple, direct, and unaffected, and yet with a force and

intensity of feeling which the most elaborate affectations of more laboured ingenuity would seek in vain to reproduce.

The translation undoubtedly marks the highest point to which English narrative prose had as yet reached. It attains its effect by no straining after a purity of Saxon diction, which some are pleased to consider the distinctive mark of excellence. Like all the early masters of English prose, Berners was bold in his appropriation of foreign words. Occasionally he reminds us even of the perfect English of the book of Common Prayer in his harmonious variations between words of Teutonic and of Romance origin. But his style was far too flexible and mobile to be confined to the narrow range, within which are to be found the meagre currents that go to feed the beginnings of our language, and to which the pedantry of the Teutonic purist would confine the ideal of English prose.

Lord Berners is a master of English style, then, partly because he found in his author one with whose subjects and whose methods he was in complete sympathy: partly because by the teaching of the university, the training of the Court, and the discipline of experience, he had learned to realise what he described, and thus to impart to it a force which no laboured art could improve: and partly because his intimate acquaintance with the Romance languages opened to him a wide range of words which he made no scruple of appropriating at his need. We are perhaps apt to persuade ourselves, in reading these early authors, that the harmonious charm of their style comes in great measure from their almost childish simplicity. The persuasion is more flattering to ourselves than true. Artistic skill like that of Berners is rarely unconscious: that it conceals itself does not rob it of the character of art. And the particular instance of Berners suggests a contrast that is not soothing to our self-respect. Froissart has been twice translated into English; by Berners, and again in the early days of this century by Mr. Johnes, a Welsh squire and member of Parliament, of literary tastes and most creditable industry. The work of Mr. Johnes obtained much favour from our grandfathers; but a comparison with that of Berners shews us at least to what a bathos English prose can fall. Let us take a few sentences at random, from Berners and from Johnes.

First this from Lord Berners—

"Wherefore he came on a night and declared all this to the queen, and advised her of the peril that she was in. Then the queen was greatly abashed, and required him, all weeping, of his good counsel. Then he said, Madame,

I counsel you that ye depart and go in to the Empire, where as there be many great lords who may right well aid you, and specially the Earl William of Hainault, and Sir John of Hainault, his brother. These two are great lords and wise men, true, dread, and redoubted of their enemies."

Then the parallel passage in Mr. Johnes :—

"He therefore came in the middle of the night to inform the queen of the peril she was in. She was thunderstruck at the information, to which he added, "I recommend you to set out for the Empire, where there are many noble lords who may greatly assist you, particularly William, Earl of Hainault, and his brother, who are both great lords, and wise and loyal men, and much dreaded by their enemies."

Let us next compare a few sentences (taken from one of the extracts which follow) with their counterparts in Johnes. This is from the scene at Bruce's death-bed, as given by Lord Berners.

"Then he called to him the gentle knight, Sir James Douglas, and said before all the lords, Sir James, my dear friend, ye know well that I have had much ado in my days to uphold and sustain the right of this realm : and when I had most ado, I made a solemn vow, the which as yet I have not accomplished, whereof I am right sorry : the which was, if I might achieve and make an end of all my wars, so that I might once have brought this realm in rest and peace, then I promised in my mind to have gone and warred on Christ's enemies, adversaries to our holy Christian faith. . . . Then all the lords that heard these words wept for pity. And when this knight, Sir James Douglas, might speak for weeping, he said, Ah, gentle and noble King, an hundred times I thank your grace of the great honour that ye do to me, sith of so noble and great treasure ye give me in charge : and, sir, I shall do with a glad heart all that ye have commanded me, to the best of my true power : howbeit, I am not worthy nor sufficient to achieve such a noble enterprise. Then the King said, Ah, gentle knight, I thank you, so ye will promise to do it. Sir, said the knight, I shall do it undoubtedly, by the faith that I owe to God, and to the order of knighthood."

Here is Mr. Johnes's version of the same lines :—

"He after that called to him the gallant lord James Douglas, and said to him in presence of the others : "My dear friend, lord James Douglas, you know that I have had much to do, and have suffered many troubles during the time I have lived, to support the rights of my crown : at the time that I was most occupied I made a vow, the non-accomplishment of which gives me much uneasiness—I vowed that if I could finish my wars in such a manner that I might have quiet to govern peaceably, I would go and make war against the enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the adversaries of the Christian faith. . . . All those present began bewailing bitterly, and when the lord James could speak, he said, "Gallant and noble King, I return you a hundred thousand thanks for the high honour you do me, and for the valuable and dear

treasure with which you entrust me, and I will willingly do all that you command me with the utmost loyalty in my power: never doubt it, however I may feel myself unworthy of such a high distinction. The King replied, "Gallant knight, I thank you—you promise it me then?" "Certainly, Sir, most willingly," answered the knight. He then gave his promise upon his knighthood.

If we wish to measure the decadence of English prose in the course of three centuries, no description can help half so much as the comparison of these few paragraphs, sentence by sentence and word by word. The same lesson might be drawn from any page taken at random of the old and the new translation. Yet in 1812 the editor of Berners actually offers an apology for reproducing "the venerable production," now that "the elegant modern translation by Mr. Johnes has made the contents generally familiar!" Perhaps we have recovered somewhat from the style of Johnes,—it is so much gained that we know that it is not elegant, but execrably bad,—but the grace of Lord Berners is something that we can never by any possibility recover. An affected archaicism will not bring us one hair's-breadth nearer to it.

The translation was printed by Pynson in 1523 and 1525. The best modern edition is that published in London in 1812, with a memoir of Lord Berners, and an index.

H. CRAIK.

LORD BERNERS' PREFACE.

WHAT condign graces and thanks men ought to give to the writers of histories, who with their great labours, have done so much profit to the human life; they shew, open, manifest, and declare to the reader, by example of old antiquity, what we should inquire, desire, and follow; and also, what we should eschew, avoid, and utterly fly: for when we (being unexpert of chances) see, behold, and read the ancient acts, gests, and deeds, how and with what labours, dangers, and perils they were gested and done, they right greatly admonish, *ensigne*, and teach us how we may lead forth our lives: and farther, he that hath the perfect knowledge of others' joy, wealth, and high prosperity, and also trouble, sorrow, and great adversity, hath the expert doctrine of all perils. And albeit that mortal folk are marvellously separated, both by land and water, and right wondrously situate; yet are they and their acts (done peradventure by the space of a thousand year) compact together by the *histographier*, as it were, the deeds of one self city, and in one man's life: wherefore I say, that history may well be called a divine providence; for as the celestial bodies above complete all and at every time the universal world, the creatures therein contained, and all their deeds, semblably so doth history. Is it not a right noble thing for us, by the faults and errors of others, to amend and erect our life into better? We should not seek and acquire that other did; but what thing was most best, most laudable, and worthily done, we should put before our eyes to follow. Be not the sage counsels of two or three old fathers in a city, town, or country, whom long age hath made wise, discreet, and prudent, far more praised, lauded, and dearly loved than of the young men? How much more then ought histories to be commended, praised, and loved, in whom is included so many sage counsels, great reasons, and high wisdoms of so innumerable persons, of sundry nations, and of every age, and

that in so long space as four or five hundred year. The most profitable thing in this world for the institution of the human life is history. Once the continual reading thereof maketh young men equal in prudence to old men; and to old fathers stricken in age it ministereth experience of things. More, it yieldeth private persons worthy of dignity, rule, and governance; it compelleth the emperors, high rulers, and governors to do noble deeds, to the end they may obtain immortal glory; it exciteth, moveth, and stirreth the strong hardy warriors, for the great laud that they have after they be dead, promptly to go in hand with great and hard perils, in defence of their country; and it prohibiteth reprovable persons to do mischievous deeds, for fear of infamy and shame: so thus, through the monuments of writing, which is the testimony unto virtue, many men have been moved, some to build cities, some to devise and establish laws right profitable, necessary, and behoveful for the human life; some other to find new arts, crafts, and sciences, very requisite to the use of mankind; but above all things, whereby man's wealth riseth, special laud and cause ought to be given to history: it is the keeper of such things as have been virtuously done, and the witness of evil deeds; and by the benefit of history all noble, high, and virtuous acts be immortal. What moved the strong and fierce Hercules to enterprise in his life so many great incomparable labours and perils? Certainly nought else but that for his merit immortality might be given to him of all folk. In semblable wise did his imitator, noble duke Theseus, and many other innumerable worthy princes and famous men, whose virtues be redeemed from oblivion and shine by history. And whereas other monuments in process of time, by variable chances, are confused and lost: the virtue of history diffused and spread through the universal world, hath to her custos and keeper, it (that is to say, time) which consumeth the other writings. And albeit that those men are right worthy of great laud and praise, who by their writings shew and lead us the way to virtue: yet nevertheless, the poems, laws, and other acts that they found devised and writ, be mixed with some damage: and sometimes for the truth they *ensigne* a man to lie: but only history, truly with words, representing the acts, gests, and deeds done, completeth all profit: it moveth, stirreth, and compelleth to honesty; detesteth, *irketh*, and abhorreth vices: it extolleth, enhaunceth, and lifteth up, such as be noble and virtuous; depresseth, *poistereth*, and thrusteth down such as be wicked, evil,

and reprovable. What knowledge should we have of ancient things past, an history were not? Which is the testimony thereof, the light of truth, the mistress of the life humane, the president of remembrance, and the messenger of antiquity. Why moved and stirred Phalerius, the King Ptolemy, oft and diligently to read books? Forsooth for none other cause, but that those things are found written in books, that the friends dare not show to the prince. Much more I would fain write of the incomparable profit of history, but I fear me that I should too sore torment the reader of this my preface; and also I doubt not but that the great utility thereof is better known than I could declare; wherefore I shall briefly come to a point. Thus, when I advertised and remembered the manifold commodities of history, how beneficial it is to mortal folk, and eke how laudable and meritorious a deed it is to write histories, fixed my mind to do something therein; and ever when this imagination came to me, I *volved*, turned, and read many volumes and books, containing famous histories; and among all other, I read diligently the four volumes or books of Sir John Froissart of the country of Hainault, written in the French tongue, which I judged commodious, necessary, and profitable to be had in English, sith they treat of the famous acts done in our parts; that is to say, in England, France, Spain, Portugal, Scotland, Brittany, Flanders, and other places adjoining; and specially they redound to the honour of Englishmen. What pleasure shall it be to the noble gentlemen of England to see, behold, and read the high enterprizes, famous acts, and glorious deeds done and achieved by their valiant ancestors? Forsooth and good, this hath moved me at the high commandment of my most redoubted sovereign lord King Henry VIII., King of England and of France, and high defender of the christian faith, etc., under his gracious supportation, to do my devoir to translate out of French into our maternal English tongue the said volumes of Sir John Froissart: which Chronicle beginneth at the reign of the most noble and valiant King Edward III., the year of our Lord one thousand three hundred and twenty-six: and continueth to the beginning of the reign of King Henry IV., the year of our Lord God, one thousand and four hundred: the space between is threescore and fourteen years; requiring all the readers and hearers thereof to take this my rude translation in *gre*. And in that I have not followed mine author word by word, yet I trust I have ensued the true report of the sentence of the matter; and as for the true

naming of all manner of personages, countries, cities, towns, rivers, or fields, whereas I could not name them properly nor aptly in English, I have written them according as I found them in French; and though I have not given every lord, knight, or squire his true addition, yet I trust I have not swerved from the true sentence of the matter. And there as I have named the distance between places by miles and leagues, they must be understood according to the custom of the countries where as they be named, for in some places they be longer than in some other; in England a league or mile is well known; in France a league is two miles, and in some place three: and in other country is more or less; every nation hath sundry customs. And if any fault be in this my rude translation, I remit the correction thereof to them that discreetly shall find any reasonable default; and in their so doing, I shall pray God to send them the bliss of Heaven. Amen.

THE DEATH OF KING ROBERT THE BRUCE

IT fortuned that King Robert of Scotland was right sore aged, and feeble; for he was greatly charged with the great sickness, so that there was no way with him but death; and when he felt that his end drew near, he sent for such barons and lords of his realm as he trusted best, and showed them how there was no remedy with him, but he must needs leave this transitory life; commanding them on the faith and truth that they owed him, truly to keep the realm, and aid the young prince David, his son, and that when he were of age, they should obey him, and crown him king, and to marry him in such a place as was convenient for his estate. Then he called to him the gentle knight, Sir James Douglas, and said before all the lords, Sir James, my dear friend, ye know well that I have had much ado in my days, to uphold and sustain the right of this realm, and when I had most ado, I made a solemn vow, the which as yet I have not accomplished, whereof I am right sorry; the which was, if I might achieve and make an end of all my wars, so that I might once have brought this realm in rest and peace, then I promised in my mind to have gone and warred on Christ's enemies, adversaries to our holy Christian faith. To this purpose mine heart hath ever intended, but our Lord would not consent thereto; for I have had so much

ado in my days, and now in my last enterprise, I have taken such a malady, that I can not escape. And sith it is so that my body can not go, nor achieve that my heart desireth, I will send the heart in stead of the body, to accomplish mine avow. And because I know not in all my realm, no knight more valiant than ye be, nor of body so well furnished to accomplish mine avow in stead of myself, therefore I require you, mine own dear especial friend that ye will take on you this voyage, for the love of me, and to acquit my soul against my Lord God; for I trust so much in your nobleness and truth, that an ye will take on you, I doubt not, but that ye shall achieve it, and then shall I die in more ease and quiet, so that it be done in such manner as I shall declare unto you. I will, that as soon as I am trespassed out of this world, that ye take my heart out of my body, and embalm it, and take of my treasure, as ye shall think sufficient for that enterprise, both for yourself, and such company as ye will take with you, and present my heart to the holy sepulchre, where as our Lord lay, seeing my body can not come there; and take with you such company and purveyance as shall be appertaining to your estate. And wheresoever ye come, let it be known, how ye carry with you the heart of King Robert of Scotland, at his instance and desire to be presented to the holy sepulchre. Then all the lords that heard these words, wept for pity. And when this knight, Sir James Douglas, might speak for weeping, he said, Ah, gentle and noble king, a hundred times I thank your grace of the great honour that ye do to me, sith of so noble and great treasure ye give me in charge; and sir, I shall do with a glad heart all that ye have commanded me, to the best of my true power; how be it, I am not worthy nor sufficient to achieve such a noble enterprise. Then the king said, Ah, gentle knight, I thank you, so that ye will promise to do it. Sir, said the knight, I shall do it undoubtedly, by the faith that I owe to God, and to the order of knighthood. Then I thank you, said the king, for now shall I die in more ease of my mind, sith that I know that the most worthy and sufficient knight of my realm shall achieve for me, the which I could never attain unto. And thus soon after this, noble Robert de Bruce, King of Scotland, trespassed out of this uncertain world, and his heart was taken out of his body, and embalmed, and honourably he was interred in the Abbey of Dunfermline, in the year of our Lord God, 1327, the seventh day of the month of November.

HOW THE TOWN OF CALAIS WAS GIVEN UP TO THE KING OF ENGLAND.

After that the French king was thus departed from Sangate, they within Calais saw well how their succour failed them, for the which they were in great sorrow. Then they desired so much their captain, Sir John of Vyen, that he went to the walls of the town, and made a sign to speak with some person of the host. When the king heard thereof, he sent thither Sir Gaultier of Manny, and Sir Basset: then Sir John of Vyen said to them, sirs, ye be right valiant knights in deeds of arms, and ye know well how the king, my master, hath sent me and other to this town, and commanded us to keep it to his behoof, in such wise that we take no blame, nor to him no damage; and we have done all that lieth in our power. Now our succours have failed us, and we be so sore strained that we have not to live withal, but that we must all die, or else enrage for famine, without the noble and gentle king of yours will take mercy on us; the which to do we require you to desire him to have pity on us, and to let us go and depart as we be, and let him take the town and castle and all the goods that be therein, the which is great abundance. Then Sir Gaultier of Manny said, Sir, we know somewhat of the intention of the king our master, for he hath showed it unto us; surely know for truth it is not his mind that you nor they within the town should depart so, for it is his will that ye all should put yourselves into his pure will to ransom all such as pleaseth him, and to put to death such as he list; for they of Calais have done him such contraries and despites, and have caused him to dispend so much good, and lost many of his men, that he is sore grieved against them. Then the captain said, Sir, this is too hard a matter to us; we are here within, a small sort of knights and squires, who have truly served the king our master, as well as ye serve yours in like case. And we have endured much pain and unease; but we shall yet endure as much pain as ever knights did rather than to consent that the worst lad in the town should have any more evil than the greatest of us all; therefore, sir, we pray you that of your humility, yet that ye will go and speak to the King of England, and desire him to have pity of us, for we trust in him so much gentleness, that by the grace of God his purpose shall change. Sir Gaultier of Manny and Sir Basset

returned to the king, and declared to him all that had been said. The king said he would none otherwise, but that they should yield them up simply to his pleasure. Then Sir Gaultier said, Sir, saving your displeasure in this, ye may be in the wrong, for ye shall give by this an evil ensample; if ye send any of us your servants into any fortress, we will not be very glad to go if ye put any of them in the town to death after they be yielded, for in likewise they will deal with us if the case fell like; the which words divers other lords that were there present sustained and maintained. Then the king said, Sirs, I will not be alone against you all; therefore Sir Gaultier of Manny you shall go and say to the captain, that all the grace that he shall find now in me is, that they let six of the chief burgesses of the town come out bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-legged, and in their shirts, with halters about their necks, with the keys of the town and castle in their hands, and let them six yield themselves purely to my will, and the residue I will take to mercy. Then Sir Gaultier returned, and found Sir John of Vyen still on the wall, abiding for an answer; then Sir Gaultier showed him all the grace he could get of the king. Well, quoth Sir John, sir, I require you tarry here a certain space till I go into the town and show this to the commons of the town, who sent me hither. Then Sir John went unto the market place, and *sowned* the common bell; then, incontinent, men and women assembled there; then the captain made report of all that he had done, and said, Sirs, it will be none otherwise; therefore now take advice and make a short answer. Then all the people began to weep and to make such sorrow, that there was not so hard a heart if they had seen them but that would have had great pity of them; the captain himself wept piteously. At last the most rich burgess of all the town, called Eustace of St. Pierre, rose up and said openly, Sirs, great and small, great mischief it should be to suffer to die such people as be in this town, either by famine or otherwise, when there is a mean to save them; I think he or they should have great merit of our Lord God that might keep them from such mischief; as for my part, I have so good trust in our Lord God, that if I die in the quarrel to save the residue, that God would pardon me; wherefore, to save them, I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy. When he had thus said, every man worshipped him, and divers kneeled down at his feet with sore weeping and sore sighs. Then another honest burgess rose and said, I will keep

company with my gossip Eustace: he was called John Dayre. Then rose up Jacques of Wyssant, who was rich in goods and heritage; he said also that he would hold company with his two cousins; in likewise so did Peter of Wyssant, his brother: and then rose two other: they said they would do the same. Then they went and apparelled them as the king desired. Then the captain went with them to the gate; there was great lamentation made of men, women, and children at their departing; then the gate was opened, and he issued out with the six burgesses and closed the gate again, so that they were between the gate and the barriers. Then he said to Sir Gaultier of Manny, Sir, I deliver here to you as captain of Calais, by the whole consent of all the people of the town, these six burgesses: and I swear to you truly, that they be and were to-day most honourable, rich, and most notable burgesses of all the town of Calais; wherefore, gentle knight, I require you, pray the king to have mercy on them, that they die not. Quoth Sir Gaultier, I cannot say what the king will do, but I shall do for them the best I can. Then the barriers were opened, the six burgesses went towards the king, and the captain entered again into the town. When Sir Gaultier presented these burgesses to the king, they kneeled down and held up their hands, and said, Gentle king, behold here we six, who were burgesses of Calais, and great merchants; we have brought to you the keys of the town and of the castle, and we submit ourselves clearly into your will and pleasure, to save the residue of the people of Calais, who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pity on us through your high nobles; then all the earls and barons, and others that there were, wept for pity. The king looked felly on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais, for the great damages and displeasures they had done him on the sea before. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off; then every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf: then Sir Gaultier of Manny said, Ah, noble king, for God's sake refrain your courage; ye have the name of sovereign nobless, therefore now do not a thing that should blemish your renown, nor to give cause to some to speak of you villany; every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company. Then the king *wryed* away from him, and commanded to send for the hangman, and said, they of Calais had caused many of

my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die in likewise. Then the queen, being great with child, kneeled down, and sore weeping, said, Ah, gentle sir, sith I passed the sea in great peril, I have desired nothing of you; therefore now I humbly require you, in the honour of the son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy of these six burgesses. The king beheld the queen, and stood still in a study a space, and then said, Ah, dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place, ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you; wherefore I give them to you, to do your pleasure with them. Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber, and made the halters to be taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner at their leisure; and then she gave each of them six nobles, and made them to be brought out of the host in safeguard, and set at their liberty.

THE BIRD IN BORROWED FEATHERS

LORDS, said this friar, there was once a fowl appeared in this world without any feathers; and when all other fowls knew that he was born, they came to see him, because he was so fair and pleasant to behold. Then they imagined among them what they might do for this bird, for without feathers they knew well he could not live; and they said they would he should live, because he was so fair: then every fowl there gave him of their feathers, and the fairer bird the more feathers he gave him, so that then he was a fair bird, and a well feathered, and began to fly; and the birds that had given him of their feathers, when they saw him fly, they took great pleasure: and when this bird saw himself so well feathered, and that all other fowls honoured him, he began to wax proud, and took no regard of them that had made him, but picked and spurred at them, and was contrary to them. Then the other birds drew together, and demanded each other what was best to be done with this bird that they had made up of nought and now so disdaineth them. Then the Peacock said, he is greatly beautied by reason of my feathers; I will take them again from him: in the name of good, said the Falcon, so will I have mine; and so said all the other birds: and then they began to take again from him all the feathers that they had given him.

And when this bird saw that, he humbled himself, and knowledged of the wealth and honour that he had, not of himself but of them; for he knew that he came into the world naked and bare, and the feathers that he had they might well take from him again when they list: then he cried them mercy, and said, that he would amend himself, and no more be proud; and so then again these gentle birds had pity on him, and feathered him again, and said to him, we would gladly see thee fly among us, so thou wilt be humble as thou oughtest to be; but know surely, if thou be any more proud and disdainous, we will take from thee all thy feathers, and set thee as we found thee first.

Thus said the friar John to the Cardinals that were in his presence: Sirs, thus shall it fall on you of the church, for the Emperor of Rome and of Almayne, and the other kings christened, and high princes of the world, have given you the goods and possessions and riches to the entent to serve God, and ye spend it in pride and superfluity.

THE FRENCH KING SEIZED BY MADNESS

THE king passed forth, and about twelve of the clock the king passed out of the forest, and came into a great plain all sandy: the sun also was in his height and shone bright, whose rays were marvellously hot, whereby the horses were sore chafed, and all such persons as were armed were sore oppressed with heat. The knights rode together by companies, some here and some there, and the king rode somewhat apart because of the dust: and the Duke of Berry, and the Duke of Burgoyne, rode on his left hand talking together, an acre breadth of land off from the king; other lords, as the Earl of March, Sir Jacques of Bourbon, Sir Charles d'Albret, Sir Philip d'Artois, Sir Henry and Sir Philip of Bar, Sir Peter of Navarre, and other knights, rode by companies; the Duke of Bourbon, the Lord Coucy, Sir Charles d'Angers, the Baron d'Ivry, and divers other, rode on before the king, and not in his company; and they devised and talked together, and took no heed of that fell suddenly on the chief personage of the company, which was on the king's own person: therefore the works of God are marvellous, and his scourges are cruel and are to be doubted of all creatures. There hath been seen in the Old

Testament, and also in the New, many figures and examples thereof; we read how Nebuchadnezzar, King of Assyrians, who reigned a season in such triumphant glory, that there was none like him, and suddenly in his greatest force and glory, the sovereign King, our Lord God, King of heaven and of earth, former and ordainer of all things, apparelled this said king in such wise that he lost his wit and reign, and was seven year in that estate, and lived by acorns and mast that fell from the oaks, and other wild apples and fruits, and had taste but as a boar or a swine; and after he had endured this penance God restored him again to his memory and wit; and then he said to Daniel the prophet, that there was none other God but the God of Israel: now the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three persons in one God, hath been, is, and ever shall be as puissant to shew His works as ever He was, wherefore no man should marvel of any thing that He doth. Now to the purpose why I speak all these words. A great influence from heaven fell the said day upon the French king, and as divers said, it was his own fault: for according to the disposition of his body, and the state that he was in, and the warning that his physicians did give him, he should not have ridden in such a hot day, at that hour, but rather in the morning and in the evening in the fresh air; wherefore it was a shame to them that were near about him, to suffer or to counsel him to do as he did. Thus as the French king rode upon a fair plain in the heat of the sun, which was as then of a marvellous height, and the king had on a jack covered with black velvet, which sore chafed him, and on his head a single bonnet of scarlet, and a chaplet of great pearls, which the queen had given him at his departure, and he had a page that rode behind him, bearing on his head a chapeau of Montaban, bright and clear shining against the sun: and behind that page rode another bearing the king's spear, painted red, and fringed with silk, with a sharp head of steel; the Lord de la River had brought a dozen of them with him from Toulouse, and that was one of them: he had given the whole dozen to the king, and the king had given three of them to his brother, the Duke of Orleans, and three to the Duke of Bourbon; and as they rode thus forth, the page that bare the spear, whether it were by negligence, or that he fell asleep, he let the spear fall on the other page's head that rode before him, and the head of the spear made a great clash on the bright chapeau of steel: the king (who rode but afore them), with

the noise suddenly started, and his heart trembled, and into his imagination ran the impression of the words of the man that stopped his horse in the forest of Mans, and it ran into his thought, that his enemies ran after him to slay and destroy him: and with that abusion he fell out of his wit by feebleness of his head, and dashed his spurs to his horse, and drew out the sword, and turned to his pages, having no knowledge of any man, weening himself to be in a battle enclosed with his enemies, and lift up his sword to strike, he cared not where, and cried and said: On, on upon these traitors! When the pages saw the king so inflamed with ire, they took good heed to themself, as it was time; they thought the king had been displeased because the spear fell down: then they stepped away from the king. The Duke of Orleans was not as then far off from the king. The king came to him with his naked sword in his hand; the king was as then in such a frenzy, and his heart so feeble, that he neither knew brother nor uncle. When the Duke of Orleans saw the king coming on him with his sword naked in his hand, he was abashed, and would not abide him; he wist not what he meant, he dashed his spurs to his horse and rode away, and the king after him. The Duke of Burgoyne, who rode a little way off from the king, when he heard the rushing of the horses, and heard the pages cry, he regarded that way, and saw how the king with his naked sword chased his brother, the Duke of Orleans, he was sore abashed and said: Out, harrow, what mischief is this? the king is not in his right mind, God help him; fly away, nephew, fly away, for the king would slay you. The Duke of Orleans was not well assured of himself, and fled away as fast as his horse might bear him, and knights and squires followed after: every man began to draw thither: such as were far off, thought they had chased an hare or a wolf, till at last they heard that the king was not well in his mind. The Duke of Orleans saved himself. Then men of arms came all about the king, and suffered him to weary himself, and the more that he travailed the feebler he was: and when he struck at any man they would fall down before the stroke: at this matter there was no hurt, but many overthrown, for there was none that made any defence. Finally, when the king was well wearied, and his horse sore chafed with sweat and great heat, a knight of Normandy, one of the king's chamberlains, whom the king loved very well, called William Martell, he came behind the king suddenly and

took him in his arms, and held him still: then all other approached, and took the sword out of his hands, and took him down from his horse, and did off his jack to refresh him: then came his brother, and his three uncles, but he had clean lost the knowledge of them, and rolled his eyes in his head marvellously, and spake to no man. The lords of his blood were sore abashed, and wist not what to say or do. Then the dukes of Berry and of Burgoyne said, It behoveth us to return to Mans, this voyage is done for this time; they said not as much as they thought, but they showed it right well, after when they came to Paris, to such as they loved not, as ye shall hear after.

FROISSART'S VISIT TO ENGLAND

TRUE it was, that I, Sir John Froissart (as at that time treasurer and canon of Chymay, in the earldom of Hainault, in the diocese of Liege), had great affection to go and see the realm of England, when I had been in Abbeyville, and saw that truce was taken between the realms of England and France, and other countries to them conjoined, and their adherents, to endure four years by sea and land. Many reasons moved me to make that voyage: one was, because in my youth I had been brought up in the court of the noble King Edward the Third, and of Queen Philippa his wife, and among their children, and other barons of England, that as then were alive, in whom I found all nobleness, honour, largesse, and courtesy; therefore I desired to see the country, thinking thereby I should live much the longer, for I had not been there twenty-seven year before, and I thought, though I saw not those lords that I left alive there, yet at the least I should see their heirs, the which should do me much good to see, and also to justify the histories and matters that I had written of them: and or I took my journey, I spake with duke Albert of Bavaria, and with the Earl of Hainault, Holland, Zeeland, and lord of Friez, and with my lord William earl of Ostrevant, and with my right honourable lady Jahane duchess of Brabant and of Luxembourg, and with the lord Engerant, lord Coucy, and with the gentle knight the lord of Gomegynes, who in his youth and mine had been together in England in the king's court: in likewise so had I seen there the lord of Coucy, and divers other nobles of France, hold

great households in London, when they lay there in hostage for the redemption of King John, as then French King, as it hath been shewed here before in this history.

These said lords, and the duchess of Brabant, counselled me to take this journey, and gave me letters of recommendation to the King of England and to his uncles, saving the lord Coucy: he would not write to the king because he was a Frenchman: therefore he durst not, but to his daughter, who as then was called duchess of Ireland: and I had engrossed in a fair book well enlumined, all the matters of amours and moralities, that in four and twenty years before I had made and compiled, which greatly quickened my desire to go into England to see King Richard, who was son to the noble prince of Wales and of Aquitaine, for I had not seen this King Richard since he was christened in the cathedral church of Bourdeaux, at which time I was there, and thought to have gone with the prince the journey into Galicia in Spain; and when we were in the city of Aste, the prince sent me back into England to the queen his mother.

For these causes and other I had great desire to go into England to see the king and his uncles. Also I had this said fair book well covered with velvet, garnished with clasps of silver and gilt, thereof to make a present to the king at my first coming to his presence; I had such desire to go this voyage, that the pain and travail grieved me nothing. Thus provided of horses and other necessaries, I passed the sea at Calais, and came to Dover, the twelfth day of the month of July. When I came there I found no man of my knowledge, it was so long sith I had been in England, and the houses were all newly changed, and young children were become men, and the women knew me not nor I them: so I abode half a day and all a night at Dover: it was on a Tuesday, and the next day by nine of the clock I came to Canterbury, to saint Thomas's shrine, and to the tomb of the noble prince of Wales who is there interred right richly: there I heard mass, and made mine offering to the holy saint, and then dined at my lodging: and there I was informed how King Richard should be there the next day on pilgrimage, which was after his return out of Ireland, where he had been the space of nine months or there about: the King had a devotion to visit saint Thomas's shrine, and also because the prince his father was there buried. Then I thought to abide the King there and so I did; and the next day the King came thither with a noble company of lords, ladies, and damoselles: and when

I was among them they seemed to me all new folks, I knew no person: the time was sore changed in twenty-eight year, and with the king as then was none of his uncles; the duke of Lancaster was in Aquitaine, and the dukes of York and Gloucester were in other businesses, so that I was at the first all abashed, for if I had seen any ancient knight that had been with King Edward or with the prince, I had been well recomforted and would have gone to him, but I could see none such. Then I demanded for a knight called sir Richard Seury, whether he were alive or not? and it was shewed me yes, but he was at London. Then I thought to go to the lord Thomas Percy, great seneschal of England, who was there with the king: so I acquainted me with him, and I found him right honourable and gracious, and he offered to present me and my letters to the king, whereof I was right joyful, for it behoved me to have some means to bring me to the presence of such a prince as the King of England was. He went to the king's chamber, at which time the king was gone to sleep, and so he shewed me, and bade me return to my lodging and come again, and so I did; and when I came to the bishop's palace, I found the Lord Thomas Percy ready to ride to Ospring, and he counselled me to make as then no knowledge of my being there, but to follow the court; and said he would cause me ever to be well lodged, till the king should be at the fair castle of Ledes in Kent. I ordered me after his counsel and rode before to Ospring; and by adventure I was lodged in a house where was lodged a gentle knight of England, called sir William Lisle; he was tarried there behind the king, because he had pain in his head all the night before; he was one of the king's privy chamber; and when he saw that I was a stranger, and as he thought, of the marchesse of France, because of my language, we fell in acquaintance together; for gentlemen of England are courteous, treatable, and glad of acquaintance; then he demanded what I was, and what business I had to do in those parts; I shewed him a great part of my coming thither, and all that the lord Thomas Percy had said to me, and ordered me to do. He then answered and said, how I could not have a better mean, and that on the Friday the king should be at the castle of Ledes; and he shewed me that when I came there, I should find there the duke of York, the king's uncle, whereof I was right glad, because I had letters directed to him, and also that in his youth he had seen me in the court of the noble King Edward his father, and with the queen his mother.

JOHN FISHER

[John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was born some years before 1470, and was executed in 1535. He was a native of Yorkshire, and was educated at Cambridge, where he obtained the patronage of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, foundress of Christ's College. Fisher was her chief agent in the foundation of this college, and from her bequest he afterwards founded St. John's College. He stood aloof from the dominant faction attached to Wolsey; but when Henry's breach with the Papacy became pronounced, Fisher stood forward as one of the chief of the anti-reform party, steadfastly opposed Henry's divorce from Catherine, and subsequently refused to take the oath in favour of the King's supremacy over the Church. For this he was imprisoned, and while under the royal ban was created Cardinal by Pope Paul III. The high estimation in which he was held is proved by the widespread feeling of outraged sentiment which Henry aroused throughout Christendom by the execution of Fisher in 1535.]

A FULL consideration of Fisher's life would force us to enter upon all the most controverted questions of the stormy time in which he lived. Our business here is concerned solely with his position as a writer of English prose, and in this connection he is of interest, not only for his personal character and attitude, but also as marking a decided advance upon all writers on religious topics who preceded him. Adhering to the old creed, he yet treats it with an originality and a raciness which are all his own. A scholar and student, he is yet careful to be clear and lucid in his sermons to a mixed audience. A courtier, attracted by the dignity of constituted authority, and keenly alive to the grace of aristocratic refinement, he is yet by his very nature honest, instinctively independent, and unswerving in his love for the purity of a religious life. He has the eloquence and fervour of an enthusiastic supporter of the Church, with a copious and flowing diction; but yet is careful and fastidious in his selection of epithets, and shows the balance, rhythm, and harmony that were to be the most characteristic features of English prose when it reached that highest development, towards which he himself greatly assisted. His constant effort to draw some symbolical meaning from the phrases of the Scriptures leads him into refine-

ments which are often curiously quaint and far-fetched, but which forced him to use, by the very necessity of the subject, an exact and graphic diction, the essential qualities of which are apparent in spite of the primitive deficiencies of ordered or regular composition. "When our Lord," he says in a typical passage, "of His goodness shall change and turn the soft and slippery dust (signifying wretched sinners) into tough earth by weeping and true penitence for their sins, and after that make them hard as stones by burning charity, apt and able for to suffer great labours"; and a similar tendency to pourtray religious thoughts by some graphic imagery from the material world is visible in every page. He has an artistic and poetical faculty for catching the picturesque aspects of the outer world, and employing them as literary instruments, and no faculty was more serviceable in developing forcible and vivid prose. The following is only one of many such descriptions to be found in Fisher's writings:—"What marvellous virtue, what wonderful operation, is in the beams of the sun which, as we see this time of the year spread upon the ground, doth quicken and make lively many creatures, the which appeared before as dead! Who that viewed and beheld in the winter season the trees when they be withered and their leaves shaken from them, and all the moisture shrunk into the root, and no lust of greenness nor of life appeareth outwardly—if he had had none experience of this matter before, he would think it an unlike thing that the same trees should revive again and be so lustily clad with leaves and flowers as we now see them." The art of the orator is seen in the direct reference of his hearers to the aspect of nature then before them; and if we overlook, as it is easy to do, the small tincture of archaicism, the structure of the sentence is so perfect, and the selection of epithets so artistic, that the most finished master of our language, as developed by many generations of practice, need not disdain the turn or rhythm of the sentence. Fisher shared with the composers of the English liturgy a peculiarity which greatly contributed to the richness and variety of their diction—that coupling of the Saxon word with its classical synonym, which has become familiar to our ears through the Prayer Book. Fisher's prose style may, indeed, be considered as a corner-stone in the foundation of the best type of English pulpit eloquence—simple almost to an extreme, but yet instinct with earnestness and feeling, and at the same time with the balance that comes from careful scholarship and fastidious taste.

H. CRAIK.

DEPENDENCE UPON DIVINE MERCY

THAT man were put in great peril and jeopardy that should hang over a very deep pit holden up by a weak and slender cord or line, in whose bottom should be most *woode* and cruel beasts of every kind, abiding with great desire his falling down, for that intent when he shall fall down anon to devour him, which line or cord that he hangeth by should be holden up and stayed only by the hands of that man, to whom by his manifold ungentleness he hath ordered and made himself as a very enemy. Likewise, dear friends, consider in yourself. If now under me were such a very deep pit, wherein might be lions, tigers, and bears gaping with open mouth to destroy and devour me at my falling down, and that there be nothing whereby I might be holden up and succoured, but a broken bucket or pail which should hang by a small cord, stayed and holden up only by the hands of him to whom I have behaved myself as an enemy and adversary by great and grievous injuries and wrongs done unto him. Would ye not think me in perilous conditions? yes, without fail. Truly all we be in like manner. For under us is the horrible and fearful pit of hell, where the black devils in the likeness of ramping and cruel beasts doth abide desirously our falling down to them. The lion, the tiger, the bear, or any other wild beast never layeth so busily await for his prey, when he is hungry, as doth these great and horrible hell hounds, the devils, for us. Of whom may be heard the saying of Moses: *Dentes bestiarum immittam in eos cum furore trahentium atque serpentum.* I shall send down among them wild beasts to gnaw their flesh, with the *woodness* of cruel birds and serpents drawing and tearing their bones. There is none of us living but that is holden up from falling down to hell in as feeble and frail vessel, hanging by a weak line as may be. I beseech you what vessel may be more *bruckle* and frail than is our body that daily needeth reparation. And if thou

refresh it not, anon it perisheth and cometh to nought. An house made of clay, if it be not oft renewed and repaired with putting to of new clay shall at the last fall down. And much more this house made of flesh, this house of our soul, this vessel wherein our soul is holden up and borne about, but if it be refreshed by oft feeding and putting to of meat and drink, within the space of three days it shall waste and slip away. We be daily taught by experience how feeble and frail man's body is. Also beholding daily the goodly and strong bodies of young people, how soon they die by a short sickness. And therefore Solomon, in the book called Ecclesiastes, compareth the body of man to a pot that is *bruckle*, saying, *Memento creatoris tui in diebus juventutis tuæ, antequam conteratur hydria super fontem.* Have mind on thy Creator and Maker in the time of thy young age, or ever the pot be broken upon the fountain, that is to say, thy body, and thou peradventure fall into the well, that is to say into the deepness of hell. This pot, man's body, hangeth by a very weak cord, which the said Solomon in the same place calleth a cord or line made of silver. *Et antequam rumpatur funiculus argenteus.* Take heed, he saith, or ever the silver cord be broken. Truly this silver cord whereby our soul hangeth and is holden up in this pot, in this frail vessel our body, is the life of man. For as a little cord or line is made or woven of a few threads, so is the life of man knit together by four humours, that as long as they be knit together in a right order so long is man's life whole and sound. This cord also hangeth by the hand and power of God. For as Job saith, *Quoniam in illius manu est anima* (*id est vita*) *omnis viventis.* In this hand and power is the life of every living creature. And we by our unkindness done against His goodness have so greatly provoked Him to wrath that it is marvel this line to be so long holden up by His power and majesty, and if it be broken, this pot our body is broken, and the soul slippeth down into the pit of hell, there to be torn and all to rent of those most cruel hell hounds. O good Lord how fearful condition stand we in if we remember these jeopardies and perils, and if we do not remember them we may say, O marvellous blindness, ye our madness, never enough to be wailed and cried out upon. Heaven is above us, wherein Almighty God is resident and abiding, which giveth Himself to us as our Father, if we obey and do according unto His holy commandments. The deepness of hell is under us, greatly to be abhorred, full of devils. Our sins and

wickedness be afore us. Behind us be the times and spaces that were offered to do satisfaction and penance, which we have negligently lost. On our right hand be all the benefits of our most good and meek lord, Almighty God, given unto us. And on our left hand be innumerable misfortunes that might have happed if that Almighty God had not defended us by his goodness and meekness. Within us is the most stinking abomination of our sin, whereby the image of Almighty God in us is very foul deformed, and by that we be made unto Him very enemies. By all these things before rehearsed we have provoked the dreadful majesty of Him unto so great wrath that we must needs fear, lest that He let fall this line our life from His hands, and the pot our body be broken, and we then fall down into the deep dungeon of hell. Therefore what shall we wretched sinners do, of whom may help and succour be had and obtained for us? By what manner sacrifice may the wrath and ire of so great a majesty be pacified and made easy? Truly the best remedy is to be swift in doing penance for our sins. He only may help them to that be penitent. By that only sacrifice His ire is mitigate and suaged chiefly. Our most gracious Lord Almighty God is merciful to them that be penitent. Therefore let us now ask His mercy with the penitent prophet David. Let us call and cry before the throne of His grace, saying, *Miserere mei Deus.* God have mercy on me.

(From *Sermons on the Psalms.*)

CHARACTER OF HENRY VII.

FORASMUCH as this honourable audience now is here assembled to prosecute the funeral observances and ceremonies about this most noble prince late our king and sovereign, king Henry the seventh. And all be it I know well mine unworthiness and inabilities to this so great a matter, yet for my most bounden duty, and for his gracious favour and singular benefits exhibit unto me in this life, I would now after his death right affectuously some thing say, whereby your charities the rather might have his soul recommended. And to that purpose I will entreat the first psalm of the *dirige*, which psalm was written of the holy king and prophet king David, comforting him after his great falls and trespasses against Almighty God and read in the church in the funeral

obsequies of every Christian person when that he dieth. And specially it may be read in the person of this most noble prince, for in it is comprised all that is to be said in this matter. And in the same order that the secular orators have in their funeral orations most diligently observed, which resteth in three points. First in the commendation of him that dead is. Second in a stirring of the hearers to have compassion upon him. And third in a comforting of them again. Which three be done by order in this same psalm, as by the grace of our Lord it may here after appear. First, as touching his laud and commendation, let no man think that mine intent is for to praise him for any vain transitory things of this life, which by the example of him all kings and princes may learn how sliding, how slippery, how failing they be. All be it he had as much of them as was possible in manner for any king to have, his politic wisdom in governance it was singular, his wit alway quick and ready, his reason pithy and substantial, his memory fresh and holding, his experience notable, his counsels fortunate and taken by wise deliberation, his speech gracious in divers languages, his person goodly and amiable, his natural complexion of the purest mixture, his issue fair and in good number, leagues and confederies he had with all Christian princes, his mighty power was dread every where, not only within his realm but without also, his people were to him in as humble subjection as ever they were to king, his land many a day in peace and tranquillity, his prosperity in battle against his enemies was marvellous, his dealing in time of perils and dangers was cold and sober with great hardiness. If any treason were conspired against him it came out wonderfully, his treasure and richesse incomparable, his buildings most goodly and after the newest cast all of pleasure. But what is all this now as unto him, all be but *fumus et umbra.* A smoke that soon vanisheth, and a shadow soon passing away. Shall I praise him then for them? Nay, forsooth. The great wise man Solon, when that the king Crœsus had shewed unto him all his glorious state and condition that he was in as touching the things above rehearsed, he would not affirm that he was blessed for all that, but said *Expectandus est finis.* The end is to be abiden and looked upon, wherein he said full truth, all be it peradventure not as he intended, but verily a truth it is, in the end is all together, a good end and a gracious conclusion of the life maketh all, and therefore Seneca in his epistles saith, *Bonam vitæ clausulam impone.* In any wise make a good conclusion of

thy life, which thing I may confirm by holy letters. In the prophet Ezekiel it is written and spoken by the mouth of God in this manner, *Justitia justi non liberabit eum in quacunque die peccaverit et impietas impii non nocebit ei in quacunque die conversus fuerit ab impietate sua.* That is to say, if the righteous man have lived never so virtuously, and in the end of his life commit one deadly sin and so depart, all his righteous dealing before shall not defend him from everlasting damnation, and in contrary wise, if the sinful man have lived never so wretchedly in times past, yet in the end of his life if he return from his wickedness unto God, all his wickedness before shall not let him to be saved. Let no sinner presume of this to do amiss or to continue the longer in his sin, for of such presumers scant one among a thousand cometh unto this grace, but the death taketh them or they beware. Let no man also murmur against this, for this is the great treasure of the mercy of Almighty God, and against such murmurs is sufficiently answered in the same place, for what should become of any of us were not this great mercy? *Quis potest dicere mundum est cor meum, innocens ego sum a peccato.* Who may say (saith Ecclesiasticus) mine heart is clean, I am innocent and guiltless of sin. As who saith, no man may speak this word. When then all men have in their life trespassed against Almighty God, I may well say that he is gracious that maketh a blessed end. And to that purpose Saint John in the Apocalypse saith, *Beati mortui qui in domino moriuntur.* Blessed are those which have made virtuous end and conclusion of their life in our Lord, which verily I suppose this most noble prince hath done, the proof whereof shall stand in four points. The first is a true turning of his soul from this wretched world unto the love of Almighty God. Second is a fast hope and confidence that he had in prayer. Third a steadfast belief of God and of the sacraments of the church. Fourth in a diligent asking of mercy in the time of mercy, which four points by order be expressed in the first part of this psalm. As to the first, at the beginning of Lent last passed, he called unto him his confessor, a man of singular wisdom, learning, and virtue, by whose assured instruction I speak this that I shall say. This noble prince, after his confession made with all diligence and great repentance, he promised three things, that is to say, a true reformation of all them that were officers and ministers of his laws to the intent that justice, from henceforward, truly and indifferently might be

executed in all causes. Another, that the promotions of the church that were of his disposition should, from henceforth, be disposed to able men such as were virtuous and well learned. Third, that as touching the dangers and jeopardies of his laws for things done in times past, he would grant a pardon generally unto all his people, which three things he let not openly to speak to divers as did resort unto him. And many a time unto his secret servants he said that if it pleased God to send him life, they should see him a new changed man. Furthermore, with all humbleness he recognised the singular and many benefits that he had received of Almighty God, and with great repentance and marvellous sorrow accused himself of his unkindness towards Him, specially that he no more fervently had procured the honour of God, and that he had no more diligently performed the will and pleasure of Him, wherein he promised, by the grace of God, an assured amendment. Who may suppose but that this man had verily set his heart and love upon God, or who may think that in his person may not be said, *Dilexi*, that is to say, I have set my love on my lord God?

(From the *Funeral Sermon on Henry VII.*)

CHARACTER OF MARGARET, COUNTESS OF RICHMOND

THIS holy Gospel, late read, containeth in it a dialogue, that is to say, a communication betwixt the woman of blessed memory called Martha and our Saviour Jesu, which dialogue I would apply unto this noble princess late deceased, in whose remembrance this office and observances be done at this time. And three things, by the leave of God, I will entend. First, to shew wherein this noble princess may well be likened and compared unto the blessed woman Martha. Second, how she may complain unto our Saviour Jesu for the painful death of her body, like as Martha did for the death of her brother Lazarus. Third, the comfortable answer of our Saviour Jesu unto her again. In the first shall stand her praise and commendation. In the second our mourning for the loss of her. In the third our comfort again. First, I say that the comparison of them two may be made in four things. In nobleness of person, in discipline of their bodies, in ordering of their souls to God, in hospitalities keeping and

charitable dealing to their neighbours. In which four, the noble woman Martha (as say the doctors entreating this gospel; and her life) was singularly to be commended and praised, wherefore let us consider likewise, whether in this noble countess may any thing like be found. First, the blessed Martha was a woman of noble blood, to whom by inheritance belonged the castle of Bethany, and this nobleness of blood they have which descend of noble lineage. Beside this there is a nobleness of manners, without which the nobleness of blood is much defaced, for as Boetius saith: If ought be good in the nobleness of blood it is for that thereby the noble men and women should be ashamed to go out of kind from the virtuous manners of their ancestry before. Yet also there is another nobleness, which ariseth in every person by the goodness of nature, whereby full often such as come of right poor and unnoble father and mother, have great abilities of nature, to noble deeds. Above all these same there is a fourth manner of nobleness, which may be called an increased nobleness, as by marriage and affinity of more noble persons such as were of less condition may increase in higher degree of nobleness. In every of these, I suppose, this countess was noble. First, she came of noble blood lineally descending of King Edward III. within the fourth degree of the same. Her father was John, Duke of Somerset, her mother was called Margaret, right noble as well in manners as in blood. To whom she was a very daughter in all noble manners, for she was bounteous and liberal to every person of her knowledge or acquaintance. Avarice and covetise she most hated, and sorrowed it full much in all persons, but specially in any that belonged unto her. She was also of singular easiness to be spoken unto, and full courteous answer she would make to all that came unto her. Of marvellous gentleness she was unto all folks, but specially unto her own, whom she trusted and loved right tenderly. Unkind she would not be unto no creature, nor forgetful of any kindness or service done to her before, which is no little part of very nobleness. She was not vengeable, nor cruel, but ready anon to forget and to forgive injuries done unto her at the least desire or motion made unto her for the same. Merciful also and piteous she was unto such as was grieved and wrongfully troubled, and to them that were in poverty or sickness or any other misery. To God and to the church full obedient and tractable, searching His honour and pleasure full busily. A wariness of herself she had alway to

eschew every thing that might dishonest any noble woman, or distain her honour in any condition. Trifelous things that were little to be regarded she would let pass by, but the other that were of weight and substance wherein she might profit she would not let for any pain or labour to take upon hand. These and many other such noble conditions left unto her by her ancestors she kept, and increased them with a great diligence. The third nobleness also she wanted not, which I said was the nobleness of nature. She had in manner all that was praisable in a woman either in soul or in body. First she was of singular wisdom far passing the common rate of women, she was good in remembrance and of holding memory. A ready wit she had also to conceive all things. Albeit they were right dark, right studious she was in books which she had in great number, both in English and in French, and for her exercise and for the profit of other, she did translate divers matters of devotion out of French into English. Full often she complained that in her youth she had not given her to the understanding of Latin, wherein she had a little perceiving, specially of the rubric of the ordinal for the saying of her service, which she did well understand. Hereunto in favour, in words, in gesture, in every demeanour of herself so great nobleness did appear, that what she spake or did it marvellously became her. The fourth nobleness which we named, a nobleness gotten or increased, she had also. For albeit she of her lineage were right noble, yet nevertheless by marriage, and adjoining of other blood it took some increasement. For in her tender age she, being endued with so great towardness of nature, and likelihood of inheritance, many sued to have had her to marriage. The Duke of Suffolk, which then was a man of great experience, most diligently procured to have had her for his son and heir. Of the contrary part King Henry VI. did make means for Edmond his brother, then the Earl of Richmond. She, which as then was not fully nine years old, doubtful in her mind what she were best to do, asked counsel of an old gentlewoman whom she much loved and trusted, which did advise her to commend herself to Saint Nicholas, the patron and helper of all true maidens, and to beseech him to put in her mind what she were best to do. This counsel she followed, and made her prayer so full often, but specially that night when she should the morrow after make answer of her mind determinately. A marvellous thing, that same night as I have heard her tell many a time, as she lay in prayer

calling upon Saint Nicholas, whether sleeping or waking she could not assure, but about four of the clock in the morning, one appeared unto her arrayed like a bishop, and naming unto her Edmond, bade take him unto her husband. And so by this mean she did incline her mind unto Edmond, the king's brother, and Earl of Richmond. By whom she was made mother of the king that dead is, whose soul God pardon, and granddame to our sovereign lord King Henry VIII., which now by the grace of God governeth the realm. So what by lineage, what by affinity, she had thirty kings and queens within the fourth degree of marriage unto her, beside earls, marquises, dukes, and princes. And thus much we have spoken of her nobleness.

(From the *Mourning for the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond.*)

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE LIFE OF HUNTERS AND THAT OF CHRISTIANS

SISTER Elizabeth, gladly I would write unto you some thing that might be to the health of your soul and furtherance of it in holy religion. But well I know that without some fervour in the love of Christ, religion cannot be to you savoury, nor any work of goodness can be delectable, but every virtuous deed shall seem laborious and painful. For love maketh every work appear easy and pleasant, though it be right displeasant of itself. And contrariwise right easy labour appeareth grievous and painful, when the soul of the person that doeth the deed, hath no desire nor love in doing of it. This thing may well appear by the life of hunters, the which out of doubt is more laborious and painful than is the life of religious persons, and yet nothing sustaineth them in their labour and pains, but the earnest love and hearty desire to find their game. Regard no less my writing, good sister, though to my purpose I use the example of hunters, for all true Christian souls be called hunters, and their office and duty is to seek and hunt for to find Christ Jesu. And therefore scripture in many places exhorteth us to seek after Him, and assureth that He will be found of them that diligently seek after Him. *Invenietur ab his qui quærunt eum.* That is to say, He will be found of them that seek Him, well happy are all those that can

find Him, or can have any scent of Him in this life here. For that scent (as Saint Paul saith) is the scent of the very life. And the devout souls, where they feel this scent, they run after him a pace. *Curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum.* That is to say, we shall run after the scent of Thy sweet ointments. Seeing then all devout souls may be called hunters, I will further prosecute the comparison made before between the life of the hunters and the life of the religious persons after this manner.

What life is more painful and laborious of itself than is the life of hunters which, most early in the morning, break their sleep and rise when others do take their rest and ease, and in his labour he may use no plain highways and the soft grass, but he must tread upon the fallows, run over the hedges, and creep through the thick bushes, and cry all the long day upon his dogs, and so continue without meat or drink until the very night drive him home; these labours be unto him pleasant and joyous, for the desire and love that he hath to see the poor hare chased with dogs. Verily, verily, if he were compelled to take upon him such labours, and not for this cause, he would soon be weary of them, thinking them full tedious unto him; neither would he rise out of his bed so soon, nor fast so long, nor endure these other labours unless he had a very love therein. For the earnest desire of his mind is so fixed upon his game, that all these pains be thought to him but very pleasures. And therefore I may well say that love is the principal thing that maketh any work easy, though the work be right painful of itself, and that without love no labour can be comfortable to the doer. The love of his game delighteth him so much that he careth for no worldly honour, but is content with full simple and homely array. Also the goods of the world he seeketh not for, nor studieth how to attain them. For the love and desire of his game so greatly occupieth his mind and heart. The pleasures also of his flesh he forgetteth by weariness and wasting of his body in earnest labour. All his mind, all his soul, is busied to know where the poor hare may be found. Of that is his thought, and of that is his communication, and all his delight is to hear and speak of that matter, every other matter but this, is tedious for him to give ear unto; in all other things he is dull and unlusty, in this only quick and stirring. For this also to be done, there is no office so humble, nor so vile, that he refuseth not to serve his own dogs himself, to bathe their feet, and to anoint them where they be sore, yea and to cleanse their kennel

where they shall lie and rest them. Surely if religious persons had so earnest a mind and desire to the service of Christ, as have these hunters to see a course at a hare, their life should be unto them a very joy and pleasure. For what other be the pains of religion but these that I have spoken of. That is to say, much fasting, crying, and coming to the choir, forsaking of worldly honours, worldly riches, and fleshly pleasures, and communication of the world, humble service, and obedience to his sovereign, and charitable dealing to his sister, which pains, in every point, the hunter taketh and sustaineth more largely for the love that he hath to his game, than do many religious persons for the love of Christ. For albeit, the religious person riseth at midnight which is painful to her in very deed, yet she went before that to her bed at a convenient hour, and also cometh after to her bed again. But the hunter riseth early, and so continueth forth all the long day, no more returning to his bed until the very night, and yet peradventure he was late up the night before, and full often up all the long nights.

(From *The Ways to Perfect Religion.* Written while prisoner in the Tower.)

SIR THOMAS MORE

[Thomas More was the eldest son of Master, afterwards Sir John, More, Judge in the Court of King's Bench, who died in 1530, and who, as report went and the name seems to indicate, was probably of Irish extraction. Thomas was born in Milk Street, Cheapside, 7th February 1478, and received his early education in St. Anthony's, Threadneedle Street, one of Henry VI.'s Grammar Schools. At thirteen he was placed as a page in the household of Archbishop Morton, and the following year removed, probably at his patron's instance, to Oxford, where during the two years of his residence at Canterbury College he threw himself with ardour into the new study of Greek. In 1494, however, he left without a degree, his father being impatient for him to begin his legal studies, and passed first to New Inn and then to Lincoln's Inn. Shortly after this, while still a mere lad, he was appointed Reader in Law at Lincoln's Inn for three years. About 1498 he seems to have met Erasmus, and a warm attachment sprung up between the two great scholars which was only terminated by More's death. The addition of Colet, who in 1504 settled in London, completed the devotion of More to the Humanistic movement. Colet's influence was thenceforth decisive with him, and had it not been removed in 1519 by death, might have prevented or at least considerably modified his later reactionary attitude. In 1500 he lectured in public on St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* with the applause of scholars like Grocyn. From 1500 to 1504 he submitted to the austerities of the Carthusian rule, but apparently finding himself unsuited for monastic life, married in 1505 his first wife, Jane Holt, daughter of a country gentleman in Essex. In 1502 he became Undersheriff of London, then a judicial office of some dignity: in 1504 having been elected Burgess, he successfully opposed in the House of Commons an extravagant money grant, at once establishing his reputation as a speaker and drawing down upon his family the royal displeasure. The remainder of the reign (1503-1509) was spent in a prudent retirement and the renewal of his Oxford studies. During this which may be regarded as his first literary period, were written most of his Latin Epigrammata. In 1509 Henry VII.'s death restored More to public life and brought the men of the new learning into court favour. In 1514 he was made Master of Requests and knighted. From 1515 to 1523 he was employed on a succession of diplomatic missions, chiefly to the Low Countries, one of which suggested the introductory machinery of his *Utopia*, printed in 1516. His History of Richard III. was written about the same time. In 1519, under great pressure, he entered the royal service, giving up his practice at the bar and the Undersheriffship. In 1521 he was made Treasurer of the

Exchequer, in 1524 speaker of the House of Commons, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in 1525, and finally, on the fall of Wolsey in 1529, Lord Chancellor. To avoid entanglements in the Divorce Question, on which he could not take the king's side, he resigned office in 1532 and withdrew into poverty and, as he hoped, obscurity. The second, however, was impossible for the author of *Utopia* and bosom-friend of Erasmus. Henry was resolved to have his support or his life. Absurd charges of implication in the Nun of Kent's treason and of judicial venality were easily refuted; but in 1534 he was imprisoned for refusing the oath to maintain the Act of Succession, and, after a year's detention which completely shattered his health, condemned under the Act of Supremacy and executed July 6, 1535.

A complete edition of his Latin works was published in 1689 at Frankfort. His collected English writings, consisting mainly of theological pamphlets, were published in black-letter quarto by Tottell in 1557 (pp. 1458); that there has been no re-issue is due partly to the unpopularity of the doctrines they express, but still more to their formidable extent and ephemeral interest. The *Utopia* was first published in Latin at Louvain in 1516. Three English translations exist, one by R. Robynson, printed 1551, 1556, 1624, 1639, and reprinted by Dibdin, 1808, and by E. Arber, 1859; the second by Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, published in 1681, and in nine subsequent editions; the third by Arthur Cayley (1808) in *Memoirs of Sir Thomas More*, 2 vols. 4to. It is from the first of these that the extracts are taken. The *Life of Richard III.* was written about 1513, and first printed in Grafton's continuation of *Hardyng's Chronicle* (1543); the first correct edition, however, is contained in Tottell's volume (1557) and has been recently re-edited by Lumby (Camb. 1883).]

As scholar, writer, lawyer, and perhaps diplomatist, More was the foremost Englishman of his time. Colet, Erasmus, and More were the three leaders who created the Oxford or Humanist Reform movement; but as monkish bigotry made More a Reformer, so Protestant bigotry threw him back into the ranks of reaction. He wrote in English and Latin, in prose and verse.

I. *Verse.*—(*a*) His English poems are of value only as proving that his bent lay in a different direction. (*b*) The *Epigrammata* show that he was more at home in Latin elegiacs than in English Skeltonics or rhyme royal. They are rather *vers d'occasion* than epigrams in the modern sense, and often possess the same autobiographical interest which attaches to Swift's occasional pieces. The Latin elegiac couplet, in fact, was as much the proper vehicle for this kind of writing in the first quarter of the sixteenth century as the English heroic couplet afterwards became under Queen Anne. It is here sufficient to notice that More enjoyed in this respect a European reputation second only to that of Erasmus, and that Doctor Johnson[1] even assigns to him the superiority.

[1] τὸ πρῶτον Μῶρος, τὸ δὲ δεύτερον εἶλεν Ἐρασμὸς,
τὸ τρίτον ἐκ Μουσῶν στέμμα Μίκυλλος ἔχει.

II. *Prose.*—Of his prose works, by far the most important intrinsically is the *Utopia.* The English version, however, is not by him; so pungent was the satire that not even the original Latin could be published in England during Henry VIII.'s lifetime. For specimens of More's English style we must, therefore, turn to other and less famous compositions.

(*a*) *Life of John Picus, Earl of Mirandula,* 1510, not an original work, but a translation from a Latin life. Its value lies both in the training it gave for the formation of that easy and nervous style which is perfected in the *History of Richard III.*, and also in the picture it displays of a career which made a profound impression on More. The parallel between them is close. Both began as humanists and ended as theologians; the life of each was largely determined by the influence of a great preacher; in each rich mental endowment was accompanied by a sensuous delicacy that might easily pass into sensuality; and both remained laymen till the end.

(*b*) *Historie of Richard III.*—In the *Historie* we see the happy result of that long and continuous practice which Erasmus tells us his friend devoted to the cultivation of his prose style. It is certainly the first good historical English prose. This must be largely attributed to the union in More of two qualifications which had hitherto not been found together. He was at once a finished Latin scholar and the most racy English conversationalist of his day. Thus he has succeeded in investing his narrative with a certain classical shapeliness and dignity without impairing the freshness and vigour of the native vein; the former never becomes stilted, the latter never passes into the broad mannerisms which disfigure most Elizabethan and much Jacobean prose. In fact, what Chaucer had done for English vocabulary, More did for English style; to the two together we owe the fixing of the true proportion in which the Teutonic and Latin elements of the language are most effectively blended. Chaucer is the father of English verse; More has almost an equal claim to be called the father of English prose. Their genius, indeed, is not dissimilar though exercised in different domains; above all, they resemble each other in that subtle humour and perfect sanity of judgment, springing from a just balance of the faculties, which have stamped their literary innovations with classic permanence. Hallam calls the *Historie* "the first example of good English language: pure and perspicuous, well chosen, without vulgarisms and pedantry,"

and notices it as "the first book I have read through without detecting any remnant of obsolete forms."

(*c*) *The Polemical Tracts*, though far the most voluminous of his writings, are those by which he will be least remembered. They almost fill a formidable quarto black-letter volume of over 1400 pages (equivalent to about 2400 of the present volume), difficult to read because of the print, and disappointing both in matter and treatment; for the rabid abuse in which honest Protestant fanatics habitually indulged provoked an equally violent and still more unworthy tone in the great scholar. Every now and then, however, his native humour breaks out in some irresistible story or allusion, such as "Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands," "The Ass and the Wolf shriving themselves to the Fox," "The Lady who by Tight-lacing bought Hell very dear," which repays the tedium of pages of scurrility. Unattractive as they at first sight appear, these pamphlets yet possess considerable interest, both biographical and literary. From them we see how completely he had shifted his theological position. The *Utopia* and *Epigrammata* abound in humorous ridicule of medieval superstitions, the *Polemical Tracts* defend them root and branch: the first preach religious toleration, the second the duty of persecuting heretics. The style, too, though less dignified than that of the *Historie*, is quite as vigorous and expressive, and moves perhaps with greater freedom. The principal are: (1) *A Dyalogue concerning Heresies and Matters of Religion*, 1528 (4 books, 183 pp.), against Luther and Tyndall. (2) *The Supplicacion of Soules against the Supplicacion of Beggars*, 1529 (*vide* Extract), an answer to Fish's petition urging the king to confiscate the Church property for the benefit of the poor. More presents a counter petition from the souls in purgatory expressing their horror at the prospect of losing their masses. (3) *Confutacion of Tyndale's Aunswere*, 1532, the largest of all (470 pp.), is an elaborate attack on Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, and the substitution it was intended to effect of the Gospel for the Church as the ultimate authority. (4) *The Apology of Sir Thos. More, Knight*, 1533, though much shorter (80 pp.), is of far greater interest, being an answer to personal attacks evoked by his earlier pamphlets. It deals with charges of controversial unfairness, of substituting invective for argument (ch. ix.), and of torturing heretics in his own house (*vide* Extract), denying the first and third, and naively admitting

the second; and abounds in interesting references (*e.g.*, the Prentice Riot in London, ch. xlvii.) (5) *The Debellacyon of Salem and Bisance*, 1533 (90 pp.); and (6) *The Answer to the First Parts of the Poisoned Book which a Nameless Heretyk hath named the Supper of the Lord* (100 pp.), call for no special notice. It is different with the two last, which were composed during his final imprisonment, and exhibit a chastened resignation and charity in pleasing contrast with the earlier tone. (7) *A Dyalogue of Comforte against Tribulacion*, 1534 (125 pp.), is supposed to pass between a Hungarian gentleman and his nephew. The object is devotional rather than polemical (*vide* Extract), and the best argument in the book is its spirit. It is striking how, as bitterness departs, the old mellow humour revives. (8) *A Treatise upon the Passion of our Lord Chryste* (134 pp.), is an unfinished devotional commentary on the latter part of the Gospel narrative.

To return now to the most permanent product of his genius. The *Utopia*, 1516, was originally written in Latin, partly to secure a wider audience, partly for safety, and won for its author an immediate European reputation side by side with the author of *Moriæ Encomium*, whose *Novum Instrumentum* appeared in the same year. It consists of two books—the former introductory and critical, the latter constructive. The second was composed in 1515 in the course of an embassy to Brussels, the first being only elaborated after the author's return to England in 1516. The discovery of the new world offered a convenient peg on which to hang his satire. While at Antwerp he meets a certain Portuguese explorer, Raphael Hythlodaye by name, who had made several voyages with Amerigo Vespucci, on the last of which he had been left behind at his own desire in the neighbourhood of Cape Frio, and had thence made his way to the island of Utopia (nowhere), the supposed seat of the ideal constitution sketched in book ii. An air of historic verisimilitude is thus created, which is ingeniously heightened by the publication at the end of the pamphlet of a specimen of Utopian verse, and by the affectation of uncertainty as to a few details, on which More writes to consult the Antwerp merchant at whose house the meeting had taken place.

In book i. Hythlodaye frankly states his opinion with regard to the social and political evils he observed in England, hinting how much better they managed these things in Utopia, and then

consents to gratify at a subsequent meeting the curiosity his comparison had excited. More is thus able to attack both the pettifogging financial tyranny of Henry VII., from which he himself had suffered, and also the warlike schemes by which the younger Henry was already dissipating the ecstatic hopes of the Humanists. Of still greater interest is the picture of English society, the absurd severity of the criminal law, the agrarian revolution (*vide* Extract), the contrast between the growing luxury and self-indulgence of the rich and the wretched condition of the labouring classes. The state, in short, seemed to the writer "nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name of a commonwealth," and he is driven to the conclusion that "perfect wealth shall never be among men till this wealth be exiled and banished." Such an acceptance of socialism was easier for More than for a modern thinker. Plato, the idol of the new learning, had banished property from his Republic, and state regulation was more consonant with medieval ideas than unrestricted competition. Incidentally various institutions are classed and satirised with the quiet fun in which More has no superior.

The modern reader will be chiefly struck by the prophetic prescience with which he anticipates many nineteenth-century reforms, such as the substitution of penal servitude for capital punishment, national education, sanitation, and (more questionable) State limitation of the hours of labour. The passage describing the ethical philosophy of the Utopians (*vide* Extract) might almost have been written by a disciple of John Stuart Mill, while in their religious organisation is depicted a system of multiplicity in unity which we are still far from having attained, a system of families and sects each in private practising its own special cult, but all uniting in one national worship.

The influence of the *Utopia* has been immense. It set a literary and a philosophic fashion. To it we owe not merely subsequent Ideal Republics, such as Campanella's *Civitas Solis* and Bacon's *New Atlantis*, but much of that spirit of political speculation which in the following century gave birth to Hobbe's *Leviathan*, Filmer's *Patriarcha*, and Locke's *Civil Government*.

More's genius is of that high order in which the intellectual and moral powers seem to interpenetrate and vitalise each other. He had a singular wholeness of nature. His satire does not

blast like Swift's, it does not sting like the spiteful venom of Pope, nor crush with the direct force of Johnson's ponderous indignation, nor again has it the unconscious *naïveté* of Caxton; perhaps its quality most nearly approaches the subtle pervasiveness of the Platonic irony. His personality had a certain Celtic charm which at once took men like Erasmus and Colet captive. At his best, perhaps no phrase so aptly sums him up as the hackneyed "sweetness and light." The closer his life and writings are examined the more irresistible becomes the saying of Colet, quoted by Erasmus, that he was "Britanniæ non nisi unicum ingenium."

H. R. REICHEL

PASTURAGE DESTROYING HUSBANDRY.

BUT yet this is not only the necessary cause of stealing. There is another, which, as I suppose, is proper and peculiar to you Englishmen alone. What is that, quoth the Cardinal? forsooth my lord (quoth I), your sheep that were wont to be so meek and tame, and so small eaters, now, as I heard say, be become so great devourers and so wild, that they eat up, and swallow down the very men themselves. They consume, destroy, and devour whole fields, houses, and cities. For look in what parts of the realm doth grow the finest, and therefore dearest wool, there noble men, and gentlemen, yea and certain Abbots, holy men no doubt, not contenting themselves with the yearly revenues and profits, that were wont to grow to their forefathers and predecessors of their lands, nor being content that they live in rest and pleasure nothing profiting, yea much *noying* the weal public, leave no ground for tillage: they inclose all into pastures, they throw down houses, they pluck down towns, and leave nothing standing, but only the church to be made a sheephouse. And as though you lost no small quantity of ground by forests, chases, lawns, and parks, those good holy men turn all dwelling places and all glebeland into desolation and wilderness. Therefore that one covetous and unsatiable cormorant and very plague of his native country may compass about and inclose many thousand acres of ground together within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust out of their own, or else either by *coveyne* and fraud, or by violent oppression they be put besides it, or by wrongs and injuries they be so wearied, that they be compelled to sell all: by one means therefore or by other, either by hook or crook they must needs depart away, poor, silly, wretched souls, men, women, husbands, wives, fatherless children, widows, woful mothers, with their young babes, and their whole household small in substance and much in number, as husbandry requireth many hands. Away they trudge, I say, out of their known and

accustomed houses, finding no place to rest in. All their household stuff, which is very little worth, though it might well abide the sale, yet being suddenly thrust out, they be constrained to sell it for a thing of nought. And when they have wandered abroad, till that be spent, what can they then else do but steal, and then justly pardy be hanged, or else go about a begging. And yet then also they be cast in prison as vagabonds, because they go about and work not: whom no man will set a work, though they never so willingly proffer themselves thereto. For one Shepherd or Herdman is enough to eat up that ground with cattle to the occupying whereof about husbandry many hands were requisite. And this is also the cause why victuals be now in many places dearer. Yea, besides this the price of wool is so risen, that poor folks, which were wont to work it, and make cloth thereof, be now able to buy none at all. And by this means very many be forced to forsake work, and to give themselves to idleness. For after that so much ground was inclosed for pasture, an infinite multitude of sheep died of the rot, such vengeance God took of their inordinate and unsatiable covetousness, sending among the sheep that pestiferous murrain, which much more justly should have fallen on the sheepmasters' own heads. And though the number of sheep increase never so fast, yet the price falleth not one mite, because there be so few sellers. For they be almost all comen into a few rich men's hands, whom no need forceth to sell before they lust, and they lust not before they may sell as dear as they lust. Now the same cause bringeth in like dearth of the other kinds of cattle, yea and that so much the more, because that after farms plucked down, and husbandry decayed, there is no man that passeth for the breeding of young store. For these rich men bring not up the young ones of great cattle as they do lambs. But first they buy them abroad very cheap, and afterwards when they be fatted in their pastures, they sell them again exceeding dear. And therefore (as I suppose) the whole incommodity hereof is not yet felt. For yet they make dearth only in those places, where they sell. But when they shall fetch them away from thence where they be bred faster than they can be brought up, then shall there also be felt great dearth, store beginning there to fail, where the ware is bought. Thus the unreasonable covetousness of a few hath turned that thing to the utter undoing of your island, in the which thing the chief felicity of your realm did consist. For this great dearth of victuals causeth men to keep as little houses, and as small

hospitality as they possibly may, and to put away their servants, whither, I pray you, but a begging, or else (which these gentle bloods, and stout stomacks, will sooner set their minds unto) a stealing? Now, to amend the matter, to this wretched beggary and miserable poverty is joined great wantonness, importunate superfluity, and excessive riot. For not only gentlemen's servants, but also handicraft men, yea and almost the ploughmen of the country, with all other sorts of people, use much strange and proud newfangleness in their apparel, and too much prodigal riot, and sumptuous fare at their table. Now harlots, stews, and winetaverns, ale houses, and tippling houses, with so many naughty, lewd, and unlawful games, as dice, cards, tables, tennis, bowls, quoits, do not all these send the haunters of them straight a stealing when their money is gone? Cast out these pernicious abominations, make a law, that they, which plucked down farms, and towns of husbandry, shall reedify them, or else yield and uprender the possession thereof to such as will go to the cost of building them anew. Suffer not these rich men to buy up all, to ingross, and forestall, and with their monopoly to keep the market alone as please them. Let not so many be brought up in idleness, let husbandry and tillage be restored, let cloth-working be renewed, that there may be honest labours for this idle sort to pass their time in profitably, which hitherto either poverty hath caused to be thieves, or else now be either vagabonds, or idle serving-men, and shortly will be thieves. Doubtless unless you find a remedy for these enormities, you shall in vain advance yourselves of executing justice upon felons. (*Utopia*, Bk. I.)

THE DOCTRINE OF THE UTOPIANS

THESE and such like opinions have they conceived, partly by education, being brought up in that commonwealth, whose laws and customs be far different from these kinds of folly, and partly by good literature and learning. For though there be not many in every city, which be exempt and discharged of all other labours, and appointed only to learning, that is to say such in whom even from their very childhood they have perceived a singular towardness, a fine wit, and a mind apt to good learning, yet all in their childhood be instructed in learning. And the

better part of the people, both men and women throughout all their whole life do bestow in learning those spare hours, which we said they have vacant from bodily labours. They be taught learning in their own native tongue. For it is both copious in words, and also pleasant to the ear, and for the utterance of a man's mind very perfect and sure. The most part of all that side of the world useth the same language, saving that among the Utopians it is finest and purest, and according to the diversity of the countries it is diversly altered. Of all these Philosophers, whose names be here famous in this part of the world to us known, before our coming thither not as much as the fame of any of them was comen among them. And yet in Music, Logic, Arithmetic, and Geometry they have found out in a manner all that our ancient Philosophers have taught. But as they in all things be almost equal to our old ancient clerks, so our new Logicians in subtle inventions have far passed and gone beyond them. For they have not devised one of all those rules of restrictions, amplifications, and suppositions, very wittily invented in the small Logicals, which here our children in every place do learn. Furthermore they were never yet able to find out the second intentions: insomuch that none of them all could ever see man himself in common, as they call him, though he be (as you know) bigger than ever was any giant, yea and pointed to of us even with our finger. But they be in the course of the stars, and the movings of the heavenly spheres very expert and cunning. They have also wittily excogitated and devised instruments of divers fashions: wherein is exactly comprehended and contained the movings and situations of the sun, the moon, and of all the other stars, which appear in their horizon. But as for the amities and dissensions of the planets, and all that deceitful divination by the stars, they never as much as dreamed thereof. Rains, winds, and other courses of tempests they know before by certain tokens, which they have learned by long use and observation. But of the causes of all these things and of the ebbing, flowing, and saltness of the sea, and finally of the original beginning and nature of heaven and of the world, they hold partly the same opinions that our old Philosophers hold, and partly, as our Philosophers vary among themselves, so they also, whiles they bring new reasons of things, do disagree from all them, and yet among themselves in all points they do not accord. In that part of Philosophy, which entreateth of manners and virtue,

their reasons and opinions agree with ours. They dispute of the good qualities of the soul, of the body, and of fortune. And whether the name of goodness may be applied to all these, or only to the endowments and gifts of the soul.

They reason of virtue and pleasure. But the chief and principal question is in what thing, be it one or more, the felicity of man consisteth. But in this point they seem almost too much given and inclined to the opinion of them, which defend pleasure, wherein they determine either all or the chiefest part of man's felicity to rest. And (which is more to be marvelled at) the defence of this so dainty and delicate an opinion, they fetch even from their grave, sharp, bitter, and rigorous religion. For they never dispute of felicity or blessedness, but they join unto the reasons of Philosophy certain principles taken out of religion: without the which to the investigation of true felicity they think reason of itself weak and imperfect. Those principles be these and such like. That the soul is immortal, and by the bountiful goodness of God ordained to felicity. That to our virtues and good deeds rewards be appointed after this life, and to our evil deeds punishments. Though these be pertaining to religion yet they think it meet that they should be believed and granted by proofs of reason. But if these principles were condemned and disannulled, then without any delay they pronounce no man to be so foolish, which would not do all his diligence and endeavour to obtain pleasure by right or wrong, only avoiding this inconvenience, that the less pleasure should not be a let or hinderance to the bigger, or that he laboured not for that pleasure, which would bring after it displeasure, grief, and sorrow. For they judge it extreme madness to follow sharp and painful virtue, and not only to banish the pleasure of life, but also willingly to suffer grief, without any hope of profit thereof ensuing. For what profit can there be, if a man, when he hath passed over all his life unpleasantly, that is to say, miserably, shall have no reward after his death? But now, sir, they think not felicity to rest in all pleasure, but only in that pleasure that is good and honest, and that hereto, as to perfect blessedness, our nature is allured and drawn even of virtue, whereto only they that be of the contrary opinion do attribute felicity. For they define virtue to be life ordered according to nature, and that we be hereunto ordained of God. And that he doth follow the course of nature, which in desiring and refusing things is ruled by reason. Further-

more that reason doth chiefly and principally kindle in men the love and veneration of the divine majesty. Of whose goodness it is that we be, and that we be in possibility to attain felicity. And that secondarily it both stirreth and provoketh us to lead our life out of care in joy and mirth, and also moveth us to help and further all other in respect of the society of nature to obtain and enjoy the same. For there was never man so earnest and painful a follower of virtue and hater of pleasure, that would so enjoin you labours, watchings, and fastings, but he would also exhort you to ease, lighten, and relieve to your power the lack and misery of others, praising the same as a deed of humanity and pity. Then if it be a point of humanity for man to bring health and comfort to man, and specially (which is a virtue most peculiarly belonging to man) to mitigate and assuage the grief of others, and by taking from them the sorrow and heaviness of life, to restore them to joy, that is to say to pleasure, why may it not then be said, that nature doth provoke every man to do the same to himself? For a joyful life, that is to say, a pleasant life is either evil, and if it be so, then thou shouldest not only help no man thereto, but rather, as much as in thee lieth, withdraw all men from it, as noisome and hurtful, or else if thou not only mayst, but also of duty art bound to procure it to others, why not chiefly to thee self? To whom thou art bound to show as much favour and gentleness as to others. For when nature biddeth thee to be good and gentle to other, she commandeth thee not to be cruel and ungentle to thee self. Therefore even very nature (say they) prescribeth to us a joyful life, that is to say, pleasure as the end of all our operations.

(*Utopia*, Bk. II. § 5.)

KING RICHARD THE THIRD IN COUNCIL.

WHEREUPON soon after, that is to wit, on the Friday the —— day of ——, many Lords assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honorable solemnity of the king's coronation, of which the time appointed then so near approached, that the pageants and subtleties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much *vitaille* killed therefore, that afterwards was cast away. These lords so sitting together communing of this matter,

the protector came in among them, first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merely that he had been asleep that day. And after a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely: My lord you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn, I require you let us have a mess of them. Gladly my lord, quoth he, would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that. And therewith in all the haste he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon praying them to spare him for a little while departed thence. And soon, after one hour, between ten and eleven he returned into the chamber among them, all changed, with a wonderful sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and *froting* and gnawing on his lips, and so sat him down in his place; all the lords much dismayed and sore marvelling of this manner of sudden change, and what thing should him ail. Then when he had sitten still a while, thus he began: What were they worthy to have, that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood unto the king and protector of his royal person and his realm? At this question, all the lords sat sore astonied, musing much by whom this question should be meant, of which every man wist himself clear. Then the lord chamberlain, as he that for the love between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were. And all the other affirmed the same. That is (quoth he) yonder sorceress my brother's wife and other with her, meaning the queen. At these words many of the other Lords were greatly abashed that favoured her. But the lord Hastings was in his mind better content, that it was moved by her, than by any other whom he loved better. Albeit his heart somewhat grudged, that he was not afore made of counsel in this matter, as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret this self same day, in which he was not ware that it was by other devised, that himself should the same day be beheaded at London. Then said the protector; ye shall all see in what wise that sorceress and that other witch of her counsel, Shore's wife, with their affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arm, where he showed a *werish* withered arm and small, as it was

never other. And thereupon every man's mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel. For well they wist, that the queen was too wise to go about any such folly. And also, if she would, yet would she of all folk least make Shore's wife of counsel, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king her husband had most loved. And also no man was there present, but well knew that his harm was ever such since his birth. Natheless the lord Chamberlain answered and said: certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment. What, quoth the protector, thou servest me, I ween, with *ifs* and with *ans*, I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor. And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board a great rap. At which token given, one cried treason without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in come there rushing men in harness as many as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings: I arrest thee, traitor. What, me, my Lord? quoth he. Yea thee, traitor, quoth the protector. And another let fly at the Lord Stanley which shrunk at the stroke and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth: for as shortly as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then were they all quickly bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord Chamberlain, whom the protector bade speed and shrive him apace, for by saint Paul (quoth he) I will not to dinner till I see thy head off. It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at adventure, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner; which he might not go to till this were done for saving of his oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off, and afterwards his body with the head interred at Windsor beside the body of king Edward, whose both souls our Lord pardon.

A marvellous case is it to hear, either the warnings of that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void. For the self night next before his death, the lord Stanley sent a trusty secret messenger unto him at midnight in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterly no longer to bide; he had so fearful a dream, in which him thought that a boar with his tusks so *raced* them both by the heads, that the blood ran about both their shoulders. And foras-

much as the protector gave the boar for his cognizance, this dream made so fearful an impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarry, but had his horse ready, if the lord Hastings would go with him to ride so far yet the same night, that they should be out of danger ere day. Ay, good lord, quoth the lord Hastings to this messenger, leaneth my lord thy master so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreams, which either his own fear fantasieth or do rise in the night's rest by reason of his day thoughts? Tell him it is plain witchcraft to believe in such dreams; which if they were tokens of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might be as likely to make them true by our going if we were caught and brought back (as friends fail fleers), for then had the boar a cause likely to *race* us with his tusks, as folk that fled for some falsehood, wherefore either is there no peril (nor none there is indeed), or if any be, it is rather in going than biding. And if we should, needs cost, fall in peril one way or other, yet had I liever that men should see it were by other men's falsehood, than think it were either our own fault or faint heart. And therefore go to thy master, man, and commend me to him, and pray him be merry and have no fear: for I ensure him I am as sure of the man that he wotteth of, as I am of my own hand. God send grace, sir, quoth the messenger, and went his way.

Certain is it also, that in the riding toward the Tower, the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse twice or thrice stumbled with him almost to the falling; which thing albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whom no such mischance is toward, yet hath it been, of an old rite and custom, observed as a token often times notably foregoing some great misfortune. Now this that followeth was no warning, but an *enemious* scorn. The same morning ere he were up, came a knight unto him, as it were of courtesy to accompany him to the council, but of truth sent by the protector to haste him thitherward, with whom he was of secret confederacy in that purpose, a mean man at that time, and now of great authority. This knight when it happed the lord Chamberlain by the way to stay his horse, and commune a while with a priest whom he met in the Tower street, brake his tale and said merrily to him: What, my lord, I pray you come on, whereto talk you so long with that priest, you have no need of a priest yet; and therewith he laughed upon him, as though he would say, ye shall have soon. But so little wist that other what he meant, and

so little mistrusted, that he was never merrier nor never so full of good hope in his life; which self thing is often seen a sign of change. But I shall rather let any thing pass me, than the vain surety of man's mind so near his death. Upon the very Tower wharf, so near the place where his head was off so soon after, there met he with one Hastings, a pursuivant of his own name. And of their meeting in that place, he was put in remembrance of another time, in which it had happened them before to meet in like manner together in the same place. At which other time the lord Chamberlain had been accused unto king Edward, by the lord Rivers the queen's brother, in such wise that he was for the while (but it lasted not long) far fallen into the king's indignation, and stood in great fear of himself. And forasmuch as he now met this pursuivant in the same place, that jeopardy so well passed, it gave him great pleasure to talk with him thereof with whom he had before talked thereof in the same place while he was therein. And therefore he said: Ah Hastings, art thou remembered when I met thee here once with an heavy heart? Yea, my lord (quoth he), that remember I well: and thanked be God they gat no good, nor ye none harm thereby. Thou wouldest say so, quoth he, if thou knewest as much as I know, which few know else as yet and more shall shortly. That meant he by the lords of the queen's kindred that were taken before, and should that day be beheaded at Pomfret: which he well wist, but nothing ware that the axe hung over his own head. In faith, man, quoth he, I was never so sorry, nor never stood in so great dread in my life, as I did when thou and I met here. And lo, how the world is turned, now stand mine enemies in the danger (as thou mayst hap to hear more hereafter) and I never in my life so merry nor never in so great surety. O good God, the blindness of our mortal nature, when he most feared, he was in good surety, when he reckoned himself surest, he lost his life, and that within two hours after. Thus ended this honorable man, a good knight and a gentle, of great authority with his prince, of living somewhat dissolute, plain and open to his enemy, and secret to his friend, *eath* to beguile, as he that of good heart and courage forestudied no perils. A loving man and passing well beloved. Very faithful, and trusty enough, trusting too much.

(From *History of King Richard III.*)

PLUNDER OF THE CHURCH BY HERETICS

But now to the poor beggars. What remedy findeth their proctor for them? to make hospitals? Nay ware of it, thereof he will none in no wise. For thereof he sayeth the more the worse, because they be profitable to priests. What remedy then? Give them any money? Nay, nay, not a groat. What other thing then? Nothing in the world will serve but this, that if the king's grace will build a sure hospital, it never shall fail to relieve all the sick beggars for ever. Let him give nothing to them, but look what the clergy hath, and take all that from them. Is not here a goodly mischief for a remedy? Is not this a royal feat, to leave these beggars meatless, and then send more to dinner to them? Oh the wise! Here want we voice and eloquence to set out an exclamation in the praise and commendation of this special high provision. This bill putteth he forth in the poor beggars' name. But we verily think if themselves have as much wit as their proctor lacketh, they had liever see their bill-maker burned, than their supplication sped.

For they may soon perceive that he mindeth not their *almoise*, but only the spoil of the clergy. For so that the clergy lose it, he neither deviseth further, nor further forceth who have it. But it is easy to see, whereof springeth all his displeasure. He is angry and fretteth at the spiritual jurisdiction for the punishment of heretics and burning of their erroneous books: for ever upon that string he harpeth: very angry with the burning of Tyndale's testament. For these matters he calleth them blood suppers, drunken in the blood of holy saints and martyrs. Ye marvel peradventure which holy saints and martyrs he meaneth. Surely by his holy saints and martyrs he meaneth their holy schismatics and heretics, for whose just punishment these folk that are of the same sect, fume, fret, *frote* and foam, as fierce and as angerly as a new hunted sow. And for the rancour conceived upon this displeasure, cometh up all his complaint of the possessions of the clergy. Wherein he spareth and forbeareth the nuns yet, because they have no jurisdiction upon heretics: for else he would have cried out upon their possessions too. But this is now no new thing, nor the first time that heretics have been in hand with the matter, For first was there in the eleventh year of King Henry IV., one John Badby burned for heresy. And forthwith thereupon was

there at the next parliament holden the same year, a bill put in, declaring how much temporal land was in the church, which reckoning the maker thereof guessed at by the number of knight's fees of which he had weened he had made a very just account. And in this bill was it devised to take their possessions out again. Howbeit by the bill it appeared well unto them which well understood the matter, that the maker of the bill neither wist what land there was, nor how many knight's fees there was in the church, nor well what thing a knight's fee is: but the bill devised of rancour and evil will by some such as favoured Badby that was burned, and would have his heresies fain go forward. And so the bill such as it was, such was it esteemed and set aside for naught. So happed it then soon after that in the first year of the king's most noble progenitor King Henry V. those heresies secretly creeping on still among the people; a great number of them had first covertly conspired and after openly gathered and assembled themselves, purposing by open war and battle to destroy the king and his nobles and subvert the realm. Whose traitorous malice that good Catholic king prevented, withstood, overthrew, and punished; by many of them taken in the field, and after for their traitorous heresies both hanged and burned. Whereupon, forthwith at the parliament holden the same year, likewise as that royal prince, his virtuous nobles, and his good christian commons, devised good laws against heretics: so did some of such as favoured them, eftsoons put in the bill against the spirituality. Which, eftsoons considered for such as it was, and coming of such malicious purpose as it came, was again rejected and set aside for nought. Then was there long after that, one Richard Houndon burned for heresy. And then forthwith were there a rabble of heretics gathered themselves together at Abingdon: which not intended to lose any more labour by putting up of bills in the parliaments, but to make an open insurrection and subvert all the realm, and then to kill up the clergy and sell priests' heads as good cheap as sheep's heads, three for a penny, buy who would. But God saved the church and the realm both, and turned their malice upon their own heads. And yet after their punishment then were there some that renewed the bill again. And yet long after this, was there one John Goose roasted at the Tower Hill. And thereupon forthwith some other John Goose began to bear that bill abroad again and made some *gaggling* awhile, but it

availed him not. And now because some heretics have been of late abjured, this gosling therefore hath made this beggars' bill, and *gaggleth* again upon the same matter, and yet as he thinketh by another invention likely to speed now, because he maketh his bill in the name of the beggars, and his bill couched as full of lies as any beggar swarmeth full of lice. We neither will nor shall need to make much business about this matter. We trust much better in the goodness of good men, than that we should need for this thing to reason against an unreasonable body. We be sure enough that good men were they that gave this gear into the church, and therefore nought should they be of likelihood that would pull it out thence again. To which ruin and sacrilege Our Lord, we trust, shall never suffer this realm to fall.

(From the *Supplication of Souls.*)

THE APOLOGY OF SIR THOMAS MORE

BUT I suppose in good faith that this pacifier hath of some facility of his own good nature, been easy to believe some such as have told him lies, and hath been thereby persuaded to think that many other folk said and knew the thing that some few told him for very truth. And surely they that are of this new brotherhood be so bold and so shameless in lying, that whoso shall hear them speak, and knoweth not what sect they are of, shall be very sore abused by them.

Myself have good experience of them. For the lies are neither few nor small, that many of the blessed brethren have made, and daily yet make by me.

Divers of them have said that of such as were in my house while I was chancellor, I used to examine them with torments, causing them to be bounden to a tree in my garden, and there piteously beaten.

And this tale had some of those good brethren so caused to be blown about, that a right worshipful friend of mine did of late, within less than this fortnight, tell unto another near friend of mine that he had of late heard much speaking thereof.

What cannot these brethren say, that can be so shameless to say thus? For of very truth, albeit that for a great robbery, or an heinous murder, or sacrilege in a church, with carrying away

the pyx with the blessed sacrament, or villainously casting it out, I caused sometimes such things to be done by some officers of the Marshalsea, or of some other prisons, with which ordering of them by their well-deserved pain, and without any great hurt that afterward should stick by them, I found out and repressed many such desperate wretches as else had not failed to have gone farther abroad, and to have done to many good folk a great deal much more harm; yet though I so did in thieves, murderers, and robbers of churches, and notwithstanding also that heretics be yet much worse than all they, yet saving only their sure keeping, I never did else cause any such thing to be done to any of them all in all my life, except only twain, of which the one was a child and a servant of mine, in mine own house, whom his father had, ere ever he came with me, *nousled* up in such matters, and had set him to attend upon George Jaye or Gee, otherwise called Clerke, which is a priest, and is now for all that wedded in Antwerp, into whose house there the two nuns were brought, which John Birt, otherwise called Adrian, stole out of their cloister to make them harlots.

This George Jaye did teach this child his ungracious heresy against the blessed sacrament of the altar, which heresy this child afterward, being in service with me, began to teach another child in my house, which uttered his counsel. And upon that point perceived and known, I caused a servant of mine to stripe him like a child before mine household, for amendment of himself and ensample of such other.

Another was one which, after that he had fallen into that frantic heresy, fell soon after into plain open frenzy beside. And albeit that he had therefore been put up in Bedlam, and afterward by beating and correction gathered his remembrance to him, and began to come again to himself, being thereupon set at liberty, and walking about abroad, his old fancies began to fall again in his head. And I was from divers good holy places advertised, that he used in his wandering about to come into the church, and there make many mad toys and trifles, to the trouble of good people in the divine service, and specially would he be most busy in the time of most silence, while the priest was at the secrets of the mass about the elevation. Whereupon I, being advertised of these pageants, and being sent unto and required by very devout religious folk, to take some other order with him, caused him as he came wandering by my door, to be taken by the constables,

and bounden to a tree in the street before the whole town, and there they striped him with rods therefor till he waxed weary, and somewhat longer. And it appeared well that his remembrance was good enough, save that it went about in grazing till it was beaten home. For he could then very well rehearse his faults himself, and promise to do afterward as well. And verily, God be thanked, I hear none harm of him now.

And of all that ever came in my hand for heresy, as help me God, saving as I said the sure keeping of them, and yet not so sure neither, but that George Constantine could steal away: else had never any of them any stripe or stroke given them, so much as a fillip on the forehead.

And some have said that when Constantine was gotten away, I was fallen for anger in a wonderful rage. But surely, though I would not have suffered him go, if it would have pleased him to have tarried still in the stocks, yet when he was neither so feeble for lack of meat but that he was strong enough to break the stocks, nor waxen so lame of his legs with lying but that he was light enough to leap the walls, nor by any mishandling of his head so dulled or dazed in his brain but that he had wit enough, when he was once out, wisely to walk his way, neither was I then so heavy for the loss but that I had youth enough left me to wear it out, nor so angry with any man of mine that I spake them any evil word for the matter more than to my porter that he should see the stocks mended and locked fast, that the prisoner stole not in again. And as for Constantine himself, I could him, in good faith, good thank. For never will I for my part be so unreasonable as to be angry with any man that riseth if he can, when he findeth himself that he sitteth not at his ease.

But now tell the brethren many marvellous lies, of much cruel tormenting that heretics had in my house, so farforth that one Segar, a bookseller of Cambridge, which was in mine house about four or six days, and never had either bodily harm done him or foul word spoken him while he was in mine house, hath reported since, as I hear say to divers, that he was bound to a tree in my garden, and thereto piteously beaten, and yet beside that bounden about the head with a cord and *wrungen*, that he fell down dead in a swoon.

And this tale of his beating did Tyndale tell to an old acquaintance of his own and to a good lover of mine with one piece farther yet, that while the man was in beating, I spied a little

purse of his hanging at his doublet, wherein the poor man had (as he said) five mark, and that caught I quickly to me, and pulled it from his doublet, and put it in my bosom, and that Segar never saw it after, and therein I trow he said true, for no more did I neither nor before neither, nor I trow no more did Segar himself neither in good faith.

But now when I can come to goods by such goodly ways, it is no great marvel though I be so suddenly grown to so great substance of riches, as Tyndale told his acquaintance and my friend, to whom he said that he wist well that I was no less worth in money and plate and other movables than twenty thousand marks. And as much as that have divers of the good brethren affirmed here near home.

And surely this will I confess, that if I have heaped up so much good together, then have I not gotten the one half by right. And yet by all the thieves, murderers, and heretics, that ever came in my hands, am I not (I thank God) the richer of one groat, and yet have they spent me twain. Howbeit if either any of them, or of any kind of people else that any cause have had before me, or otherwise any meddling with me, find himself so sore grieved with anything that I have taken of his, he had some time to speak thereof. And now sith no man cometh forth to ask any restitution yet, but hold their peace and slack their time so long: I give them all plain peremptory warning now, that they drive it off no longer For if they tarry till yesterday, and then come and ask so great sums among them as shall amount to twenty thousand marks, I purpose to purchase such a protection for them that I will leave myself less than the fourth part, even of shrewdness, rather than ever I will pay them.

And now dare I say, that if this pacifier had by experience known the troth of that kind of people, he would not have given so much credence to their lamentable complainings, as it seemeth me by some of his "Some says" he doth.

Howbeit what faith my words will have with him in these mine own causes, I cannot very surely say, nor yet very greatly care. And yet stand I not in so much doubt of myself, but that I trust well that among many good and honest men, among which sort of folk I trust I may reckon him, mine own word would alone, even in mine own cause, be somewhat better believed than would the oaths of some twain of this new brotherhood in a matter of another man.

HOW FAR IS RECREATION LAWFUL?

ANTHONY AND VINCENT—UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

Vincent.—And first, good Uncle, ere we proceed farther, I will be bold to move you one thing more of that we talked when I was here before. For when I revolved in my mind again the things that were concluded here by you, methought ye would in no wise that in any tribulation men should seek for comfort, either in worldly things or fleshly, which mind, Uncle, of yours, seemeth somewhat hard, for a merry tale with a friend, refresheth a man much, and without any harm lighteth his mind and amendeth his courage and his stomach, so that it seemeth but well done to take such recreation. And Solomon saith I trow, that men should in heaviness give the sorry man wine to make him forget his sorrow. And Saint Thomas saith, that proper pleasant talking, which is called εὐτραπελία, is a good virtue serving to refresh the mind and make it quick and lusty to labour and study again, where continual fatigation would make it dull and deadly.

Anthony.—Cousin, I forgat not that point, but I longed not much to touch it, for neither might I well utterly forbear it, where the case might hap to fall that it should not hurt, and on the other side, if the case so should fall, methought yet it should little need to give any man counsel to it; folk are prone enough to such fantasies of their own mind. You may see this by ourself, which coming now together, to talk of as earnest sad matter as men can devise, were fallen yet even at the first into wanton idle tales: and of truth, Cousin, as you know very well, myself am of nature even half a *giglot* and more. I would I could as easily mend my fault as I well know it, but scant can I refrain it, as old a fool as I am: howbeit so partial will I not be to my fault as to praise it. But for that you require my mind in the matter, whether men in tribulation may not lawfully seek recreation and comfort themselves, with some honest mirth, first agreed that our chief comfort must be in God, and that with him we must begin, and with him continue, and with him end also. A man to take now and then some honest worldly mirth, I dare not be so sore as utterly to forbid it, sith good men and well learned, have in some case allowed it, specially for the diversity of divers men's minds: for else if we were all such, as would God we were, and such as

natural wisdom would we should be, and it is not all clean excuseable that we be not in deed : I would then put do nought, but that unto any man the most comfortable talking that could be, were to hear of Heaven. Whereas now, God help us, our wretchedness is such that in talking a while thereof, men wax almost weary, and as though to hear of Heaven were an heavy burthen, they must refresh themselves with a foolish tale. Our affection toward heavenly joys waxeth wonderful cold. If dread of hell were as far gone, very few would fear God, but that yet a little sticketh in our stomachs. Mark me, Cousin, at the sermon, and commonly towards the end, somewhat the preacher speaketh of hell and Heaven : now while he preacheth of the pains of hell, still they stand and yet give him the hearing. But as soon as he cometh to the joys of Heaven, they be busking them backward and *flock-meal* fall away. It is in the soul somewhat as it is in the body. Some are there of nature or of evil custom come to that point, that a worse thing sometimes more *steadeth* them than a better.

Some man if he be sick, can away with no wholesome meat, nor no medicine can go down with him, but if it be tempered with some such thing for his fantasy as maketh the meat or the medicine less wholesome than it should be. And yet while it will be no better, we must let him have it so. Cassianus, the very virtuous, rehearseth in a certain collection of his that a certain holy father in making of a sermon, spake of heaven and heavenly things, so celestially, that much of his audience with the sweet sound thereof, began to forget all the world and fall asleep : which when the father beheld, he dissembled their sleeping and suddenly said unto them, " I shall tell you a merry tale." At which word they lift up their heads and hearkened unto that : and after the sleep therewith broken, heard him tell on of Heaven again. In what wise that good father rebuked then their untoward minds so dull unto the thing that all our life we labour for, and so quick and lusty toward other trifles, I neither bear in mind, nor shall here need to rehearse. But thus much of that matter sufficeth for our purpose, that whereas you demand me whether in tribulation men may not sometimes refresh themselves with worldly mirth and recreation, I can no more say, but he that cannot long endure to hold up his head and hear talking of Heaven, except he be now and then between (as though Heaven were heaviness) refreshed with a merry foolish tale, there is none other remedy but you must let him have it : better would I wish it, but

I cannot help it. Howbeit, let us, by mine advice, at the least-wise make those kinds of recreation as short and as seldom as we can; let them serve us but for sauce, and make them not our meat, and let us pray unto God, and all our good friends for us, that we may feel such a savour in the delight of Heaven, that in respect of the talking of the joys thereof, all worldly recreation be but a grief to think on. And be sure, cousin, that if we might once purchase the grace to come to that point, we never found of worldly recreation so much comfort in a year, as we should find in the bethinking us of Heaven in less than half an hour.

Vincent.—In faith, Uncle, I can well agree to this; and I pray God bring us once to take such a savour in it: and surely as you began the other day, by faith must we come to it, and to faith by prayer.

(From *A Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation.*)

WILLIAM TYNDALE

[William Tyndale, sometimes called Hutchins, was born in Glou cestershir "upon the borders of Wales," about 1490. He studied at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and afterwards at Cambridge, and was ordained priest. After leaving the latter university he became tutor in the house of Sir John Walsh, in his native county. He was full of the "new learning" in all its kinds, Greek scholarship and rational theology, and resolved to translate the New Testament from Greek into English. His hope was that he might be enabled to do this as chaplain to the Bishop of London (Tunstall), but Tunstall would not give him the appointment. He was befriended by Humphrey Monmouth, a liberal citizen, but soon left England, and went to Hamburg in May 1524. His translation was published in 1526 at Worms, the printing, begun at Cologne, having been interrupted : and a second edition followed before the end of the year. Of the first edition there remains only a single fragment, containing the Prologue and part of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which has been edited in facsimile by Mr. Arber, with a valuable introduction. The translation—"the unsell (graceless) wicked New Testament," as Lyndsay ironically called it—was received with small favour by the English Bishops. The chief objections to it were set out by Sir Thomas More, who became involved in a controversy with Tyndale in 1528. Meantime Tyndale went on with his translation, and completed his version of the Pentateuch in 1530. He was put to death for heresy at Vilvorde in 1536. Besides his translations with their introductions, and his pamphlets against More, his chief works are *The Obedience of a Christian Man* (Marburg, 1528), *The Parable of the wicked Mammon* (same place and date), *The Practice of Prelates* (1530), *An Exposition upon the v. vi. vii. Chapters of St Matthew's Gospel.* His collected works were published along with those of Frith and Barnes, in folio, 1573 ; there are two modern editions, the most recent being that of the Parker Society, 1848-1850.]

TYNDALE, as founder of the English version of the Bible, is entitled to rank among the greatest of prose writers. As an original author he is distinguished for the humble yet not too ordinary virtues of clearness and directness. He had a complete command of the language for the purposes of theological argument and controversy. His meaning is always plain, and if his treatises are not now popular, that comes from loss of general interest in his matter, and not from any deterrent or wearisome qualities in his

style. Lofty and eloquent passages are hardly to be found in him, but his views are stated concisely and effectively. His phrases are generally short and free from encumbrance. There is little colour or imagination in his discourse, but it is not laboured or clumsy.

In Tyndale's writings there may be traced very easily a kinship to the earlier reformers, who were more tolerant than he: if he differs from them, he differs hardly less from the iconoclasts. He translated the *Enchiridion* of Erasmus, and appreciated the *Praise of Folly* at least so far as to conclude from it that Sir Thomas More, in his youth, had been more liberal than he showed himself in his later years. With Tyndale the argument against the Pope and the old fashions of religion is still part of the general warfare in which he and Sir Thomas More were not antagonists. He has not much to do, directly, with the Humanities, but he is on their side against the dull party that would have none of them.

"Remember ye not how within this thirty years and far less, and yet dureth unto this day, the old barking curs, Dunce's disciples and like draff, called Scotists, the children of darkness, raged in every pulpit against Greek, Latin, and Hebrew? and what sorrow the schoolmasters that taught the Latin tongue had with them, some beating the pulpit with their fists for madness, and roaring out with open and foaming mouth, that if there were but one Terence or Virgil in the world, and that same in their sleeves on fire before them, they would burn them therein, though it should cost them their lives, affirming that all good learning decayed and was utterly lost since men gave them unto the Latin tongue?"

His arguments are pervaded by the desire for rational scholarship. He attacks the allegorical and tropological methods that took up the light and hindered the sober explanation and understanding of documents.

"The greatest cause of which captivity and the decay of the faith and this blindness wherein we now are, sprang first of allegories." "Twenty doctors expound one text twenty ways, as children make descant upon plain song." Erasmus had explained how anything that offered itself for interpretation in any book—the *Gesta Romanorum* for instance—was raised by the interpretation into the rank of Scripture. Tyndale dwells seriously on the same fashion of providing authorities out of the first book that came to hand. "Yea, thou shalt find enough that will preach

Christ, and prove whatsoever point of the faith that thou wilt as well out of a fable of Ovid or any other poet, as out of St. John's Gospel or Paul's Epistles." The "Frère Lubin" who found the Sacraments in the *Metamorphoses* was fair game for Tyndale as well as for Rabelais (*Prologue to Gargantua*), and his stroke tells on the "Sophisters" who "out of an antitheme of half an inch draw a thread of nine days long." His ridicule is sometimes unmannerly and ineffective, but he can state his case against his adversaries in a way that allows no evasion of the issues; and though it is impossible to ignore the clownish strain in his writings, it would be entirely wrong to think of him as a mere railer. Serious argument is the substance of his books. He is an extreme man, an outlaw, fighting hard, with every temptation to bitterness and uncharitableness. Yet he is not consciously and intentionally unjust. For all his eagerness and his strenuous way of urging his cause, the humanist temper prevails in an unexpected way, and Tyndale shows a power of distinguishing between the old ritual and the abuse of it, the old forms of religion and the corruption of them, which would have been utterly beyond the reach and the intelligence of Martin Marprelate. His uncompromising speeches sometimes, if taken by themselves, may misrepresent his belief and his character. To speak of "Satan and Antichrist our Most Holy Father the Pope" is boisterous and riotous, and promises little moderation or impartiality, little but the usual loud commentary on the priests of Baal or the stump of Dagon. But Tyndale does not greatly indulge in this exciting kind of demonstration. If he is not Catholic in his careful treatment of such vexed subjects as images, pilgrimages, and the worship of saints, he is not destructive. He fights against superstition, not against ceremonies. He leaves no room for doubt on this point. As on the one hand he protests against idolatry and superstition, so on the other he would maintain the liberty of the Church; he would not pull down images where there was no idolatry, and would allow all men to go on pilgrimages who expected no magical result from them. In at least one copy of the folio edition of his works a number of passages have been struck through by some later-born and stronger-minded Protestant than Tyndale, who found this tolerance of ceremonies offensive. Thus Tyndale, who in his own generation was as little open to the charge of vagueness or want of resolution as any one, became guilty, after his death, of temporising with the enemy; and, no doubt, appeared to his

successors not much better than the author of *Utopia*, Sir Thomas More the persecutor. It is the fortune of Tyndale that in process of years his asperities became softened away. If he is rude to the schoolmen and their machinery, to the allegorical mode of interpretation, to the Pope and monks and friars, he is rude, like Erasmus and Rabelais, in the cause of scholarship and sound reason. There may be found in his books phrases and theories that are ungenerous and narrow-minded, but on some of the greatest questions, Tyndale has spoken, not like a fanatic, but like a citizen of Utopia.

W. P. KER.

OF WORSHIPPING OF SACRAMENTS, CEREMONIES, IMAGES, RELICS, AND SO FORTH

NOW let us come to the worshipping or honouring of sacraments, ceremonies, images, and relics. First, images be not God, and therefore no confidence is to be put in them. They be not made after the image of God, nor are the price of Christ's blood; but the workmanship of the craftsman, and the price of money, and therefore inferiors to man.

Wherefore of all right man is lord over them, and the honour of them is to do man service; and man's dishonour it is to do them honourable service, as unto his better. Images then, and relics, yea, and as Christ saith, the holy day too, are servants unto man. And therefore it followeth that we cannot, but unto our damnation, put on a coat worth an hundred coats upon a post's back, and let the image of God and the price of Christ's blood go up and down thereby naked. For if we care more to clothe the dead image made by man, and the price of silver, than the lively image of God, and the price of Christ's blood; then we dishonour the image of God, and him that made him, and the price of Christ's blood and him that bought him.

Wherefore the right use, office, and honour of all creatures, inferiors unto man, is to do man service; whether they be images, relics, ornaments, signs, or sacraments, holy days, ceremonies or sacrifices. And that may be on this manner, and no doubt it so once was. If (for an example) I take a piece of the cross of Christ, and make a little cross thereof and bear it about me, to look thereon with a repenting heart at times when I am moved thereto, to put me in remembrance that the body of Christ was broken and His blood shed thereon for my sins; and believe stedfastly that the merciful truth of God shall forgive the sins of all that repent, for His death's sake, and never think on them more; then it serveth me and I not it;

and doth me the same service as if I read the testament in a book, or as if the preacher preached it unto me. And in like manner, if I make a cross in my forehead, in a remembrance that God hath promised assistance unto all that believe in him, for His sake that died on the cross, then doth the cross serve me, and I not it. And in like manner, if I bear on me or look upon a cross, of whatsoever matter it be, or make a cross upon me, in remembrance that whosoever will be Christ's disciple must suffer a cross of adversity, tribulations, and persecution, so doth the cross serve me and I not it. And this was the use of the cross once, and for this cause it was at the beginning set up in the churches.

And so, if I make an image of Christ, or of any thing that Christ hath done for me, in a *memory*, it is good and not evil until it be abused. And even so, if I take the true life of a saint, and cause it to be painted or carved, to put me in remembrance of the saint's life, to follow the saint as the saint did Christ; and to put me in remembrance of the great faith of the saint to God, and how true God was to help him out of all tribulation, and to see the saint's love towards his neighbour, in that he so patiently suffered so painful a death, and so cruel a martyrdom to testify the truth, for to save other, and all to strength my soul withal and my faith to God and love to my neighbour, then doth the image serve me and I not it. And this was the use of images at the beginning, and of relics also. And to kneel before the cross unto the Word of God which the cross preacheth is not evil. Neither to kneel down before an image, in a man's meditations, to call the living of the saint to mind, for to desire God of like grace to follow the ensample, is not evil. But the abuse of the thing is evil, and to have a false faith, as to bear a piece of the cross about a man, thinking that so long as that is about him, spirits shall not come at him, his enemies shall do him no bodily harm, all causes shall go on his side even for bearing it about him; and to think that if it were not about him it would not be so, and to think if any misfortune chance that it came for leaving it off, or because this or that ceremony was left undone, and not rather because we have broken God's commandments, or that God tempteth us, to prove our patience, this is plain idolatry; and here a man is captive, bond and servant unto a false faith and a false imagination, that is neither God nor His Word. Now am I

God's only, and ought to serve nothing but God and His Word. My body must serve the rulers of this world and my neighbour, as God hath appointed it and so must all my goods; but my soul must serve God only, to love his law and to trust in his promises of mercy in all my deeds. And in like manner it is that thousands, while the priest pattereth St. John's Gospel in Latin over their heads, cross themselves with, I trow, a legion of crosses behind and before; and (as Jack-of-Napes, when he claweth himself) pluck up their legs and cross so much as their heels and the very soles of their feet, and believe that if it be done in the time that he readeth the gospel (and else not) that there shall no mischance happen them that day, because only of those crosses. And where he should cross himself, to be armed and to make himself strong to bear the cross with Christ, he crosseth himself to drive the cross from him; and blesseth himself with a cross from the cross. And if he leave it undone, he thinketh it no small sin, and that God is highly displeased with him, and if any misfortune chance thinketh it is therefore, which is also idolatry and not God's Word. And such is the confidence in the place or image, or whatsoever bodily observance it be; such is St. Agatha's letter written in the gospel time. And such are the crosses on Palm-Sunday, made in the passion time. And such is the bearing of holy wax about a man. And such is that some hang a piece of St. John's gospel about their necks. And such is to bear the names of God with crosses between each name, about them. Such is the saying of gospels unto women in child-bed. Such is the *limiter's* saying of *In principio erat verbum*, from house to house. Such is the saying of gospels to the corn in the field, in the procession-week, that it should the better grow. And such is holy bread, holy water, and serving of all ceremonies and sacraments in general, without signification. And I pray you, how is it possible that the people can worship images, relics, ceremonies, and sacraments, save superstitiously; so long as they know not the true meaning, neither will the prelates suffer any man to tell them, yea, and the very meaning of some, and right use no man can tell?

PILGRIMAGES

To speak of pilgrimages, I say that a christian man, so that he leave nothing undone at home that he is bound to do, is free to go whither he will, only after the doctrine of the Lord, whose servant he is and not his own. If he go and visit the poor, the sick, and the prisoner, it is well done, and a work that God commandeth. If he go to this or that place to hear a sermon, or because his mind is not quiet at home; or if because his heart is too much occupied in his worldly businesses, by the reason of occasions at home, he gets him into a more quiet and still place where his mind is more abstract, and pulled from worldly thoughts, it is well done. And in all these places, if whatsoever it be, whether lively preaching, ceremony, relic, or image, stir up his heart to God, and preach the Word of God, and the ensample of our Saviour Jesus, more in one place than in another; that he thither go I am content. And yet he bideth a lord, and the things serve him, and he not them. Now whether his intent be so or no, his deeds will testify; as his virtuous governing of his house, and loving demeanour toward his neighbours. Yea, and God's Word will be alway in his heart, and in his mouth, and he every day perfecter than other. For there can nothing edify man's soul, save that which preacheth him God's Word. Only the Word of God worketh the health of the soul. And whatsoever preacheth him that, cannot but make him perfecter.

But to believe that God will be sought more in one place than in another, or that God will hear thee more in one place than in another, or more where the image is than where it is not, is a false faith, and idolatry or image-service. For first, God dwelleth not in temples made with hands (Acts xvii.). *Item*, Stephen died for the contrary, and proved it by the prophets (Acts vii.). And Solomon in the eighth of the third of the Kings, when he had built his temple testified the same, and that he had not built it for God to dwell in; yea, and that God dwelleth not in the earth; but that he should out of Heaven hear the prayers of them that prayed there. And the prophets did often testify unto the people, that had such a false faith that God dwelt in the temple, that he dwelt not there. More-

over, God in his testament bindeth himself unto no place, nor yet thee; but speaketh generally (concerning where and when) saying (Psalm xlix.): "In the day of the tribulation thou shalt call on me, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." He setteth neither place nor time; but wheresoever and whensoever, so that the prayer of Job upon the dunghill was as good as Paul's in the temple. And when our Saviour saith (John xvi.): "Whatsoever ye ask my Father in my name, I will give it you; he saith not in this or that place, or this or that day; but wheresoever and whensoever, as well in the fields as in the town, and on the Monday as on the Sunday. God is a spirit, and will be worshipped in the spirit (John iv.): that is, though He be present everywhere, yet He dwelleth lively and gloriously in the minds of angels only, and hearts of men that love his laws and trust in his promises. And wheresoever God findeth such an heart, there He heareth the prayer in all places and times indifferently. So that the outward place neither helpeth or hindereth, except (as I said) that a man's mind be more quiet and still from the rage of worldly businesses, or that something stir up the Word of God and example of our Saviour more in one place than in another.

SIR THOMAS ELYOT

[Sir Thomas Elyot—born before 1490, died in 1546—son of Sir Richard Elyot, judge, by his first wife, Alice Fynderne. He had a home education, and was early instructed in Latin and Greek. There is no sufficient evidence that he was sent to either University. He read Medicine, but apparently only as an amateur, and never practised. On coming into possession of estates by the death of his father and of a relative of his mother's, he settled at Combe, near Woodstock. In 1523 he was appointed by Wolsey to the post of Clerk of the Privy Council, which he held till 1530. In 1531 Elyot published his most important and best known work, *The Boke called the Governor*, dedicated to Henry VIII. The book was ostensibly a treatise on the proper training of statesmen, but it diverged widely into education generally and the ethical problems connected with it. It made Elyot's reputation at Court, and led to his appointment as Ambassador at the Court of Charles V. He continued to be employed in diplomatic and other state negotiations at home and abroad for the remainder of his life. He was Member for Cambridge in 1542. He died 20th March 1546.

A complete list of Sir Thomas Elyot's works will be found in Mr. H. H. S. Croft's exhaustive and valuable edition of the *Governor* (1883), and in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (Art. "Elyot," vol. xvii). The *Governor* went through seven editions between 1531 and 1580. The *Castel of Health* (*circa* 1534), a list of remedies for various ailments, had also considerable vogue; and a Latin-English Dictionary (1538) remained the standard work of the kind, under the revision of succeeding scholars, for a century afterwards.]

SIR THOMAS ELYOT'S place in English prose seems to fall, in other respects than mere chronological order, between Sir Thomas More and Roger Ascham. In the English that he wrote, he is somewhat less archaic than the former, and less modern than the latter. If Elyot is less cumbrous than More, he never attains the vivacity of Ascham. Charm of style was hardly as yet a gift to which English prose had attained. Elyot has many virtues—clearness and precision among them—but if he seldom falls below a certain level, he as seldom rises above it. He is measured and monotonous, and the superabundance of quotation and allusion

from Greek and Latin history and literature is not relieved by any versatility of manner. But his excellent good sense and sagacity make him very readable. His pedantry — the overweighting with ancient examples just referred to — is but the inevitable pedantry of the Renascence. And if he coins or imports many words of foreign origin that were not wanted and accordingly did not survive, this also was an epidemic of his day and is not to be charged to him personally. A complete list of such words is one of the many excellent features of Mr. Croft's edition. But if Elyot is pedantic in matter, his style is free from the affectation which was so soon to possess English prose for a century to follow. The Euphuistic artificiality was not yet born, and Elyot is untouched by the spell of Guevara, the real founder of the Euphuistic manner, whose work, *The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius*, translated by Lord Berners, appeared three years later than the *Governor*.

In yet another sense Elyot proves a kind of connecting link between More and Ascham. The object with which he undertook the *Governor*—the only work it is necessary to consider here—bears a certain resemblance to the scheme of the *Utopia*. Both writers were bent on emphasising the conditions of a perfect commonwealth. More's book was announced by his translator, Robynson, as setting forth the "best state of a public weale," and Elyot in his dedication to Henry VIII., declares the same intention, namely, to describe in the vulgar tongue "the form of a just public weal." It is true that Elyot finally concentrates his attention on a single aspect of national welfare—the fitting education of those who are to be its rulers,—but the aim of the two writers is one, and their noble effort to raise the standard of righteousness in public men and affairs was admirably seconded within a few years by Ascham and Lyly. Good sense and good morals applied to the earliest education of those destined to govern, was the starting point of Elyot's work, but as he proceeded he evidently felt that the fit training for the statesman was also the best for any other christian gentleman, and the treatise resolves itself ultimately into one on the ethics of education generally. In his chapters on the school-room, Elyot covers much of the ground afterwards trodden by Ascham, and many of the more obvious blots or defects in the elementary teaching of their day are dealt with by the two writers. It is strange that Ascham nowhere refers to, or recognises the services

of his predecessor. In the first of the three passages chosen for illustration (Book i. chap. x.), Elyot takes a line which has found ardent advocates with many educational reformers up to our own day—the advisability of allowing the young learner to acquire a general familiarity with the sense of an author before mastering the intricacies of grammatical analysis. It appears that already, so soon after the revival of learning, teachers were discovering the yet familiar truth that by the time the learner comes "to the most swete and pleasant redinge of olde authors, the sparkes of fervent desire of lernynge is extincte with the burden of grammar." In the second extract given Elyot touches with agreeable sarcasm on another educational problem, still affording plentiful material for the satirist, the unwillingness of the parent to pay salaries to the tutor or the governess at all comparable to those he is content to afford for "groom or cook."

Our third extract reproduces what is, in substance, the most memorable episode in Elyot's work, his account of the alleged *fracas* between Henry V., when Prince of Wales, and the Chief Justice, ending in the committal of the former to prison. The present is the earliest known version of the story. It was adopted by Hall and Holinshed for their Chronicles, and from the former of these borrowed by Shakespeare, who has made the incident universally famous. The source of Elyot's information on the subject is absolutely unknown. Mr. Croft, who has examined the evidence with exhaustive diligence, comes to the conclusion that the story "must at length be deposed from its pedestal as the monument of a strictly historical fact, and be henceforth regarded only as a peculiarly interesting specimen of monastic legend." (Croft's Edition, ii. 71.)

ALFRED AINGER.

WHAT ORDER SHOULD BE IN LEARNING?

NOW let us return to the order of learning apt for a gentle man. Wherein I am of the opinion of Quintilian that I would have him learn Greek and Latin authors, both at one time: or else to begin with Greek, for as much as that it is hardest to come by: by reason of the diversity of tongues which be five in number: and all must be known, or else *uneath* any poet can be well understanded. And if a child do begin therein at seven years of age, he may continually learn Greek authors three years, and in the mean time use the Latin tongue as a familiar language: which in a noble man's son may well come to pass, having none other persons to serve him or keeping him company but such as can speak Latin elegantly. And what doubt is there but so may he as soon speak good Latin, as he may do pure French, which now is brought into as many rules and figures, and as long a grammar as is Latin or Greek. I will not contend who, among them that do write grammars of Greek (which now almost be innumerable), is the best; but that I refer to the discretion of a wise master. Alway I would advise him not to detain the child too long in that tedious labours, either in the Greek or Latin grammar. For a gentle wit is therewith soon fatigate.

Grammar being but an introduction to the understanding of authors, if it be made too long or exquisite to the learner, it in a manner mortifieth his courage: and by that time he cometh to the most sweet and pleasant reading of old authors, the sparks of fervent desire of learning is extinct with the burden of grammar, like as a little fire is soon quenched with a great heap of small sticks: so that it can never come to the principal logs where it should long burn in a great pleasant fire.

Now to follow my purpose: after a few and quick rules of grammar, immediately, or interlacing it therewith, would be read to the child Æsop's fables in Greek: in which argument children

much do delight. And surely it is a much pleasant lesson and also profitable, as well for that it is elegant and brief (and notwithstanding it hath much variety in words, and therewith much helpeth to the understanding of Greek), as also in those fables is included much moral and politic wisdom. Wherefore, in the teaching of them, the master diligently must gather together those fables, which may be most accommodate to the advancement of some virtue, whereto he perceiveth the child inclined: or to the rebuke of some vice, whereto he findeth his nature disposed. And therein the master ought to exercise his wit, as well to make the child plainly to understand the fable, as also declaring the signification thereof compendiously and to the purpose, foreseen alway, that, as well this lesson, as all other authors which the child shall learn, either Greek or Latin, verse or prose, be perfectly had without the book: whereby he shall not only attain plenty of the tongues called *Copie*, but also increase and nourish remembrance wonderfully.

The next lesson would be some quick and merry dialogues, elect out of Lucian, which be without ribaldry, or too much scorning, for either of them is exactly to be eschewed, specially for a noble man, the one annoying the soul, the other his estimation concerning his gravity. The comedies of Aristophanes may be in the place of Lucian, and by reason that they be in metre they be the sooner learned by heart. I dare make none other comparison between them for offending the friends of them both: but thus much dare I say, that it were better that a child should never read any part of Lucian than all Lucian.

I could rehearse divers other poets which for matter and eloquence be very necessary, but I fear me to be too long from noble Homer: from whom as from a fountain proceeded all eloquence and learning. For in his books be contained, and most perfectly expressed, not only the documents martial and discipline of arms, but also incomparable wisdoms, and instructions for politic governance of people: with the worthy commendation and laud of noble princes: wherewith the readers shall be so all inflamed, that they most fervently shall desire and covet, by the imitation of their virtues, to acquire semblable glory. For the which occasion, Aristotle, most sharpest witted and excellent learned philosopher, as soon as he had received Alexander from King Philip his father, he before any other thing taught him the most noble works of Homer: wherein Alexander found such

sweetness and fruit, that ever after he had Homer not only with him in all his journeys, but also laid him under his pillow when he went to rest, and often times would purposely wake some hours of the night, to take as it were his pass time with that most noble poet.

For by the reading of his work called *Iliados*, where the assembly of the most noble Greeks against Troy is recited with their affairs, he gathered courage and strength against his enemies, wisdom, and eloquence, for consultations, and persuasions to his people and army. And by the other work called *Odissea*, which recounteth the sundry adventures of the wise Ulysses, he, by the example of Ulysses, apprehended many noble virtues, and also learned to escape the fraud and deceitful imaginations of sundry and subtle crafty wits. Also there shall he learn to ensearch and perceive the manners and conditions of them that be his familiars, sifting out (as I mought say) the best from the worst, whereby he may surely commit his affairs, and trust to every person after his virtues. Therefore I now conclude that there is no lesson for a young gentleman to be compared with Homer, if he be plainly and substantially expounded and declared by the master.

(From the *Governour*.)

THE DECAY OF LEARNING AMONG GENTLEMEN

THE second occasion wherefore gentlemen's children seldom have sufficient learning is avarice. For where their parents will not adventure to send them far out of their proper countries, partly for fear of death, which perchance dare not approach them at home with their father; partly for expense of money, which they suppose would be less in their own houses or in a village, with some of their tenants or friends; having seldom any regard to the teacher, whether he be well learned or ignorant. For if they hire a schoolmaster to teach in their houses, they chiefly enquire with how small a salary he will be contented, and never do ensearch how much good learning he hath, and how among well-learned men he is therein esteemed, using therein less diligence than in taking servants, whose service is of much less importance, and to a good schoolmaster is not in profit to be compared. A gentle man, ere he take a cook into his service, he will first diligently examine

him, how many sorts of meats, potages, and sauces he can perfectly make, and how well he can season them, that they may be both pleasant and nourishing; yea and if it be but a falconer, he will scrupulously enquire what skill he hath in feeding, called diet, and keeping of his hawk from all sickness, also how he can reclaim her and prepare her to flight. And to such a cook or falconer, whom he findeth expert, he spareth not to give much wages with other bounteous rewards. But of a schoolmaster, to whom he will commit his child, to be fed with learning and instructed in virtue, whose life shall be the principal monument of his name and honour, he never maketh further enquiry but where he may have a schoolmaster; and with how little charge; and if one be perchance founden, well learned, but he will not take pains to teach without he may have a great salary, he then speaketh nothing more, or else saith, What shall so much wages be given to a schoolmaster which would keep me two servants? To whom may be said these words, that by his son being well-learned he shall receive more commodity and also worship than by the service of a hundred cooks and falconers.

The third cause of this hindrance is negligence of parents, which I do specially note in this point; there have been divers, as well gentle men as of the nobility, that delighting to have their sons excellent in learning have provided for them cunning masters, who substantially have taught them grammar, and very well instructed them to speak Latin elegantly, whereof the parents have taken much delectation; but when they have had of grammar sufficient and be come to the age of fourteen years, and do approach or draw toward the estate of man, which age is called mature or ripe (wherein not only the said learning, continued by much experience, shall be perfectly digested and confirmed in perpetual remembrance, but also more serious learning contained in other liberal sciences, and also philosophy, would then be learned), the parents, that thing nothing regarding, but being sufficed that their children can only speak Latin properly, or make verses without matter or sentence, they from thenceforth do suffer them to live in idleness, or else, putting them to service, do, as it were, banish them from all virtuous study or exercise of that which they before learned; so that we may behold divers young gentle men who, in their infancy and childhood were wondered at for their aptness to learning and prompt speaking of elegant Latin, which now, being men, not only have forgotten their congruity (as is the common

word), and *uneath* can speak one whole sentence in true Latin, but, that worse is, hath all learning in derision, and in scorn thereof will, of wantonness, speak the most barbarously that they can imagine.

(From the Same.)

PRINCE HENRY'S PLACABILITY

THE most renowned prince, King Henry the Fifth, late King of England, during the life of his father was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage. It happened that one of his servants whom he well favoured, for felony by him committed, was arraigned at the King's Bench: whereof he being advertised, and incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar, where his servant stood as a prisoner, and commanded him to be ungyved, and set at liberty, whereat all men were abashed, reserved the chief justice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented that his servant mought be ordered according to the ancient laws of this realm, or if he would have him saved from the rigour of the laws, that he should obtain, if he mought, of the King, his father, his gracious pardon: whereby no law or justice should be derogate. With which answer the prince nothing appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeavoured himself to take away his servant. The judge considering the perilous example and inconvenience that mought thereby ensue, with a valiant spirit and courage commanded the prince upon his allegiance to leave the prisoner and depart his way. With which commandment the prince, being set all in a fury, all chafed, and in a terrible manner, came up to the place of judgement—men thinking that he would have slain the judge, or have done to him some damage; but the judge sitting still, without moving, declaring the majesty of the King's place of judgement, and with an assured and bold countenance, had to the prince these words following: Sir, remember yourself: I keep here the place of the King, your sovereign lord and father, to whom ye owe double obedience, wherefore, eftsoons in his name, I charge you desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prison of the King's Bench, whereunto I commit you: and remain ye there prisoner until the pleasure of

the King, your father, be further known. With which words being abashed, and also wondering at the marvellous gravity of that worshipful justice, the noble prince, laying his weapon apart, doing reverence, departed and went to the King's Bench as he was commanded. Whereat his servants disdaining, came and shewed to the King all the whole affair. Whereat he a whiles studying, after as a man all ravished with gladness, holding his eyes and hands up toward heaven, abraided, saying with a loud voice: O merciful God, how much am I, above all other men, bound to Your infinite goodness; specially for that Ye have given me a judge, who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can suffer semblably and obey justice?

Now here a man may behold three persons worthy excellent memory. First, a judge, who being a subject, feared not to execute justice on the eldest son of his sovereign lord, and by the order of nature his successor. Also a prince and son and heir of the King, in the midst of his fury, more considered his evil example, and the judge's constance in justice, than his own estate or wilful appetite. Thirdly, a noble King and wise father, who contrary to the custom of parents, rejoiced to see his son and the heir of his crown, to be for his disobedience by his subject corrected.

Wherefore I conclude that nothing is more honourable, or to be desired in a prince or noble man, than placability. As contrary wise, nothing is so detestable, or to be feared in such one, as wrath and cruel malignity.

(From the Same.)

COVERDALE AND THE EARLY TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE

[THE Hebrew Bible had been published in Italy before the end of the 15th century: it was accessible to Luther and Tyndale in fairly good texts. The Greek New Testament was first published by Erasmus in 1516, with a Latin translation. Luther's New Testament in German appeared in 1522, and his Old Testament by instalments between 1523 and 1532. Another German Bible, known as the Zurich version, was issued by Zwingli and others between 1524 and 1529. Tyndale printed his first English New Testament in 1525 at Cologne and Worms, using the text of Erasmus and the translation of Luther. In 1530 his English *Pentateuch*, translated from the Hebrew, was published at Marburg and before his death in 1536 he seems to have placed in safe hands an English version of the historical books of the Old Testament down to the end of *Second Chronicles*. Coverdale's version of the whole Bible, "faithfully and truly translated out of Douche [German] and Latin into English," was printed, probably at Zurich, in 1535. It was based upon the current Latin versions, the Zurich German version, and Tyndale, and made no claim to be a translation from the original. In 1537 was issued "Matthew's" Bible, "set forth with the king's most gracious licence" and possibly printed at Antwerp. This Bible was compiled by John Rogers, the Old Testament down to *Second Chronicles*, and the New Testament, being Tyndale's version, and the rest Coverdale's. In April 1539 appeared the first edition of the "Great" Bible, a large folio printed in Paris and London. The "Great" Bible was edited by Coverdale, and was a revision of Matthew's Bible collated with Munster's Latin version of the Old Testament (1535) and with Erasmus' Latin New Testament. A second edition, also prepared by Coverdale, followed in April 1540, with a prologue by Cranmer; and before the end of 1541 seven editions had been called for. Tyndale's New Testament had been publicly burned in 1530. The "Great" Bible was ordered to be used in all Churches. The change was due to Thomas Cromwell, after whose fall in 1540 a period of reaction began. No more Bibles were printed in the reign of Henry VIII. Under Edward VI. thirty-five editions of the New Testament and thirteen of the whole Bible were issued. From August 1553 to the end of Queen Mary's reign public Bible reading was prohibited and no Bible was printed in England. But a cluster of learned English exiles in Geneva, inspired by the example of Beza, who translated the New Testament into Latin in 1556, by Calvin's efforts to improve the French versions, and by the single-handed labours of one of themselves, William

Whittingham, who had produced an English New Testament at Geneva in 1557, undertook a new revision of the whole Bible, which was published, with a dedication to Queen Elizabeth, in April 1560. This book, which was based upon the "Great" Bible, with constant reference to the original texts and to the latest Continental renderings, had the advantage of appearing in quarto size, in Roman letters, and with the division into verses. It was also furnished with excellent notes. It speedily became popular, and in numerous editions remained the favourite English Bible throughout the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. But it never received any official sanction. This was reserved for the "Bishops'" Bible, published under the auspices of Archbishop Parker in 1568 after four years' labour by divines of the Church of England. It was based upon the Great Bible, the Geneva Bible, and the original texts. Until 1611 it was the official translation; but it was not printed as a whole after 1606, whereas the Geneva translation appeared in fresh editions down to 1644.

Miles Coverdale was a Yorkshireman, born about 1488 and brought up at the Augustinian convent in Cambridge The Prior of the convent, Robert Barnes, became a reformer, and Coverdale seems to have followed his example. In 1527 he is found in correspondence with Cromwell He subsequently left his convent, and after some time spent in preaching took refuge in 1528 on the Continent, and possibly met Tyndale. Little is known of his movements till 1535, when his English version of the whole Bible was issued, and it is not until 1538 that he is clearly seen at work in Paris, preparing a diglott New Testament (Vulgate and English) and the "Great" Bible. From 1540 until the accession of Edward VI. he was again abroad, supporting himself in Germany by teaching. In 1551 he was made Bishop of Exeter; but after Mary's accession he was deprived and imprisoned. He remained in prison till 1555, and from that year till 1558 he was once more in exile. He lived in poverty, preaching and writing, until 1563, when he received a living in London. He died in 1569. His original writings are few in number, and of little note; but he translated several German works of practical divinity and led the way in attempting a metrical English version of some of the Psalms.]

IT is very rarely that a translation is so well done as to acquire a separate literary value of its own. If the English Bible possesses this merit in a pre-eminent degree, it is only justice to give their meed of credit to the two men whose workmanship is most largely traceable in its pages.

These two men are Tyndale and Coverdale. To appreciate their task, it is necessary to point to the reasons which made the Roman Church of their day hostile to the promulgation of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongues. The undue conservatism of ignorance, the pride of an esoteric priesthood, the dread that abuses would be exposed, and above all the sense that the Church would cease to arbitrate in matters of faith if the foundations of the faith were disclosed—all these forces were combined against the translation of the Bible. The Reformers, on the other hand,

saw clearly that their success depended upon the degree in which the individual Christian obtained free access to the sources of his creed. Erasmus longed that the Gospels and the Epistles of St. Paul might be read, in their own languages, "not only by the Scotch and Irish, but by the Turks and Saracens," and, in prophetic words which became a Protestant commonplace, he uttered a hope that in time to come the husbandman at his plough, the weaver at his loom, and the traveller on his journey, would beguile their occupation with songs taken from the Scriptures. Tyndale's reply to an ignorant doctor was in the same strain: "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause the boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do."

Setting about their work in this spirit, it is not surprising to find that the Protestant translators, with Luther at their head, aimed at producing a version which should give, in simple language intelligible to all, as near a reproduction of the original texts as the genius of modern tongues and their own scholarship and natural gifts would allow. The current Latin version known as the Vulgate, excellent in many respects, partook too much of the nature of a paraphrase. The Reformers, with stricter notions of a translator's duty, held themselves for the most part bound to reproduce even the obscurity of the original, justly conceiving that the task of explanation or paraphrase is one that should fall upon the commentator. In this they were generally agreed, though some allowed themselves greater license than others. On another score more room was left for difference. There were many vernacular terms, which had originally reproduced with sufficient accuracy the meaning of words used in the sacred writings, but which in the course of time had become overlaid with an artificial significance derived from the special use made of them in the practice of the Church. Thus had been constituted a theological vocabulary, pregnant with the germs of controversy, and it was a matter of difficulty for a translator to steer between innovations sure to be branded as pedantic, and current terms burdened with a world of meaning beyond the simple idea of the original. When the Church began to realise the impracticability of absolutely prohibiting translations, it endeavoured to appropriate the newly-opened ground by sprinkling it with words coined in its own rich mint. Sir Thomas More proceeded on this line in his attack on Tyndale. Why, he asked, had the translator used the word *congregation* instead of *church*, *elder* for *priest*, *love* for *charity*,

favour for *grace*, *knowledge* for *confession*, and *repentance* for *penance?* Bishop Gardiner was for retaining in an authorised version nearly a hundred Latin terms taken straight from the Vulgate, such as *ecclesia*, *adorare*, *opera*, *episcopus*. Between Tyndale and Gardiner there was scope for a considerable oscillation of opinion; and the final success of the version of King James was in some degree due to the inconsistency with which it admitted various renderings for the same original word. Coverdale was less uncompromising than Tyndale. "Be not thou offended, good reader," he says, "though one call a *scribe* that another calleth a *lawyer*, or *elders* that another calleth *father* and *mother*, or *repentance* that another calleth *penance* or *amendment*."

Speaking generally, it may be said that Tyndale's example secured for our version the qualities of strength and accuracy, while its grace is due to Coverdale. The chief literary gift of the atter was his command of a flowing and musical style. His services as a translator cannot be compared with those of Tyndale, because he did not work from the original. It is said that three of Tyndale's renderings have survived for each one of Coverdale's. The task which Coverdale successfully achieved was to introduce into the English Bible that sweetness and melody, never afterwards lost—"the true concord of well-tuned sounds"—to which it owes so much of its subtle and evanescent charm of style. The Prayer Book Psalter, taken from the Great Bible which he edited, has been retained in the English Church service simply because it was found "more smooth and fit for song" than other versions. It is curious to note that Coverdale's style is less harmonious in his original writings than in his translations: his disposition was of the generous sort that delights in the embellishment of other men's work.

It was the ambition of the Bible translators to provide material which (in Coverdale's words) would give better occupation than the singing of "*hey nony nony*, *hey troly loly*, and such like phantasies." They succeeded even beyond their hopes. History records no more remarkable process of absorption and substitution than that by which the national heroes of our old ballads, and the multifarious folk-lore inherited from primeval Teutonic heathenism, have made way for the alien but powerfully attractive figures and mysteries of Hebrew tradition.

JAMES MILLER DODDS.

PROLOGUE TO THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

MILES COVERDALE TO THE CHRISTIAN READER

CONSIDERING how excellent knowledge and learning an interpreter of Scripture ought to have in the tongues, and pondering also my own insufficiency therein, and how weak I am to perform the office of a translator, I was the more loath to meddle with this work. Notwithstanding, when I considered how great pity it was that we should want it so long, and called to my remembrance the adversity of them which were not only of ripe knowledge, but would also with all their hearts have performed that they began, if they had not had impediment: considering, I say, that by reason of their adversity it could not so soon have been brought to an end, as our most prosperous nation would fain have had it: these and other reasonable causes considered, I was the more bold to take it in hand. And to help me herein, I have had sundry translations, not only in Latin, but also of the Dutch interpreters, whom, because of their singular gifts and special diligence in the Bible, I have been the more glad to follow for the most part, according as I was required. But, to say the truth before God, it was neither my labour nor desire to have this work put in my hand: nevertheless it grieved me that other nations should be more plenteously provided for with the Scripture in their mother tongue, than we: therefore, when I was instantly required, though I could not do so well as I would, I thought it yet my duty to do my best, and that with a good will.

Whereas some men think now that many translations make division in the faith and in the people of God, that is not so: for it was never better with the congregation of God, than when every church had the Bible of a sundry translation. Among the Greeks had not Origen a special translation? Had not Vulgarius one peculiar, and likewise Chrysostom? Beside the seventy inter-

preters, is there not the translation of Aquila, of Theodotio, of Symmachus, and of sundry other? Again, among the Latin men, thou findest that every one almost used a special and sundry translation; for insomuch as every bishop had the knowledge of the tongues, he gave his diligence to have the Bible of his own translation. The doctors, as Hirenæus, Cyprianus, Tertullian, St. Hierome, St. Augustine, Hilarius, and St. Ambrose, upon divers places of the Scripture, read not the text all alike.

Therefore ought it not to be taken as evil, that such men as have understanding now in our time, exercise themselves in the tongues, and give their diligence to translate out of one language into another. Yea, we ought rather to give God high thanks therefore, which through his Spirit stirreth up men's minds so to exercise themselves therein. Would God it had never been left off after the time of St. Augustine! Then should we never have come into such blindness and ignorance, into such errors and delusions. For as soon as the Bible was cast aside, and no more put in exercise, then began every one of his own head to write whatsoever came into his brain, and that seemed to be good in his own eyes: and so grew the darkness of men's traditions. And this same is the cause that we have had so many writers, which seldom made mention of the Scripture of the Bible: and though they sometimes alleged it, yet was it done so far out of season, and so wide from the purpose, that a man may well perceive how that they never saw the original.

Seeing then that this diligent exercise of translating doth so much good and edifieth in other languages, why should it do evil in ours? Doubtless like as all nations in the diversity of speeches may know one God in the unity of faith, and be one in love: even so may divers translations understand one another, and that in the head articles and ground of our most blessed faith, though they use sundry words. Wherefore methink we have great occasion to give thanks unto God, that he hath opened unto his church the gift of interpretation and of printing, and that there are now at this time so many, which with such diligence and faithfulness interpret the Scripture, to the honour of God, and edifying of his people: whereas like as when many are shooting together, every one does his best to be nighest the mark, and though they cannot all attain thereto, yet shooteth one nigher than another: yea, one can do it better than another. Who is now then so unreasonable, so despiteful, or envious, as to abhor him that doth

all his diligence to hit the prick, and to shoot nighest it, though he miss and come not nighest the mark? Ought not such one rather to be commended, and to be helped forward, that he may exercise himself the more therein? For the which cause, according as I was desired, I took the more upon me to set forth this special translation, not as a checker, not as a reprover, or despiser of other men's translations (for among many as yet I have found none without occasion of great thanksgiving unto God) but lowly and faithfully have I followed mine interpreters, and that under correction: and though I have failed anywhere (as there is no man but he misseth in some thing) love shall construe all to the best, without any perverse judgment.

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Now whereas the most famous interpreters of all give sundry judgments of the text: so far as it is done by the spirit of knowledge in the Holy Ghost, methink no man should be offended thereat, for they refer their doings in meekness to the spirit of truth in the congregation of God: and sure I am, that there cometh more knowledge and understanding of Scripture by their sundry translations, than by all the glosses of our sophistical doctors. For that one interpreteth something obscurely in one place, the same translateth another, or else he himself, more manifestly by a more plain vocable of the same meaning in another place. Be not thou offended, therefore, good reader, though one call a *scribe* that another calleth a *lawyer*: or *elders*, that another calleth *father* and *mother*: or *repentance*, that another calleth *penance* or *amendment*. For if thou be not deceived by men's traditions, thou shalt find no more diversity between these terms, than between *fourpence* and a *groat*. And this manner have I used in my translation, calling it in some place *penance*, that in another place I call *repentance*; and that not only because the interpreters have done so before me, but that the adversaries of the truth may see, how that we abhor not this word *penance*, as they untruly report of us, no more than the interpreters of Latin abhor *pœnitere*, when they read *resipiscere*. Only our heart's desire unto God is, that His people be not blinded in their understanding, lest they believe penance to be aught save a very repentance, amendment, or conversion unto God, and to be an unfeigned new creature in Christ, and to live according to his law. For else shall they fall into the old blasphemy of Christ's blood, and believe that they themselves are able to make satisfaction

unto God for their own sins: from the which error, God of His mercy and plenteous goodness, preserve all His!

Now to conclude: forsomuch as all the Scripture is written for thy doctrine and ensample, it shall be necessary for thee to take hold upon it while it is offered thee, yea, and with ten hands thankfully to receive it. And though it be not worthily ministered unto thee in this translation, by reason of my rudeness; yet if thou be fervent in thy prayer, God shall not only send it thee in a better shape by the ministration of other that began it afore, but shall also move the hearts of them which as yet meddled not withal, to take it in hand, and to bestow the gift of their understanding thereon, as well in our language, as other famous interpreters do in other languages. And I pray God, that through my poor ministration herein I may give them that can do better some occasion so to do; exhorting thee, most dear reader, in the mean while on God's behalf, if thou be a head, a judge, or ruler of the people, that thou let not the book of this law depart out of thy mouth, but exercise thyself therein both day and night, and be ever reading in it as long as thou livest: that thou mayest learn to fear the Lord thy God, and not to turn aside from the commandment, neither to the right hand nor to the left; lest thou be a knower of persons in judgment, and wrest the right of the stranger, of the fatherless, or of the widow, and so the curse to come upon thee. But what office so ever thou hast, wait upon it, and execute it to the maintenance of peace, to the wealth of thy people, defending the laws of God and the lovers thereof, and to the destruction of the wicked.

If thou be a preacher, and hast the oversight of the flock of Christ, awake and feed Christ's sheep with a good heart, and spare no labour to do them good: seek not thyself, and beware of filthy lucre; but be unto the flock an ensample in the word, in conversation, in love, in ferventness of the spirit, and be ever reading, exhorting, and teaching in God's Word, that the people of God run not unto other doctrines, and lest thou thyself, when thou shouldest teach other, be found ignorant therein. And rather than thou wouldest teach the people any other thing than God's Word, take the book in thine hand, and read the words, even as they stand therein; for it is no shame so to do, it is more shame to make a lie. This I say for such as are not yet expert in the Scripture; for I reprove no preaching without the book, as long as they say the truth.

If thou be a man that hast wife and children, first love thy wife, according to the ensample of the love wherewith Christ loved the congregation; and remember that so doing thou lovest even thyself: if thou hate her, thou hatest thine own flesh; if thou cherish her and make much of her, thou cherishest and makest much of thyself; for she is bone of thy bones, and flesh of thy flesh. And whosoever thou be that hast children, bring them up in the nurture and information of the Lord. And if thou be ignorant, or art otherwise occupied lawfully, that thou canst not teach them thyself, then be even as diligent to seek a good master for thy children, as thou wast to seek a mother to bear them; for there lieth as great weight in the one as in the other. Yea, better it were for them to be unborn, than not to fear God, or to be evil brought up: which thing (I mean bringing up well of children), if it be diligently looked to, it is the upholding of all commonwealths; and the negligence of the same, the very decay of all realms.

Finally, whosoever thou be, take these words of Scripture into thy heart, and be not only an outward hearer, but a doer thereafter, and practise thyself therein; that thou mayest feel in thine heart the sweet promises thereof for thy consolation in all trouble, and for the sure stablishing of thy hope in Christ; and have ever an eye to the words of Scripture, that if thou be a teacher of other, thou mayest be within the bounds of the truth; or at the least, though thou be but an hearer or reader of another man's doings, thou mayest yet have knowledge to judge all spirits and be free from every error, to the utter destruction of all seditious sects and strange doctrines; that the holy Scripture may have free passage, and be had in reputation, to the worship of the author thereof, which is even God Himself; to whom for His most blessed Word be glory and dominion now and ever! Amen.

THOMAS CRANMER

[Thomas Cranmer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury and one of the most illustrious of English churchmen, was born at Aslacton in Nottinghamshire, 2nd July 1489. After receiving the rudiments of his education at the Grammar School of his native village, he matriculated at Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1503. Of this College he subsequently became Fellow, and a resident Fellow he remained, except for the brief interval of a year, during which he married and lost his wife, for some sixteen years. In 1523 he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and read the theological lecture at his college. In 1529 an accident introduced him to the notice of Henry VIII., and his introduction to the king initiated that part of his life which belongs to history. He was made one of the Commissioners appointed from the Universities to determine the question of the Divorce of Henry from Catharine of Arragon, against the Pope's dispensation. In this capacity he was sent as ambassador to the Court of Rome, and in the following year to the Court of Charles V. (January 1530-1). Having already been promoted to the Archdeaconry of Taunton and been made one of the King's Chaplains, he was elected, on the death of Warham, 23rd August 1532, to the See of Canterbury, being consecrated Archbishop, 30th March 1533. Between that date and the date of his martyrdom at Oxford, 21st March 1556, his biography is little less than the history of the Reformation in England at its most critical period. The works of Cranmer are somewhat voluminous, consisting of controversial treatises both in Latin and English, of speeches delivered before Convocation or in the House of Lords, of state papers relating to ecclesiastical matters, of letters, of prefaces, and of homilies and sermons. Of his controversial treatises, which are of no interest now, the most important are: *An Answer unto a Crafty and Sophistical Cavillation devised by Stephen Gardiner against the True and Godly Doctrine of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ*, in five books. *The Answer of Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, against the False Calumniations of Doctor Richard Smith.* Both of these works are contributions to the Eucharistic controversy. The treatise entitled *A Confutation of Unwritten Verities* appears to have been a compilation derived from materials furnished by Cranmer; it appeared many years after his death. The most interesting of Cranmer's writings are his *Short Instruction into Christian Religion*, translated from Justin Jonas, his Preface to the Bible of 1540, his Preface to the Common Prayer Book of 1549, the three homilies *Of Salvation*, *Of the True, Lively, and Christian Faith*, and *Of Good Works*, which are no doubt rightly ascribed to him; to these may be

added, though more doubtfully, *A Sermon on Rebellion*. The complete works of Cranmer have been collected and edited in four volumes by the Rev. Henry Jenkyns, and also by the Rev. John Edmund Cox for the Parker Society, in two volumes.]

AMONG the classics of English prose literature a prominent place must be assigned to Cranmer. It is not merely the writings which appear under his name in his collected works that we have to consider in estimating his genius and his influence as a master of style. There can be little doubt that the greater portion of the addresses, collects, and prayers in the Book of Common Prayer of 1549 either came from his pen or were carefully revised by him. And to say that the style and diction of those compositions have in point of purity, dignity, and sweetness never been surpassed, and that in charm of rhythmic harmony and expression they never can be surpassed, is to say what everyone will acknowledge. "As the translation of the Bible," says Mr. Froude, "bears upon it the imprint of the mind of Tyndale, so, while the Church of England remains, the image of Cranmer will be seen reflected on the calm surface of the liturgy. The most beautiful portions of it are translations from the Breviary: yet the same prayers translated by others would not be chose which chime like Church bells in the ears of the English child. The translations, and the addresses, which are original, have the same silvery melody of language, and breathe the same simplicity of spirit." What Mr. Froude describes as "silvery melody of language" is the leading and distinguishing characteristic of Cranmer's prose. Cicero himself had not a nicer and more exquisite ear for rhythm, for the rhythm of prose as distinguished from the rhythm of poetry. Cranmer's sentences are not like those of Hooker and the Elizabethan rhetoricians framed on the Latin model, and his music is not the music of the Ciceronian period. But as Cicero modified the harmony of Isocrates to suit the genius of the Latin language, so Cranmer modified the harmony of Ciceronian rhetoric to suit the genius of our vernacular. He adjusted with exquisite tact and skill the Saxon and Latin elements in our language both in the service of rhythm and in the service of expression. He saw that the power of the first lay in terseness and sweetness, the power of the second in massiveness and dignity, and that he who could succeed in tempering artfully and with propriety the one by the other, would be in the possession of an instrument which Isocrates and Cicero might envy. He saw too the immense

advantage which the co-existence of these elements afforded for rhetorical emphasis. And this accounts for one of the distinctive features of the diction of our liturgy, the habitual association of Saxon words with their Latin synonyms for purposes of rhetorical emphasis.

It would be perilous to assert that Cranmer was the creator of our liturgic diction. "The book," as Mr. Blunt admirably puts it, "is not identified with any one name, but is the work of the Church of England by its authorized agents and representatives, and as we reverence the architects of some great Cathedral, for their work's sake without perhaps knowing the name of any one of them, or the portions which each one designed, so we look upon the works of those who gave us our first English Book of Common Prayer, admiring its fair proportions and the skill which put it together, and caring but little to inquire whose was the hand that traced this or that particular compartment of the whole." But when we compare the style of Cranmer's acknowledged writings with that of his contemporaries or immediate predecessors,—with the style, for example, of More, of Tyndale, of Hooper, of Ridley, of Miles Coverdale, of Latimer, or with that of any of those associated with the numerous translations of the Bible, and the composition of the Homilies, it is impossible not to be struck with its distinctness. We feel almost certain that he must have stood in pretty much the same relation to the liturgy of 1549 as Pope stood to the translation of the Odyssey, and that his coadjutors caught his note and were as completely under his dominion and influence as director and reviser, as Broome and Fenton were under the dominion and influence of Pope.

Of the characteristics of Cranmer's style we have already spoken, but its dominant, distinguishing, and essential quality is its "silvery melody." And this silvery melody has "chimed like church bells" not in the ears "of the English child" only, but generation after generation in the ears of many of the greatest masters of prose expression in our language. We have the note of Cranmer vibrating in the prose of Jeremy Taylor, when that prose is at its best, in such a sentence as this, for example—

"Can a man bind a thought in chains or carry imaginations in the palm of his hand? Can the beauty of the peacock's train or of the ostrich plume be delicious to the palate and the throat? does the hand intermeddle with the joys of the heart? or darkness that hides the naked, make him warm?"

That is Cranmer's note. It vibrates also in the prose of De Quincey, in the prose of Cardinal Newman, in the prose of Mr. Froude and of Mr. Ruskin. It is greatly to be regretted that by far the larger portion of Cranmer's acknowledged writings should be devoted to subjects which have long ceased to interest, being almost entirely either controversial or epexegetical. We have endeavoured in the extracts selected, to illustrate it on as many sides as possible, and so we have given specimens from his polemical writings as well as from his correspondence.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

THE USES OF HOLY SCRIPTURE

THEY that be free and far from trouble and intermeddling of worldly things, liveth in safeguard, and tranquillity, and in the calm, or within a sure haven. Thou art in the midst of the sea of worldly wickedness, and therefore thou needest the more of ghostly succour and comfort: they sit far from the strokes of battle, and far out of gunshot, and therefore they be but seldom wounded: thou that standest in the forefront of the host and nighest to thine enemies, must needs take now and then many strokes, and be grievously wounded. And therefore thou hast more need to have thy remedies and medicines at hand. Thy wife provoketh thee to anger, thy child giveth thee occasion to take sorrow and pensiveness, thine enemies lieth in wait for thee, thy friend (as thou takest him) sometime envieth thee, thy neighbour misreporteth thee, or pricketh quarrels against thee, thy mate or partner undermineth thee, thy lord judge or justice threateneth thee, poverty is painful unto thee, the loss of thy dear and well-beloved causeth thee to mourn; prosperity exalteth thee, adversity bringeth thee low. Briefly, so divers and so manifold occasions of cares, tribulations, and temptations besetteth thee and besiegeth thee round about. Where canst thou have armour or fortress against thine assaults? Where canst thou have salve for thy sores, but of holy scripture? Thy flesh must needs be prone and subject to fleshy lusts, which daily walkest and art conversant amongst women, seest their beauties set forth to the eye, hearest their nice and wanton words, smellest their balm, civit, and musk, with other like provocations and stirrings, except thou hast in a readiness wherewith to suppress and avoid them, which cannot elsewhere be had, but only out of the holy scriptures. Let us read and seek all remedies that we can, and all shall be little enough. How shall we then do, if we suffer and take daily wounds, and when we have done, will sit still and search for no medicines?

Dost thou not mark and consider how the smith, mason, or carpenter, or any other handy-craftsman, what need soever he be in, what other shift soever he make, he will not sell or lay to pledge the tools of his occupation; for then how should he work his feat, or get a living thereby? Of like mind and affection ought we to be towards holy scripture; for as mallets, hammers, saws, chisels, axes and hatchets, be the tools of their occupation, so be the books of the prophets and apostles, and all holy writ inspired by the Holy Ghost, the instruments of our salvation. Wherefore, let us not stick to buy and provide us the bible, that is to say, the books of holy scripture. And let us think that to be a better jewel in our house than either gold or silver. For like as thieves be loth to assault an house where they know to be good armour and artillery; so wheresoever these holy and ghostly books be occupied, there neither the devil nor none of his angels dare come near. And they that occupy them be in much safeguard, and having great consolation, and be the readier unto all goodness, the slower to all evil; and if they have done anything amiss, anon, even by the sight of the books, their consciences be admonished, and they wax sorry and ashamed of the fact.

(From the *Preface to the Bible.*)

FAITH AND WORKS

'As a branch cannot bear fruit of itself,' saith our Saviour Christ, 'except it abide in the vine, so cannot you except you abide in me. I am the vine, and you be the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, he bringeth forth much fruit: for without me you can do nothing.' And St. Paul proveth that Enoch had faith, because he pleased God: 'For without faith,' saith he, 'it is not possible to please God.' And again, to the Romans he saith: 'Whatsoever work is done without faith, it is sin.' Faith giveth life to the soul; and they be as much dead to God that lack faith, as they be to the world whose bodies lack souls. Without faith all that is done of us is but dead before God, although the work seem never so gay and glorious before man. Even as a picture graven or painted is but a dead representation of the thing itself, and is without life, or any manner of moving; so be the works of all unfaithful persons before God. They do appear to be lively

works, and indeed they be but dead, not availing to the eternal life. They be but shadows and shews of lively and good things, and not good and lively things indeed; for true faith doth give life to the works, and out of such faith come good works, that be very good works indeed; and without it no work is good before God.

As saith St. Augustine: 'we must set no good works before faith, nor think that without faith a man may do any good work; for such works, although they seem unto men to be praise-worthy, yet indeed they be but vain, and not allowed before God. They be as the course of a horse that runneth out of the way, which taketh great labour, but to no purpose. Let no man, therefore,' saith he,' 'reckon upon his good works before his faith; where as faith was not, good works were not. The intent,' saith he, 'maketh the good works; but faith must guide and order the intent of man.' And Christ saith: 'If thine eye be naught,' thy whole body is full of darkness.' 'The eye doth signify the intent,' saith St. Augustine, 'wherewith a man doth a thing; so that he which doth not his good works with a godly intent, and a true faith that worketh by love, the whole body beside, that is to say, all the whole number of his works, is dark, and there is no light in it.' For good deeds be not measured by the facts themselves, and so dissevered from vices, but by the ends and intents for the which they be done. If a heathen man clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and do such other like works; yet because he doth them not in faith for the honour and love of God, they be but dead, vain, and fruitless works to him. Faith it is that doth commend the work to God; 'for,' as St. Augustine saith, 'whether thou wilt or no, that work that cometh not of faith is naught;' where the faith of Christ is not the foundation, there is no good work, what building soever we make. 'There is one work, in the which be all good works, that is, faith which worketh by charity:' if thou have it, thou hast the ground of all good works; for the virtues of strength, wisdom, temperance, and justice, be all referred unto this same faith. Without this faith we have not them, but only the names and shadows of them, as St. Augustine saith: 'All the life of them that lack the true faith is sin; and nothing is good without Him that is the author of goodness: where He is not, there is but feigned virtue, although it be in the best works.' And St. Augustine, declaring this verse of the psalm, 'the turtle hath found a nest where she may keep her young birds,' saith, that Jews, heretics, and pagans do good works: they clothe the naked,

feed the poor, and do other good works of mercy; but because they be not done in the true faith, therefore the birds be lost. But if they remain in faith, then faith is the nest and safeguard of their birds, that is to say, safeguard of their good works, that the reward of them be not utterly lost.

And this matter (which St. Augustine at large in many books disputeth) St. Ambrose concludeth in few words, saying; 'He that by nature would withstand vice, either by natural will or reason, he doth in vain garnish the time of this life, and attaineth not the very true virtues; for without the worshipping of the true God that which seemeth to be virtue is vice.

And yet most plainly to this purpose writeth St. John Chrysostom in this wise: 'You shall find many which have not the true faith, and be not of the flock of Christ, and yet (as it appeareth) they flourish in good works of mercy: you shall find them full of pity, compassion, and given to justice; and yet for all that they have no fruit of their works, because the chief work lacketh. For when the Jews asked of Christ what they should do to work good works, he answered: 'This is the work of God, to believe in him whom He sent:' so that he called faith the work of God. And as soon as a man hath faith, anon he shall flourish in good works; for faith of itself is full of good works, and nothing is good without faith.' And, for a similitude, he saith, that 'they which glister and shine in good works without faith in God, be like dead men, which have goodly and precious tombs, and yet it availeth them nothing. Faith may not be naked without works, for then it is no true faith; and when it is adjoined to works, yet it is above the works. For as men, that be very men indeed, first have life, and after be nourished; so must our faith in Christ go before, and after be nourished with good works. And life may be without nourishment, but nourishment cannot be without life. A man must needs be nourished by good works, but first he must have faith. He that doth good deeds, yet without faith, he hath not life. I can shew a man that by faith without works lived, and came to heaven: but without faith never man had life. The thief that was hanged when Christ suffered, did believe only, and the most merciful God did justify him. And because no man shall object, that he lacked time to do good works, for else he would have done them; truth it is and I will not contend therein: but this I will surely affirm, that faith only saved him. If he had lived, and not regarded faith, and the works thereof, he should

have lost his salvation again. But this is the effect that I say, that faith by itself saved him, but works by themselves never justified any man. Here ye have heard the mind of St. Chrysostom, whereby you may perceive, that neither faith is without works (having opportunity thereto), nor works can avail to eternal life without faith.

(From the *Homily of Good Works annexed unto Faith.*)

THE DANGERS OF FALSE DOCTRINE

THESE injuries to Christ be so intolerable, that no christian heart can willingly bear them. Wherefore, seeing that many have set to their hands, and whetted their tools, to pluck up the weeds, and to cut down the tree of error, I, not knowing otherwise how to excuse myself at the last day, have in this book set to my hand and axe with the rest, to cut down this tree, and to pluck up the weeds and plants by the roots, which our heavenly Father never planted, but were grafted and sown in his vineyard by his adversary the devil, and antichrist his minister. The Lord grant that this my travail and labour in his vineyard be not in vain, but that it may prosper and bring forth good fruits to his honour and glory! For when I see his vineyard overgrown with thorns, brambles, and weeds, I know that everlasting woe appertaineth unto me, if I hold my peace, and put not to my hands and tongue to labour in purging his vineyard. God I take to witness, who seeth the hearts of all men thoroughly unto the bottom, that I take this labour for none other consideration, but for the glory of his name, and the discharge of my duty, and the zeal that I bear toward the flock of Christ. I know in what office God hath placed me, and to what purpose; that is to say, to set forth his word truly unto his people, to the uttermost of my power, without respect of person, or regard of thing in the world, but of him alone. I know what account I shall make to him hereof at the last day, when every man shall answer for his vocation, and receive for the same good or ill, according as he hath done. I know how antichrist hath obscured the glory of God, and the true knowledge of his word, overcasting the same with mists and clouds of error and ignorance through false glosses and interpretations. It pitieth me to see the simple and hungry flock of Christ led into corrupt pastures, to be

carried blindfold they know not whither, and to be fed with poison in the stead of wholesome meats. And moved by the duty, office, and place, whereunto it hath pleased God to call me, I give warning in His name unto all that profess Christ, that they flee far from Babylon if they will save their souls, and to beware of that great harlot, that is to say, the pestiferous see of Rome, that she make you not drunk with her pleasant wine. Trust not her sweet promises, nor banquet not with her; for instead of wine she will give you sour dregs, and for meat she will feed you with rank poison. But come to our Redeemer and Saviour Christ, who refresheth all that truly come unto him, be their anguish and heaviness never so great. Give credit unto him, in whose mouth was never found guile nor untruth. By him you shall be clearly delivered from all your diseases, of him you shall have full remission *a poena et a culpa.* He it is that feedeth continually all that belong unto him, with his own flesh that hanged upon the cross, and giveth them drink of the blood flowing out of his own side, and maketh to spring within them water that floweth unto everlasting life. Listen not to the false incantations, sweet whisperings, and crafty juggling of the subtle papists, wherewith they have this many years deluded and bewitched the world; but hearken to Christ, give ear unto his words, which lead you the right way unto everlasting life, there with him to live ever as heirs of his kingdom. Amen.

(From the *Preface to the Defence of the True and Catholic Doctrine of the Sacrament.*)

THE GOOD OF SOUND TEACHING

SURELY there can be no greater hope of any kind of persons, either to be brought to all honest conversation of living, or to be more apt to set forth and maintain all godliness and true religion, than of such as have been from childhood nourished and fed with the sweet milk, and as it were the pap, of God's holy word, and bridled and kept in awe with His holy commandments. For commonly, as we are in youth brought up, so we continue in age; and savour longest of that thing that we first receive and taste of. And as a fair table finely polished, though it be never so apt to receive either pictures or writings, yet it doth neither delight any

men's eyes, neither yet profit any thing, except the painter take his pencil, set to his hand, and with labour and cunning replenish it with scriptures or figures as appertaineth to his science; even so the tender wits of young children, being yet naked and bare of all knowledge, through the grace of God, be apt to receive God's gifts if they be applied and instructed by such schoolmasters as have knowledge to bring them up and lead them forward therein. And what can be more apt to be grown or painted in the tender hearts of youth, than God's holy word? What can lead them a righter way to God, to the obedience of their prince, and all virtue and honesty of life, than the sincere understanding of God's word which alone sheweth the way how to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him? What can better keep and stay them, that they do not suddenly and lightly fall again from their faith? What can cause them more constantly to withstand the assaults of the devil the world, and the flesh, and manfully to bear the cross of Christ than to learn in their youth to practise the same? And verily it seemeth no new thing, that the children of them that be godly should be thus instructed in the faith and commandments of God even from their infancy. For doth not God command His people to teach His law unto their children and childer's children? Hath not this knowledge continued from time to time amongst them, to whom God promised to be their God, and they His people? Doth it not appear by plain expressed words of Paul, that Timothy was brought up even from a child in holy scriptures? Hath not the commandments of Almighty God, the articles of the christian faith and the Lord's prayer, been ever necessarily, since Christ's time required of all, both young and old, that professed Christ's name yea, though they were not learned to read? For doubtless in these three points is shortly and plainly included the necessary knowledge of the whole sum of Christ's religion, and of all things appertaining unto everlasting life.

(From a *Letter to King Edward VI.*)

HUGH LATIMER

[Latimer was born in 1491 at Thurcaston, Leicestershire: his father was a yeoman, represented by Latimer as a type of the old England which was ruined by the growth of sheep-farming and a new class of landlords. At Cambridge, where he was a Fellow of Clare Hall, Latimer became suspected of heresy. In 1530 he was called to preach before the King. He was made Bishop of Worcester in 1535, but resigned his bishopric after the Six Articles, in 1539. In 1546 he was cast into the Tower; he was released in 1547 after the death of Henry VIII. His Lent Sermons before King Edward VI. were preached in the year 1549. At the accession of Queen Mary, in 1553, he was again imprisoned in the Tower; he was brought from there to Oxford in 1554, and on the 16th of October 1555 he was burnt along with Ridley, outside the north wall of Oxford. There are many editions of the sermons, from 1549 onward: the *Sermons* and *Remains* of Bishop Latimer were edited, in two volumes, for the Parker Society in 1844-1845. The *Sermon on the Ploughers*, and the *Sermons before King Edward VI.*, are published in Mr. Arber's Reprints; the *Sermons on the Card*, in Cassell's National Library.]

LATIMER'S works are Sermons, but that is not a full description of them. What survives in them is akin to the matter of familiar letters, memoirs, or even novels—unromantic novels, with a touch of the picaresque. His prose is generally colloquial and direct. Speaking from his pulpit—"The Shrouds at Paul's Church," or elsewhere—he has often the aspect of some primitive dramatist on his cart, acting his own tragedy. The character that Latimer represents is his own; and, as was to be expected in that city and nation and time, along with the tragedy there is a good deal of comedy intermingled. It is his own life and experience that he puts before his audience; not elevated and elaborated with classical rhetoric, but declared frankly in his natural language.

In Latimer's style there is a good deal of variety. It is always, it is true, a speaking style; "a manner of teaching," as he himself confessed, "which is very tedious to them that be learned" with its repetitions, and its ignoring of scholarly apparatus and set form. By its fondness for short phrases, Latimer's style dis-

tinguishes itself from the contemporary experiments in periodic and Latinised composition. Its simplicity of construction gives it great freshness. The sentences are such as will always be easily and at once intelligible, as long as the language lasts; they are nearly proof against changes of rhetorical fashion, because there is nothing cumbrous or adventitious in them. They present very few weak places to the critical assaults of time. Prose that is written in short sentences, and that deals with matters of common life, is adapted for every climate.

Latimer's sermons, however, though the same style may be recognised throughout, are not all, or in all places, equally full of life. A considerable portion of his work, though never any long continuous passage, is of necessity abstract, and expressed in a theological vocabulary. Many pages of his sermons are made up of commonplaces. He is sometimes tempted into the preacher's fault of keeping up an illustration too long and too exhaustively. These things are like the serious conversations in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which are less interesting than the adventures, and yet an essential part of the book. If there is anything in Latimer which is conventional, it does not last long; it is sure to be quickly burnt up in some outbreak of passion; as in the *Sermon of the Plough*, where a comparatively tame piece of preaching leads up to the "burden of London." "But London was never so ill as it is now. In times past men were full of pity and compassion; but now there is no pity."

Although Latimer is generally simple, he can when he pleases use certain colours and ornaments—a rudimentary euphuism of balanced and alliterative phrases, probably, like the alliteration in Anglo-Saxon homilies, borrowed from the popular poetry. "But now for the fault of unpreaching prelates, methink I could guess what might be said for excusing of them. They are so troubled with lordly living, they be so placed in palaces, couched in courts, ruffling in their rents, dancing in their dominions, burdened with ambassages, pampering of their paunches like a monk that maketh his jubilee, munching in their mangers, and moiling in their gay manors and mansions, and so troubled with loitering in their lordships, that they cannot attend it." The device is used here for a definite satirical or mock-heroic purpose: Latimer is not fond of it. Where his language is weightiest, the rhetoric is less ostentatious. "But, ye say, it is new learning. Now I tell you it is the old learning. Yea, ye say, it is old heresy new

scoured. Nay, I tell you it is old truth, long rusted with your canker, and now new made bright and scoured." (*A Sermon made by M. Hugh Latimer at the time of the Insurrection in the North.*)

His sermons are as full of "ensamples" as those of any medieval homilist. Like Socrates he was spoken against for his homely illustrations, although in this he was only following the almost universal practice. "Ye may not be offended with this my similitude; for I have been slandered of some persons for such things." What distinguishes Latimer's figures is that they are almost always drawn from something near him; and further that he sets himself absolutely against all overstrained symbolical interpretation. So that his illustrations come to be, very often, practical arguments in the debate between the Humanists and their adversaries, and Latimer takes his place along with Colet and More in demanding sound scholarship and common sense for the exposition of the Bible. In this way his examples and illustrations are something more than decoration; and the homeliness of them is not the medieval "art of sinking," or inability to detect and keep clear of bathos; but the natural expression of his character and his habitual view, the instrument of his polemic against the allegorical and "tropological" method of interpretation. He has to argue, for instance, against the non-literal interpretation of Peter's fishing-boat, and of the commands given to him, *duc in altum* and *laxate retia.* Latimer cannot refute the Papal claims without bringing in something from his own life. "I will answer as I find by experience in myself. I came hither to-day from Lambeth in a wherry," and so on. "I dare say there is never a wherryman at Westminster Bridge but he can answer this, and give a natural reason of it." It would be a mistake to suppose this an appeal from scholarship to the sense of the vulgar; the wherryman is called in only because of Latimer's lively interest in everything with which he has to do, and his discontent with all vague or colourless statements.

Latimer's own life is extremely valuable to him. "A sore bruised man" though he was,[1] it was no exhausted and unrelished life that he surrendered. Nothing is more remarkable in him than his hold upon all the past stages of his course. No vicissitudes of belief or fortune can make him forget anything that has

[1] Augustine Bernher: Dedication to the Duchess of Suffolk, *Latimer's Sermons*, Part ii., 1562.

once interested him. There is a want of courtliness in his refusal to suppress, in his sermons, the farm in Leicestershire where he was born; to many his reminiscences must be uncongenial. To call the German Reformation a *mingle-mangle* is bad enough, without a digression on the way of calling pigs in Leicestershire. It cannot be said that there is any plebeian ostentation of low birth in him; on the contrary these memories justify themselves because they are part of his belief in the strength and virtue of the home where he was brought up. He is not proud of having risen; rather, he thinks of all England as having declined from the days when his yeoman father taught him to lay his body to his bow. His father is an ideal in his eyes, and there is nothing in England like him. Just as Latimer's advocacy of a reasonable scholarship, in which he resembles Colet, is enlivened with modern instances, so his reminiscences of his father give force and vividness to that complaint of the decay of the yeomanry which serves as a comment on the Utopia. Latimer gets all his strength from this hold that he has on the things nearest him in his own life; his strength as a practical counsellor in his own day; his strength as an author. He is not an artist; but his interest in persons, and in particular things, takes him far above the crowd of all dealers in abstractions. It is easy to accuse him of narrowness, of rudeness, of want of ideas. The charge was brought against him by people who found him inconvenient; the religious sharpers in high places who were distressed by his insistence on certain matters of a worldly and transitory import. "'Restitution,' quoth some, 'what should he preach of restitution? Let him preach of contrition,' quoth they, 'and let restitution alone; we can never make restitution.'" This whole passage may be chosen as perhaps the most representative to be found in Latimer's sermons. There are few things in his life more honourable than his exposure and denunciation of adventurers, his protest against the Protestant tyranny, and it is here that his style is at its best.

W. P. KER.

DECAY OF THE YEOMANRY

My father was a yeoman and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep; and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went unto Blackheath field. He kept me to school or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound, or twenty nobles apiece, so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor. And all this he did of the said farm, where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pound by year or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.

Thus all the enhancing and rearing goeth to your private commodity and wealth. So that where ye had a single too much you have that; and since the same, ye have enhanced the rent, and so have increased another too much; so now ye have double too much, which is too too much. But let the preacher preach till his tongue be worn to the stumps, nothing is amended. We have good statutes made for the commonwealth, as touching commoners and inclosers; many meetings and sessions; but in the end of the matter there cometh nothing forth. Well, well, this is one thing I will say unto you; from whence it cometh I know, even from the devil. I know his intent in it. For if ye bring it to pass that the yeomanry be not able to put their sons to school (as indeed universities do wonderously decay already) and that they be not able to marry their daughters to the avoiding of whoredom; I say, ye pluck

salvation from the people, and utterly destroy the realm. For by yeomen's sons the faith of Christ is and hath been maintained chiefly. Is this realm taught by rich men's sons? No, no; read the chronicles; ye shall find sometime noblemen's sons which have been unpreaching bishops and prelates, but ye shall find none of them learned men. But verily they that should look to the redress of these things be the greatest against them. In this realm are a great many folks, and amongst many I know but one of tender zeal, who at the motion of his poor tenants hath let down his lands to the old rents for their relief. For God's love let him not be a phœnix, let him not be alone, let him not be an hermit closed in a wall; some good man follow him, and do as he giveth example.

Surveyors there be, that greedily gorge up their covetous guts: hand-makers I mean; honest men I touch not; but all such as survey, they make up their mouths, but the commons be utterly undone by them; whose bitter cry ascending up to the ears of the God of Sabaoth, the greedy pit of hell and burning fire (without great repentance) do tarry and look for them. A redress God grant! For surely, surely, but that two things do comfort me, I would despair of the redress in these matters. One is, that the king's majesty, when he cometh to age, will see a redress of these things so out of frame; giving example by letting down his own lands first, and then enjoin his subjects to follow him. The second hope I have is, I believe that the general accounting day is at hand, the dreadful day of judgment, I mean, which shall make an end of all these calamities and miseries. For, as the scriptures be, *Cum dixerint, Pax, pax*, "When they shall say, Peace, peace," *Omnia tuta*, "All things are sure"; then is the day at hand, a merry day I say, for all such as do in this world study to serve and please God, and continue in his faith, fear, and love; and a dreadful horrible day for them that decline from God, walking in their own ways; to whom, as it is written in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, is said, *Ite, maledicti, in ignem æternum*, "Go, ye cursed, into everlasting punishment, where shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." But unto the other he shall say, *Venite, benedicti*, "Come, ye blessed children of my Father, possess ye the Kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world"; of the which God make us all partakers! *Amen.*

DUTIES AND RESPECT OF JUDGES

I WILL tell you my Lords Judges, if ye consider this matter well, ye should be more afraid of the poor widow, than of a nobleman with all the friends and power that he can make. But now-a-days the Judges be afraid to hear a poor man against the rich, insomuch, they will either pronounce against him, or so drive off the poor man's suit, that he shall not be able to go through with it. The greatest man in a realm can not so hurt a Judge as the poor widow, such a shrewd turn she can do him. And with what armour I pray you? She can bring the Judge's skin over his ears, and never lay hands upon him. And how is that? *Lacrimæ miserorum descendunt ad maxillas*, the tears of the poor fall down upon their cheeks, *et ascendunt ad cælum*, and go up to heaven, and cry for vengeance before God, the judge of widows, the father of the widows and orphans. Poor people be oppressed even by laws. *Væ iis qui condunt leges iniquas.* Woe worth to them that make evil laws. If woe be to them that make laws against the poor, what shall be to them that hinder and mar good laws? *Quid facietis in die ultionis?* What will ye do in the day of vengeance, when God will visit you? He saith, he will hear the tears of poor women when he goeth on visitation. For their sakes he will hurt the judge, be he never so high. *Deus transfert regna.* He will for widows' sakes change realms, bring them into subjection, pluck the judges' skins over their heads.

Cambyses was a great Emperor, such another as our master is; he had many Lord deputies, Lord presidents, and Lieutenants under him. It is a great while ago sith I read the history. It chanced he had under him in one of his dominions a briber, a gift taker, a gratifier of rich men, he followed gifts, as fast as he that followed the pudding, a hand maker in his office, to make his son a great man, as the old saying is, Happy is the child whose father goeth to the Devil.

The cry of the poor widow came to the Emperor's ear, and caused him to flay the judge quick, and laid his skin in his chair of judgement, that all judges, that should give judgement afterward, should sit in the same skin. Surely it was a goodly sign, a goodly monument, the sign of the judge's skin: I pray God we may once see the sign of the skin in England. Ye will say peradventure that this is cruelly and uncharitably spoken: no, no,

I do it charitably for a love I bear to my country. God saith, *Ego visitabo*, I will visit. God hath two visitations. The first is, when he revealeth his word by preachers and where the first is accepted, the second cometh not. The second visitation is vengeance. He went a visitation, when he brought the judge's skin over his ears. If his word be despised he cometh with his second visitation with vengeance.

Noah preached God's word an hundred years, and was laughed to scorn, and called an old doating fool. Because they would not accept this first visitation, God visited the second time: he poured down showers of rain till all the world was drowned.

Lot was a visitor of Sodom and Gomorrah, but because they regarded not his preaching, God visited them the second time, and brent them all up with brimstone saving Lot. Moses came first a visitation into Egypt with God's word, and because they would not hear him, God visited them again, and drowned them in the Red Sea. God likewise with his first visitation, visited the Israelites by his prophets, but because they would not hear his prophets, he visited them the second time, and dispersed them in Assyria and Babylon.

John Baptist likewise and our Saviour Christ visited them afterwards declaring to them God's will, and because they despised these visitors, he destroyed Jerusalem by Titus and Vespasianus.

Germany was visited twenty years with God's word, but they did not earnestly embrace it, and in life follow it, but made a mingle mangle and a hotchpotch of it, I can not tell what, partly popery, partly true religion mingled together. They say in my country, when they call their hogs to the swine trough, Come to thy mingle mangle, come pyr, come pyr: even so they made mingle mangle of it.

They could clatter and prate of the Gospel, but when all cometh to all, they joined popery so with it, that they marred all together, they scratched and scraped all the livings of the church, and under a colour of religion turned it to their own proper gain and lucre. God, seeing that they would not come unto his word, now he visiteth them in the second time of his visitation with his wrath. For the taking away of God's word, is a manifest token of his wrath. We have now a first visitation in England: let us beware of the second. We have the ministration of his word, we are yet well, but the house is not clean swept yet.

God has sent us a noble King in this his visitation, let us not

what I remembered yester night in my bed. A marvellous tale to perceive how inscrutable a man's heart is. I was once at Oxford, (for I had occasion to come that way, when I was in my office,) they told me it was a gainer way, and a fairer way, and by that occasion I lay there a night. Being there I heard of an execution that was done upon one that suffered for treason. It was (as ye know) a dangerous world, for it might soon cost a man his life for a word's speaking. I can not tell what the matter was, but the judge set it so out that the man was condemned. The twelve men came in, and said guilty, and upon that, he was judged to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. When the rope was about his neck, no man could persuade him that he was in any fault, and stood there a great while in the protestation of his innocency. They hanged him and cut him down somewhat too soon afore he was clean dead, then they drew him to the fire, and he revived, and then he coming to his remembrance confessed his fault, and said he was guilty. O a wonderful example! It may well be said, *pravum cor hominis et inscrutabile*, a crabbed piece of work and unsearchable. I will leave here, for I think you know what I mean well enough.

ILLEGAL PROFITS OF KING'S OFFICERS

But now I will play St. Paul, and translate the thing on myself. I will become the king's officer for awhile. I have to lay out for the king twenty thousand pounds, or a great sum whatsoever it be; well, when I have laid it out, and do bring in mine account, I must give three hundred marks to have my bills warranted. If I have done truly and uprightly, what should need me to give a penny to have my bills warranted? If I have done my office truly, and do bring in a true account, wherefore should one groat be given? yea, one groat, for warranting of my bills? Smell ye nothing in this? What needeth any bribes-giving, except the bills be false? No man giveth bribes for warranting of his bills, except they be false bills. Well, such practice hath been in England, but beware; it will out one day: beware of God's proverb, "There is nothing hidden that shall not be opened"; yea, even in this world, if ye be not the children of damnation. And here now I speak to you, my

masters, minters, augmentationers, receivers, surveyors, and auditors: I make a petition unto you; I beseech you all be good to the king. He hath been good to you, therefore be good to him: yea, be good to your own souls. Ye are known well enough, what ye were afore ye came to your offices, and what lands ye had then, and what ye have purchased since, and what buildings ye make daily. Well, I pray you so build, that the king's workmen may be paid. They make their moan that they can get no money. The poor labourers, gun-makers, powder-men, bow-makers, arrow-makers, smiths, carpenters, soldiers, and other crafts, cry out for their duties. They be unpaid, some of them, three or four months; yea, some of them half a year: yea, some of them put up bills this time twelve months for their money, and cannot be paid yet. They cry out for their money, and, as the prophet saith, *Clamor operariorum ascendit ad aures meas*; "The cry of the workmen is come up to mine ears." O, for God's love, let the workmen be paid, if there be money enough; or else there will whole showers of God's vengeance rain down upon your heads! Therefore, ye minters, and ye augmentationers, serve the king truly. So build and purchase, that the king may have money to pay his workmen. It seemeth ill-favouredly, that ye should have enough wherewith to build superfluously, and the king lack to pay his poor labourers. Well, yet I doubt not but that there be some good officers. But I will not swear for all.

I have now preached three Lents. The first time I preached restitution. "Restitution," quoth some, "what should he preach of restitution? Let him preach of contrition," quoth they "and let restitution alone; we can never make restitution." Then, say I, if thou wilt not make restitution, thou shalt go to the devil for it. Now choose thee either restitution, or else endless damnation. But now there be two manner of restitutions; secret restitution, and open restitution; whether of both it be, so that restitution be made, it is all good enough. At my first preaching of restitution, one good man took remorse of conscience, and acknowledged himself to me, that he had deceived the king; and willing he was to make restitution; and so, the first Lent, came to my hands twenty pounds to be restored to the king's use. I was promised twenty pound more the same Lent, but it could not be made, so that it came not. Well, the next Lent came three hundred and twenty pounds more. I received it

myself, and paid it to the king's council. So I was asked what he was that made this restitution? But should I have named him? Nay, they should as soon have this *wesant* of mine. Well, now this Lent came one hundred and fourscore pounds ten shillings, which I have paid and delivered this present day to the king's council: and so this man hath made a godly restitution. "And so," quoth I to a certain nobleman that is one of the king's council, "if every man that hath beguiled the king should make restitution after this sort, it would cough the king twenty thousand pounds I think," quoth I. "Yea that it would," quoth the other, "a whole hundred thousand pounds." Alack, alack; make restitution; for God's sake make restitution; ye will cough in hell else, that all the devils there will laugh at your coughing. There is no remedy, but restitution open or secret; or else hell.

JOHN LELAND

[Leland, the antiquary, was born in London about 1500, and educated at St. Paul's School, at Christ's College, Cambridge, and at All Souls, Oxford. He spent several years in France and Italy, and returned to England a prodigy of learning. Taking orders, he was appointed a Royal Chaplain and King's Antiquary, with a commission (dated 1533) to examine the antiquities of the whole country, and with this end to search the libraries of all colleges and religious houses. The moment was opportune, as the dissolution of the monasteries was near at hand. After six years of travel and inquiry he settled in London to digest his materials. But before he could do more than put his vast accumulations in order, his reason became impaired, and he died in 1552. Most of his papers are preserved in the Bodleian Library and the British Museum. They were printed in many volumes in the eighteenth century.]

LELAND belongs to the useful class of writers who are pioneers. They observe, collect and prepare the material with which the man of historical or scientific genius builds. Leland, whom Antony Wood calls *facile princeps* of English antiquaries, was almost incredibly laborious, with a faculty of intelligent observation which made him the idol of those who followed in his track. Here is an entry culled at random from his *Itinerary*:—"Aldborough is about a quarter of a mile from Borough Bridge. This was in the Romans' time a great city on Watling Street called Isuria Brigantum, and was walled, whereof I saw *vestigia quædam sed tenuia.*" Hundreds of pages are crammed with similar records of fact, and interspersed here and there are copies of old documents and queries for future consideration. Turning over a volume of his *Collectanea*, we notice in succession a list of Welsh words with their Latin equivalents, catalogues of manuscripts in various monasteries and colleges, a genealogy of the Earls of Warwick—in short an infinite medley of miscellaneous information. He thus performed single-handed, for the reign of Henry VIII., the task which various learned societies and Royal Commissions endeavour to overtake in our own day.

But it would be unfair to call Leland a mere compiler of notes, although his notes, as it happens, are his best memorial. His "New Year's Gift" shows him to have been a man of large conceptions, full of plans for future work. A reference to his Latin commentaries *De Scriptoribus Britannicis* enables us to guess how he would have accomplished his projected *magnum opus*—a *Civilis Historia* or treatise in fifty books on British antiquities—had his mind not given way. Amid a wilderness of legendary bards and forgotten scholastics it is interesting to find perfectly readable essays on Wycliffe and Chaucer. The sketch of Wycliffe ends with a remark which brings home to us the feelings of the time when Leland wrote:—"Long as it is," he says (we paraphrase from his Latin) "since Wycliffe's bones were exhumed and burned, our age has not yet seen the conclusion of that tragedy—*what it will be, God only knows, to Whose judgment Wycliffe may be left.*" The essay on Chaucer is singularly modern in its structure. Commencing with a paragraph on the poet's birth and education, it proceeds to trace his connection with the contemporary poetry of Italy and France; claims for him that he brought "our tongue to such a pitch of purity and eloquence, of brevity and grace, that it could at last be reckoned one of the languages of civilisation"; quotes various laudatory verses; praises Caxton for his edition of the poet; gives a list of Chaucer's works; and ends, in the most approved style, with his epitaph. Leland's Latin style is fluent and copious, but not elegant. Of his English there is little to be said, except that it is clear and straightforward.

JAMES MILLER DODDS.

THE LABORIOUS JOURNEY AND SEARCH OF JOHN LELAND FOR ENGLAND'S ANTIQUITIES, GIVEN OF HIM AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

WHEREFORE after that I had perpended the honest and profitable studies of these historiographs, I was totally inflamed with a love to see thoroughly all those parts of this your opulent and ample realm, that I had read of in the aforesaid writers: in so much that all my other occupations intermitted, I have so travelled in your dominions both by the sea coasts and the middle parts, sparing neither labour nor costs, by the space of these six year's past, that there is almost neither cape, nor bay, haven, creek or pier, river or confluence of rivers, breaches, washes, lakes, meres, fenny waters, mountains, valleys, moors, heaths, forests, chases, woods, cities, burghs, castles, principal manor places, monasteries, and colleges, but I have seen them; and noted in so doing a whole world of things very memorable.

Thus instructed I trust shortly to see the time that like as *Carolus Magnus* had among his treasures three large and notable tables of silver richly enamelled, one of the site and description of Constantinople, another of the site and figure of the magnificent city of Rome, and the third of the description of the world; so shall your Majesty have this your world and impery of England so set forth in a quadrate table of silver, if God send me life to accomplish my beginnings, that your grace shall have ready knowledge at the first sight of many right delectable, fruitful, and necessary pleasures, by the contemplation thereof as often as occasion shall move you to the sight of it.

And because that it may be more permanent, and farther known than to have it engraved in silver or brass, I intend (by the leave of God) within the space of twelve months following such a description to make of your realm in writing, that it shall

be no mastery after for the graver or painter to make a like by a perfect example.

Yea and to wade farther in this matter, whereas now almost no man can well guess at the shadow of the ancient names of havens, rivers, promontories, hills, woods, cities, towns, castles, and variety of kinds of people, that Cæsar, Livy, Strabo, Diodorus, Fabius Pictor, Pomponius Mela, Plinius, Cornelius Tacitus, Ptolemæus, Sextus Rufus, Ammianus Marcellinus, Solinus, Antoninus, and divers other make mention of, I trust so to open this window that the light shall be seen, so long, that is to say by the space of a whole thousand years stopped up, and the old glory of your renowned Britain to reflourish thorough the world.

This done I have matter at plenty already prepared to this purpose, that is to say, to write an history, to the which I intend to ascribe this title, *De Antiquitate Britannicâ*, or else *Civilis Historia*. And this work I intend to divide into so many books as there be shires in England, and sheres and great dominions in Wales. So that I esteem that this volume will include a fifty books, whereof each one severally shall contain the beginnings, increases, and memorable acts of the chief towns and castles of the province allotted to it.

Then I intend to distribute into six books such matter as I have already collected concerning the isles adjacent to your noble realm and under your subjection. Whereof three shall be of these isles, Vecta, Mona, and Menavia, sometime kingdoms.

And to superadd a work as an ornament and a right comely garland to the enterprises aforesaid, I have selected stuff to be distributed into three books, the which I purpose thus to entitle, *De Nobilitate Britannicâ*. Whereof the first shall declare the names of kings, queens, with their children, dukes, earls, lords, captains, and rulers in this realm to the coming of the Saxons and their conquest. The second shall be of the Saxons and Danes to the victory of King William the Great. The third from the Normans to the reign of your most noble Grace, descending lineally of the Briton, Saxon, and Norman kings. So that all noble men shall clearly perceive their lineal parentele.

(From *Preface.*)

THE COMPLAINT OF SCOTLAND

1549

THE *Complaint of Scotland*, the earliest book in Scottish prose, a discourse written immediately after the battle of Pinkie to strengthen the Scottish hatred of their "old enemies of England" and confirm the national sentiment of independence, is worth reading on various accounts. It has a style, and, though not a great work, is both representative of its period and also possessed of some individuality. A good deal both of the matter and form is commonplace. The "machinery" of the vision in which Dame Scotia and her three sons (the three Estates) appear to the author, as he sleeps after his wanderings on a summer morning, is borrowed, a little the worse for wear, from the stock of the Chaucerian poets; and the examples and illustrations are of the usual medieval sort from the usual ancient authors. Further, there is the ordinary medieval incontinence of general information; the author cannot keep the sciences out of his argument. Part of the diversion of the summer morning is a shepherd's oration, in considerable detail, on the constitution of the universe, the spheres, the *primum mobile*, the retrograde movement of the planets from Occident to Orient, the antipodes, the tropics, and other branches of learning. It is true that this is styled (by the shepherd's wife) a "tedious, melancholic orison," but the author enjoys it thoroughly. On the other hand the book, for all these drawbacks, by some means is enabled to escape the dulness of the medieval expositor in his prime. The *Complaint of Scotland* belongs to the revival of learning. It is full of the new delight in eloquent and ornate language, which filled all the literatures of Europe with Latin and Greek; the author's hypocritical apology for his use of "agrest termis" in itself sufficiently bewrays him. In this he is the follower of the Scottish

Chaucerian poets, and with some reason; the old Scottish revelry in words, whether native and indecorous, or foreign and dignified, was nothing to be ashamed of. The taste descends from the contemporaries of Dunbar and Douglas to their successors. Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais may be taken as one of the last achievements of this exuberant spirit, and there are many things in the *Complaint* that suggest both Urquhart and his original. This is more particularly the case in the interlude ("Ane Monolog of the Actor") that comes between the prefatory matter and the vision and complaint of Dame Scotia. There the author has indulged his genius to the fullest. He leaves the wrongs and distresses of his country; he leaves the English, those "boreaus" (headsmen, *bourreaux*) and hangmen, for the utter extinction, "furth of remembrance," of which "false seed and incredule generation" he has fervently prayed. He loses himself in an ornate description of a summer day—a summer evening and morning—after the fashion of the poets, borrowing their alliteration and a good deal of their rhythm. He gives all the cries of all the birds, and, as though he had known of Ronsard's advice to poets to get up the terms of every trade, he espies a ship at anchor, equipped for war—"Ane galliasse gayly grathit for the veyr"—and squanders a page or two of sea terms to reproduce the shouts of master, boatswain, and mariners as they weigh the anchor and set sail, and follows this up with terms of artillery. This irrelevance is something different from the "prolixt" astronomy that follows: it is a humorous eccentricity, and proceeds, not from the medieval love of edification, but from a Rabelaisian passion for stringing things together, which is a passion for copious phrasing and vivid details. The comic and imaginative value of details is fortunately recognised in the *Complaint of Scotland*, and the pastoral interlude is diversified by one or two catalogues that form the most interesting part of the book—catalogues of the songs sung and the stories told by the shepherds, a medley of northern and classical stories, in which the Red Etin, the Three-footed Dog of Norroway, and the Well of the World's End are accompanied by the fables of the *Metamorphoses;* "quhou that dedalus maid the laborynth to keip the monster minotaurus," and "quhou Kyng midas gat tua asse luggis on his hede, be cause of his auereis."

W P. KER.

ANE MONOLOGUE OF THE ACTOR

THE solicitous and attentive labours that I took to write the passages before rehearsed, *gart* all my body become imbecile and weary, and my spirit become *sopit* in sadness, through the long continuation of study, whilk did fatigue my reason, and *gart* all my members become impotent. Then, to escape the evil accidents that succeed from the unnatural day-sleep, as catarrhs, head *works*, and indigestion, I thought it necessary to exercise me with some active recreation, to hold my spirits waking from dulness. Then, to execute this purpose, I passed to the green wholesome fields, situate most commodiously from distempered air and corrupt infection, to receive the sweet fragrant smell of tender grasses, and of wholesome balmy flowers most odoriferant. Beside the foot of ane little mountain, there ran ane fresh river as clear as beryl, where I beheld the pretty fish wantonly darting with their red vermillion fins, and their scales like the bright silver. On the tother side of that river, there was ane green bank full of *rammel* green trees, where there was many small birds hopping from bush to twist, singing melodious reports of natural music in accords of measure of diapason, prolations, triple and dyatesseron. That heavenly harmony appeared to be artificial music. In this gladful recreation I continued till Phœbus was descended under the west north west oblique horizon, whilk was entered that same day in the xxv. degree of the sign of gemini, distant five degrees from our summer solstice, called the boreal tropic of cancer, the whilk, by astrological computation, accords with the sixth day of June. Thereafter I entered in ane green forest, to contemplate the tender young fruits of green trees, because the boreal blasts of the three borrowing days of March had chased the fragrant flowers of every fruit tree far athwart the fields. Of this sort I did pace up and down *but* sleep, the most part of the mirk night. Instantly thereafter I perceived the messengers of the red aurora, whilk through the

might of Titan had pierced the crepuscle line matutine of the north north east horizon, whilk was occasion that the stars and planets, the dominators of the night, absented them, and durst not be seen in our hemisphere for dread of his awful golden face. And also fair Diana, the lantern of the night, became dim and pale when Titan had extinct the light of her lamp on the clear day. For from time that his lustrant beams were elevated four degrees above our oblique horizon, every planet of our hemisphere became obscure, and also all corrupt humidities and caliginous fumes and infected vapours that had been generated in the second region of the air when Titan was *visiand* antipodes. They consumed for sorrow when they saw ane sight of his golden shape. The green fields, for great drought, drank up the drops of the fresh dew, whilk of before had made dykes and dales very dank. Thereafter I heard the rumour of *ramage* fowls and of beasts that made great *beir*, whilk passed beside burns and bogs, on green banks to seek their sustentation. Their brutal sound did redound to the high skies, while the deep how caverns of cleuchs and rocky crags answered with a high note of that same sound as they beasts had blown. It appeared by presuming and supposing, that blabbering Echo had been hid in a how hole, crying her half answer, when Narcissus right sorry sought for his servants, when he was in a forest far from any folks, and thereafter for love of Echo he drowned in a draw-well.

GEORGE CAVENDISH

c. 1500—*c.* 1561

[Cavendish was made gentleman usher to Cardinal Wolsey in 1526 or 1527, and kept his post till Wolsey's death in 1530, remaining always in close attendance on his master. After an examination before the Privy Council in regard to the last days of Wolsey's life, Cavendish retired to his own house at Glansford in Suffolk, and kept out of the way of politics. The *Life of Wolsey* was written in 1557.]

CAVENDISH in his *Life of Wolsey* did not misuse the great opportunities presented to him for writing a notable book. He was not a trained man of letters, but he had a natural gift for telling a story—a literary gift which is closely connected with his straightforward and simple character. He is the "loyal servitor," wholly interested in the great man who gave employment for the busiest and fullest years of his life. His mind is possessed with his subject, and as his mind is sound, strong, and very little corrupted by any rhetoric, he reproduces in his story exactly what one wants. He tells how people behaved and what they said to one another, not reducing the lively details into the abstract language of the dignified historian. King Henry appears in Cavendish's narrative with the aspect and manner that he had to those who saw him with their own eyes, and knew him in a different way from ours, who in some ways know so much more about him than they did. He comes and finds Cavendish leaning against a tree "in a study," and claps him on the shoulder and calls him by his name, and then goes back to his shooting. He talks to Cavendish for an hour or more within the garden postern gate of Hampton Court, and we hear what they talked about, and learn how familiar the great king's manner was with his servants when he chose. "Three may," quoth he, "keep

counsel if two be away, and if I thought that my cap knew my counsel, I would cast it into the fire and burn it."

Cavendish acknowledges his constant desire "to see and be acquainted with strangers, in especial with men in honour and authority," which is one of the foundations of his strength as a writer of memoirs; and from almost every page of his book we may draw evidence of the keenness of his impressions. He shares in the taste of the age for all sorts of pageantry and splendour, and is never tired of describing the state kept by his patron. He has an eye for dress; in the critical moment of his interview with the king he does not omit to notice his nightgown of russet velvet furred with sables. One of the best of all his sketches is that belonging to the embassy in France, where he describes the interior of the great house that afforded him courteous entertainment. It is an admirable passage, rendering with absolute fidelity a vivid hour of Cavendish's experience—a pleasant, accidental meeting with high-bred and high-spirited people in a French castle, where there was enough to look at "in bower and hall." The courtesy and humanity of this passage from true history recall one of the most memorable episodes in chivalrous romance—the entertainment of Geraint by the father and mother of Enid.

The style of Cavendish's book, which at its best is a good narrative style, is occasionally injured by various laxities of syntax on the one hand, and on the other by somewhat incongruous efforts of rhetoric. There is some mythological ornament: "Wherefore she (Fortune) procured Venus, the insatiate goddess, to be her instrument"; there are some appeals and outcries: "O wavering to newfangled multitude! is it not a wonder to consider the inconstant mutability of this uncertain world?" But these things do not really take away the freshness of his portrait of the great minister.

W. P. KER.

A GREAT HOUSE IN FRANCE

THEN it was determined that the king and my lord should remove out of Amiens, and so they did, to a town or city called Compeigne, which was more than twenty English miles from thence; unto which town I was sent to prepare my lord's lodging. And as I rode on my journey, being upon a Friday, my horse chanced to cast a shoe in a little village where stood a fair castle. And as it chanced there dwelt a smith, to whom I commanded my servant to carry my horse to shoe, and standing by him while my horse was a-shoeing, there came to me one of the servants of the castle, perceiving me to be the cardinal's servant and an Englishman, who required me to go with him into the castle to my lord his master, whom he thought would be very glad of my coming and company. Whose request I granted, because that I was always desirous to see and be acquainted with strangers, in especial with men in honour and authority, so I went with him; who conducted me unto the castle, and being entered in the first ward, the watchmen of that ward, being very honest tall men, came and saluted me most reverently, and knowing the cause of my coming, desired me to stay a little while until they had advertised my lord their master of my being there; and so I did. And incontinent the lord of the castle came out to me, who was called Monsieur Crequi, a nobleman born, and very nigh of blood to King Louis, the last king that reigned before this King Francis. And at his first coming he embraced me, saying that I was right heartily welcome, and thanked me that I so gently would visit him and his castle, saying furthermore that he was preparing to encounter the king and my lord, to desire them most humbly the next day to take his castle in their way, if he could so intreat them. And true it is that he was ready to ride in a coat of velvet with a pair of velvet arming shoes on his feet, and a pair of gilt spurs on his heels. Then he

took me by the hand, and most gently led me into his castle, through another ward. And being once entered into the base court of the castle, I saw all his family and household servants standing in goodly order, in black coats and gowns, like mourners, who led me into the hall, which was hanged with hand-guns, as thick as one could hang by another upon the walls; and in the hall stood an hawk's perch, whereon stood three or four fair goshawks. Then went we into the parlour, which was hanged with fine old arras, and being there but a while, communing together of my Lord of Suffolk, how he was there to have besieged the same, his servants brought to him bread and wine of divers sorts, whereof he caused me to drink. And after, "I will," quoth he, show you the strength of my house, how hard it would have been for my Lord of Suffolk to have won it." Then led he me upon the walls, which were very strong, more than fifteen foot thick, and well garnished with great battery pieces of ordnance ready charged to be shot off against the king and my lord's coming.

When he had showed me all the walls and bulwarks about the castle, he descended from the walls, and came down into a fair inner court, where his genet stood for to mount upon, with twelve other genets, the most fairest and best that I ever saw, and in especial his own, which was a mare genet, he showed me that he might have had for her four hundred crowns. But upon the other twelve genets were mounted twelve goodly young gentlemen, called pages of honour; all bare-headed, in coats of cloth of gold, and black velvet cloaks, and on their legs boots of red Spanish leather, and spurs parcel gilt.

Then he took his leave of me, commanding his steward and other his gentlemen to attend upon me, and conduct me unto my lady his wife to dinner. And that done he mounted upon his genet, and took his journey forth out of his castle. Then the steward, with the rest of the gentlemen, led me up into a tower in the gatehouse, where then my lady their mistress lay, for the time that the king and my lord should tarry there.

I being in a fair great dining chamber, where the table was covered for dinner, and there I attended my lady's coming; and after she came thither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of twelve gentlewomen. And when she with her train came all out, she said to me, "Forasmuch," quoth she, "as ye be an Englishman, whose custom is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen

without offence, and although it be not so here in this realm, yet will I be so bold to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens." By means whereof I kissed my lady and all her women. Then went she to her dinner, being as nobly served as I have seen any of her estate here in England, having all the dinner time with me pleasant communication, which was of the usage and behaviour of our gentlewomen and gentlemen of England, and commended much the behaviour of them, right excellently; for she was with the king at Ardres, when the great encounter and meeting was between the French king and the king our sovereign lord: at which time she was, both for her person and goodly haviour, appointed to company with the ladies of England. To be short, after dinner, pausing a little, I took my leave of her, and so departed and rode on my journey.

THE KING ENTERTAINED AT YORK PLACE

AND when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship. Such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation, as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort, and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames, or damsels, meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for a time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs, and beards, either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, beside their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand, that he came by water to the water gate, without any

noise; where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlewomen, to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort: First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my Lord Cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and devise was done and devised by the Lord Sands, Lord Chamberlain to the king; and also by Sir Henry Guilford, Comptroller to the king. Then immediately after this great shot of guns, the cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain, and Comptroller, to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him, that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that, quoth the Cardinal, "I shall desire you, because you can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them, according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime." Then they went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together, at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said: "Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your Grace thus: they, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they

furthermore require of your Grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair." To whom the cardinal answered, that he was very well contented they should so do. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns, and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, and to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns "At all," quoth the cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the cardinal to my Lord Chamberlain, "I pray you," quoth he, "show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty." Then spake my Lord Chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my Lord Cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my Lord Chamberlain said to my Lord Cardinal, "Sir, they confess,' quoth he, "that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your Grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily." With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he, "Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he." And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask, than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal eftsoons desired his highness to take the place of estate, to whom the king answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him; and there

new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices, subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled.

All this matter I have declared at large, because ye shall understand what joy and delight the cardinal had to see his prince and sovereign lord in his house so nobly entertained and pleased, which was always his only study, to devise things to his comfort, not passing of the charges or expenses. It delighted him so much, to have the king's pleasant princely presence, that no thing was to him more delectable than to cheer his sovereign lord, to whom he owed so much obedience and loyalty; as reason required no less, all things well considered.

Thus passed the cardinal his life and time, from day to day, and year to year, in such great wealth, joy, and triumph, and glory, having always on his side the king's especial favour; until Fortune, of whose favour no man is longer assured than she is disposed, began to wax something wroth with his prosperous estate, and thought she would devise a mean to abate his high port; wherefore she procured Venus, the insatiate goddess, to be her instrument. To work her purpose, she brought the king in love with a gentlewoman, that, after she perceived and felt the king's good will towards her, and how diligent he was both to please her, and to grant all her requests, she wrought the cardinal much displeasure; as hereafter shall be more at large declared. This gentlewoman, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, being at that time but only a bachelor knight, the which after, for the love of his daughter, was promoted to higher dignities. He bare at divers several times for the most part all the rooms of estimation in the king's house; as Comptroller, Treasurer, Vice-Chamberlain, and Lord Chamberlain. Then was he made Viscount Rochford;

and at the last created Earl of Wiltshire, and Knight of the noble Order of the Garter; and, for his more increase of gain and honour, he was made Lord Privy Seal, and most chiefest of the king's privy council. Continuing therein until his son and daughter did incur the king's indignation and displeasure. The king fantasied so much his daughter Anne, that almost all things began to grow out of frame and good order.

AUGURY

OR ever I wade any further in this matter, I do intend to declare unto you what chanced him before this his last trouble at Cawood, as a sign or token given by God what should follow of his end, or of trouble which did shortly ensue, the sequel whereof was of no man then present either premeditate or imagined. Therefore, forasmuch as it is a notable thing to be considered, I will (God willing) declare it as truly as it chanced according to my simple remembrance, at the which I myself was present.

My lord's accustomed enemies in the court about the king had now my lord in more doubt than they had before his fall, considering the continual favour that the king bare him, thought that at length the king might call him home again; and if he so did, they supposed that he would rather imagine against them than to remit or forget their cruelty, which they most unjustly imagined against him. Wherefore they compassed in their heads that they would either by some means dispatch him by some sinister accusation of treason, or to bring him into the king's indignation by some other ways. This was their daily imagination and study, having as many spials, and as many eyes to attend upon his doings as the poets feigned Argus to have; so that he could neither work nor do any thing, but that his enemies had knowledge thereof shortly after. Now at the last, they espied a time wherein they caught an occasion to bring their purpose to pass, thinking thereby to have of him a great advantage; for the matter being once disclosed unto the king, in such a vehemency as they purposed, they thought the king would be moved against him with great displeasure. And that by them executed and done, the king, upon their information, thought it good that he should come up to stand to his trial; which they

liked nothing at all; notwithstanding he was sent for after this sort. First, they devised that he should come up upon arrest in ward, which they knew right well would so sore grieve him that he might be the weaker to come into the king's presence to make answer. Wherefore they sent Sir Walter Walshe, knight, one of the gentlemen of the king's privy chamber, down into the country unto the Earl of Northumberland (who was brought up in my lord's house), and they twain being in commission jointly to arrest my lord of *hault* treason. This conclusion fully resolved, they caused Master Walshe to prepare himself to this journey with this commission, and certain instructions annexed to the same; who made him ready to ride, and took his horse at the court gate about one of the clock at noon, upon All-hallown day, towards the north. Now am I come to the place where I will declare the thing that I promised you before of a certain token of my lord's trouble; which was this.

My lord sitting at dinner upon All-hallown day, in Cawood Castle, having at his board's end divers of his most worthiest chaplains, sitting at dinner to keep him company, for lack of strangers, ye shall understand, that my lord's great cross of silver accustomably stood in the corner, at the table's end, leaning against the tappet or hanging of the chamber. And when the table's end was taken up, and a convenient time for them to arise; in arising from the table, one Doctor Augustine, physician, being a Venetian born, having a boisterous gown of black velvet upon him, as he would have come out at the table's end, his gown overthrew the cross that stood there in the corner, and the cross trailing down along the tappet, it chanced to fall upon Doctor Bonner's head, who stood among others by the tappet, making of curtsy to my lord, and with one of the points of the cross razed his head a little, that the blood ran down. The company standing there were greatly astonied with the chance. My lord sitting in his chair, looking upon them, perceiving the chance, demanded of me being next him, what the matter meant of their sudden abashment. I showed him how the cross fell upon Doctor Bonner's head. "Hath it," quoth he, "drawn any blood?" "Yea forsooth, my lord," quoth I, "as it seemeth me." With that he cast down his head, looking very soberly upon me a good while without any word speaking; at the last quoth he (shaking of his head), "*malum omen*"; and therewith said grace, and rose from the table, and went into his bedchamber, there

lamenting, making his prayers. Now mark the signification, how my lord expounded this matter unto me afterward at Pomfret Abbey. First, ye shall understand, that the cross, which belonged to the dignity of York, he understood to be himself; and Augustine, that overthrew the cross, he understood to be he that should accuse him, by means whereof he should be overthrown. The falling upon Master Bonner's head, who was master of my lord's faculties and spiritual jurisdictions, who was damnified by the overthrowing of the cross by the physician, and the drawing of blood betokened death, which shortly after came to pass; about the very same time of the day of this mischance, Master Walshe took his horse at the court gate, as nigh as it could be judged. And thus my lord took it for a very sign or token of that which after ensued, if the circumstance be equally considered and noted, although no man was there present at that time that had any knowledge of Master Walshe's coming down, or what should follow. Wherefore, as it was supposed, that God showed him more secret knowledge of his latter days and end of his trouble than all men supposed; which appeared right well by divers talks that he had with me at divers times of his last end. And now that I have declared unto you the effect of this prodigy and sign, I will return again to my matter.

SIR JOHN CHEKE

[Cheke was born at Cambridge in 1514, and, after passing through the Grammar School there, entered St. John's College, of which he became Fellow in 1539. His influence was soon strongly felt in stimulating the intellectual activity of the college, already great, and in giving to its younger members a very decided bent towards new lines of study, and new doctrines in religion. In 1540, he became Regius Professor of Greek; but in 1544 he left the University to become tutor to Prince Edward. That position he retained after the young prince came to the throne; and it secured for him not only abundant grants from the lands which had belonged to the dissolved religious houses, but also further preferment at Cambridge (where he became Provost of King's) and, ultimately, the honour of knighthood, and the position of Privy Councillor and Secretary of State. With less caution than his colleague Cecil, he allowed himself to be deeply involved in the scheme of Northumberland for the accession of Lady Jane Grey. For his share in these designs he was imprisoned: and although for a time he was set at liberty, and allowed to travel on the Continent, he was afterwards induced to put himself within the power of the advisers of Queen Mary, and was forced to make a humiliating recantation of his Protestant views, as the price of obtaining his freedom, and a regrant of some of the lands conferred on him by Edward. He survived the humiliation for a year only, and died in 1557.]

THE name of Sir John Cheke calls for mention in the history of English prose literature, not from the importance of such of his own prose as remains, but from the consistent testimony which his contemporaries bear to his wide and powerful personal influence, and to the impression made by his special theories, both as to literary form and matter, on those whose literary work was greater than his own. When we examine the record of his life and achievements, we cannot but feel somewhat sceptical as to the grounds for the very extravagant eulogies of which he is the subject, and are fain to take on trust the verdict of Holinshed, that he was "a gentleman every way, in complete sort satisfying the report blazed abroad of him." "Surely it appeareth," adds Holinshed, "that as in this gentleman there was an extraordinary heap of laudable gifts, so there was also in him the right use of

them all." But without accepting fully praises so lavish, it is possible for us to trace pretty clearly the nature of his influence. His chief work at St. John's College was the promotion of the study of Greek; but this was to him only a means to a very definite end. His desire was to make his college a centre of all intellectual activities, so that it should represent, as Ascham tells us in describing Cheke's aim, the *universa literarum societas*. But Cheke did not intend that St. John's should be a mere home for students; its chief work was to be the training of men for the service of the State. By the bounty of Henry VIII. Cheke himself was able to travel in his early manhood, and thus acquire the knowledge of men which he desired to add to the knowledge to be derived from books; and under his guidance St. John's became a nursery of men destined to take a high place in the active political life of the day. His conception of Greek scholarship was above all things practical; he directed the reading of his students to those books of which the subjects would best fit them for the duties of life; he discarded the disquisitions of the schoolmen and the niceties of the grammarian; and he seems to have impressed his auditors chiefly by his power of conveying in terse and forcible English the general sense of a Greek author. To draw from an author the practical teaching he had to give; to use him as a guide for the judgment; to select for the imitation of his scholars the style which was most natural and most expressive, this was Cheke's aim in teaching Greek. Judged by its results, in the training of a whole troop of able men, who vied with each other in venerating their teacher, and who made St. John's College illustrious, Cheke's work was successful. It is difficult to avoid the impression that his attention to aspects of life, very different from that of the student, however clear-sighted and practical, was not always without a baser ingredient. He certainly made full and constant use of his opportunities for obtaining grants from the natural generosity of his royal pupil, and he procured a *mandamus* for his own election as Provost of King's, against the most distinct provisions of the College statutes. He was not backward in devising those flattering accounts of his intellectual eminence by which Edward was taught to believe himself a miracle of learning and genius; but when we are told that Cheke selected the *Ethics* of Aristotle as a proper text-book for a boy of thirteen, we are tempted to think that the instruction was more specious than real, and that he allowed his

veneration for royalty to get the better of his common sense. When occasionally compelled, by storms at Court, to retire for a time to the University, he was not superior to the usual insincere commonplaces upon the pleasure of abandoning aims of ambition for a restful obscurity, which he quitted upon the first opportunity. The course of his political career tempts us to judge that it was guided mainly by self-interest, and that his attachment to the Reformed Doctrine, which he recanted with every circumstance of humiliation, not only under the fear of persecution, but also with the prospect of restored wealth, was rather the natural accompaniment of his earlier political circumstances, than the result of independent or very sincere conviction.

Cheke's works were chiefly in Latin, and are not in themselves of much importance. The style of his Latin verses does not indicate that he gave much attention to the niceties of composition, but we are told that he had the power of imparting to his pupils a good conception of the subtleties of style. His remarks on the style of Sallust, reported by Ascham, show an acute critic. Sallust's writing, he said, "was more art than nature, and more labour than art. And in his labour also too much toil, *as it were with an uncontented care to write better than he could; a fault common to very many men.*" To the limits and rules of *imitation* in literary form he gave special care; and Ascham's maxims are reproduced from the teaching of Cheke. His innovation in the pronunciation of Greek, which he maintained against the rigid conservatism of the Bishop of Winchester, does not belong to that aspect of his work which concerns us here. But the spirit that prompted it moved him to attempt the hopeless task of reforming English spelling, and to the further attempt to introduce an affected purism, which would reject all words of other than Saxon origin. He left an incomplete and very unsuccessful translation of the Gospels, which is marred by both these pedantic eccentricities, and which he vainly hoped would supersede the earlier translation. The most considerable English work which he has left is a tract on the *Hurt of Sedition* (from which the following extracts are taken), written in 1549, against the insurrection then raised by Ket the Tanner, which was directed partly against the enclosures, and partly against the innovations in religion. It is written in terse, homely, and forcible prose; but although it shows the desire to avoid undue formality of style,

which was characteristic of Cheke and of his pupils, it does not carry this homeliness to the length of an affected and pedantic purism. The construction is often very irregular, but there is a considerable straining after that balance of one clause with another by similarity of endings, which becomes more marked in Ascham.

In education and training, in the part he took first in the University and then in the political world, in his knowledge of the great European movements of the time, gained by experience abroad, Cheke was typical of his day, and his life might be paralleled by that of more than one of his contemporaries. In particular, Sir Thomas Smith was born in the same year; spent his earlier years in the University of Cambridge with Cheke; like him became a lecturer, and was strongly interested in the new studies; was summoned, as Cheke was, to the Court, as the adherent of the Protector; became an equally strong supporter of the Reformed Doctrine; served on embassies, as Cheke did. He managed to steer a safer course in the world of politics than did Cheke, and lived to become a statesman of importance under Elizabeth. His chief contribution to English prose was an account of the English Commonwealth, written also in French for the use of Prince Condé. The book shows no characteristic feature of style; but the juxtaposition of two men like Cheke and Smith is interesting, as showing the increasing influence of the Universities at once in literature and in public life.

H. CRAIK.

THE LESSONS OF SEDITION

AMONG so many and notable benefits, wherewith God hath already and plentifully indued us, there is nothing more beneficial than that we have by His grace kept us quiet from rebellion at this time. For we see such miseries hang over the whole state of the commonwealth, through the great misorder of your sedition, that it maketh us much to rejoice, that we have been neither partners of your doings, nor conspirers of your counsels. For even as the Lacedæmonians for the avoiding of drunkenness did cause their sons to behold their servants when they were drunk, that by beholding their beastliness, they might avoid the like vice: even so hath God like a merciful father stayed us from your wickedness, that by beholding the filth of your fault, we might justly for offence abhor you like rebels, whom else by nature we love like Englishmen. And so for ourselves, we have great cause to thank God, by whose religion and holy Word daily taught us, we learn not only to fear Him truly, but also to obey our king faithfully, and to serve in our own vocation like subjects honestly. And as for you, we have surely just cause to lament you as brethren, and yet juster cause to rise against you as enemies, and most just cause to overthrow you as rebels.

For what hurt could be done either to us privately, or to the whole commonwealth generally, that is now with mischief so brought in by you, that even as we see now the flame of your rage, so shall we necessarily be consumed hereafter with the misery of the same. Wherefore consider yourselves with some light of understanding, and mark this grievous and horrible fault, which ye have thus vilely committed, how heinous it must needs appear to you, if ye will reasonably consider that which for my duty's sake, and my whole country's cause, I will at this present declare unto you. Ye which be bound by God's Word not to obey for fear like men-pleasers, but for conscience' sake like Christians,

have contrary to God's holy will, Whose offence is everlasting death, and contrary to the godly order of quietness set out to us in the king's majesty's laws, the breach whereof is not unknown to you, taken in hand uncalled of God, unsent by men, unfit by reason, to cast away your bounden duties of obedience, and to put on you against the magistrates, God's office committed to the magistrates, for the reformation of your pretenced injuries. In the which doing ye have first faulted grievously against God, next offended unnaturally our sovereign lord, thirdly troubled miserably the whole commonwealth, undone cruelly many an honest man, and brought in an utter misery both to us the king's subjects, and to yourselves being false rebels. And yet ye pretend that partly for God's cause, and partly for the commonwealth's sake, ye do arise, when as yourselves cannot deny; but ye that seek in word God's cause, do break in deed God's commandments; and ye that seek the commonwealth have destroyed the commonwealth: and so ye mar that ye would make, and break that ye would amend, because ye neither seek anything rightly, nor would amend anything orderly.

He that faulteth, faulteth against God's ordinance, Who hath forbidden all faults, and therefore ought again to be punished by God's ordinance, Who is the reformer of faults. For He saith, Leave the punishment to me, and I will revenge them. But the magistrate is the ordinance of God, appointed by Him with the sword of punishment to look straightly to all evildoers. And therefore that that is done by the magistrate is done by the ordinance of God, whom the Scripture oftentimes doth call God, because he has the execution of God's office. How then do you take in hand to reform? Be ye kings? By what authority? Or by what occasion? Be ye the king's officers? By what commission? Be ye called of God? By what tokens declare ye that? God's Word teacheth us, that no man should take in hand any office, but he that is called of God like Aaron. What Moses, I pray you, called you? What God's minister bade you rise?

Ye rise for religion. What religion taught you that? If ye were offered persecution for religion, ye ought to fly: so Christ teacheth you, and yet you intend to fight. If ye would stand in the truth, ye ought to suffer like martyrs, and you would slay like tyrants. Thus for religion you keep no religion, and neither will follow the counsel of Christ, nor the constancy of martyrs. Why rise ye for religion? Have ye anything contrary to God's Book?

Yea, have ye not all things agreeable to God's Word? But the new is different from the old, and therefore ye will have the old. If ye measure the old by truth ye have the oldest. If ye measure the old by fancy, then it is hard; because men's fancies change, to give that is old. Ye will have the old still. Will ye have any older than that as Christ left, and His apostles taught, and the first church after Christ did use? Ye will have that the canons do establish. Why that is a great deal younger than that ye have, of later time, and newlier invented. Yet that is it that ye desire. Why then ye desire not the oldest. And do you prefer the bishops of Rome afore Christ, men's inventions afore God's law, the newer sort of worship before the older? Ye seek no religion, ye be deceived, ye seek traditions. They that teach you, blind you, that so instruct you, deceive you. If ye seek what the old doctors say, yet look what Christ the oldest of all saith. For He saith; Before Abraham was made I am. If ye seek the truest way, He is the very truth; if ye seek the readiest way, He is the very way; if ye seek everlasting life, He is the very life. What religion would ye have other now, than His religion?

You would have the Bibles in again. It is no marvel, your blind guides would lead you blind still. Why, be ye howlets and *backs*, that ye cannot look on the light? Christ saith to every one, Search ye the Scriptures, for they bear witness of Christ. You say, Pull in the Scriptures, for we will have no knowledge of Christ. The apostles of Christ will us to be so ready, that we may be able to give every man an account of our faith. Ye will us not once to read the Scriptures, for fear of knowing of our faith. Saint Paul prayeth that every man may increase in knowledge: ye desire that our knowledge might decay again. A true religion ye seek belike, and worthy to be fought for. For without the sword indeed nothing can help it, neither Christ, nor truth, nor age can maintain it. But why should ye not like that which God's Word establisheth, the primitive church hath authorised, the greatest learned men of this realm have drawn, the whole consent of the parliament hath confirmed, the king's majesty hath set forth? Is it not truly set out? Can ye devise any truer than Christ's apostles used? Ye think it is not learnedly done. Dare ye commons take upon you more learning than the chosen bishops and clerks of this realm have? Think ye folly in it? Ye were wont to judge your parliament wisest, and now will ye suddenly

excel them in wisdom? Or can ye think it lacketh authority, which the king, the parliament, the learned, the wise have justly approved? Learn, learn to know this one point of religion, that God will be worshipped as He hath prescribed, and not as we have devised; and that His will is wholly in His Scriptures, which be full of God's spirit, and profitable to teach the truth, to reprove lies, to amend faults, to bring one up in righteousness, that he that is a God's man may be perfect and ready to all good works. What can be more required to serve God withal? And thus much for religion, rebels.

(From *The Hurt of Sedition how grievous it is to a Commonwealth, set out in the year* 1549.)

TREASON JUDGED BY ITS FRUITS

LOOK upon yourselves, after ye have wickedly stept into this horrible kind of treason, do ye not see how many bottomless whirlpools of mischief ye be gulft withal, and what loathsome kinds of rebellion ye be fain to wade through? Ye have sent out in the king's name, against the king's will, precepts of all kinds, and without commandment commanded his subjects, and unrulily have ruled where ye listed to command, thinking your own fancies the king's commandments, and rebels' lusts in things to be right government of things, not looking what should follow by reason, but what yourselves follow by affection. And is it not a dangerous and a cruel kind of treason, to give out precepts to the king's people? There can be no just execution of laws, reformation of faults, giving out of commandments, but from the king. For in the king only is the right hereof, and the authority of him derived by his appointment to his ministers. Ye having no authority of the king, but taking it of yourselves, what think ye yourselves to be? Ministers ye be none, except ye be the devil's ministers, for he is the author of sedition.

The king's majesty intendeth to maintain peace, and to oppress war; ye stir up uproars of people, hurliburlies of vagabonds, routs of robbers. Is this any part of the king's ministery? If a vagabond would do what he lust, and call himself your servant, and execute such offices of trust, whether ye would or no, as ye have committed unto another man's credit, what would every one of

you say or do herein? Would ye suffer it? Ye wander out of houses, ye make every day new matters as it pleaseth you, ye take in hand the execution of those things, God by His Word forbidding the same, which God hath put the magistrates in trust withal. What can ye say to this? Is it sufferable think ye? If ye told a private message in another man's name, can it be but a false lie I pray you? And to tell a feigned message to the commonwealth, and that from the king, can it be honest think ye? To command is more than to speak: what is it then to command so traitorous a lie? This then which is in word a deceitful lie, and in deed a traitorous fact, noisome to the commonwealth, unhonourable to the king, mischievous in you, how can ye otherwise judge of it, but to be an unheard of and notable disobedience to the king: and therefore by notable example to be punished, and not with gentleness of pardon to be forgiven? Ye have robbed every honest house, and spoiled them unjustly, and piteously wronged poor men being no offenders, to their utter undoing, and yet ye think ye have not broken the king's laws. The king's majesty's law and his commandment is, that every man should safely keep his own, and use it reasonably to an honest gain of his living: ye violently take and carry away from men without cause, all things whereby they should maintain, not only themselves, but also their family, and leave them so naked, that they should feel the smart of your cursed enterprise, longer than your own unnatural and ungodly stomachs would well vouchsafe. By justice ye should neither hurt nor wrong man, and your pretenced cause of this monstrous stir is to increase men's wealth. And yet how many, and say truth, have ye decayed and undone, by spoiling and taking away their goods? How should honest men live quietly in the commonwealth at any time, if their goods, either gotten by their own labour, or left to them by their friends, shall unlawfully and unorderly, to the feeding of a sort of rebels, be spoiled and wasted, and utterly scattered abroad? The thing that ye take is not your right, it is another man's own. The manner of taking against his will is unlawful, and against the order of every good commonwealth. The cause why ye take it is mischievous and horrible, to fat your sedition. Ye that take it be wicked traitors, and common enemies of all good order.

If he that desireth another man's goods or cattle do fault, what doth he (think you) whose desire taking followeth, and is led to and fro by lust, as his wicked fancy, void of reason, doth

guide him? He that useth not his own well and charitably, hath much to answer for; and shall they be thought not unjust, who not only take away other men's, but also misuse and waste the same ungodly? They that take things privily away, and steal secretly and covertly other men's goods, be by law judged worthy death; and shall they that without shame spoil things openly, and be not afeard by impudency to profess their spoil, be thought either honest creatures to God, or faithful subjects to their king, or natural men to their country? If nothing had moved you but the example of mischief, and the foul practice of other moved by the same, ye should yet have abstained from so licentious and villanous a show of robbery, considering how many honester there be, that being loth their wickedness should be blazed abroad, yet be found out by providence, and hanged for desert. What shall we then think or say of you? Shall we call you pickers, or hid thieves? nay more than thieves, day thieves, herd stealers, shire spoilers, and utter destroyers of all kinds of families, both among the poor and also among the rich.

(From the Same.)

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE

O NOBLE peace, what wealth bringest thou in, how do all things flourish in field and in town, what forwardness of religion, what increase of learning, what gravity in counsel, what devise of wit, what order of manners, what obedience of laws, what reverence of states, what safeguard of houses, what quietness of life, what honour of countries, what friendship of minds, what honesty of pleasure hast thou always maintained, whose happiness we knew not, while now we feel thy lack, and shall learn by misery to understand plenty, and so to avoid mischief by the hurt that it bringeth, and learn to serve better, where rebellion is once known; and so to live truly, and keep the king's peace. What good state were ye in afore ye began, not pricked with poverty, but stirred with mischief, to seek your destruction, having ways to redress all that was amiss? Magistrates most ready to tender all justice, and pitiful in hearing the poor men's causes, which sought to amend matters more than you can devise, and were ready to redress them better than ye could imagine; and yet for

a headiness ye could not be contented; but in despite of God, who commandeth obedience, and in contempt of the king, whose laws do seek your wealth, and to overthrow the country, which naturally we should love, ye would proudly rise, and do ye wot not what, and amend things by rebellion to your utter undoing. What states leave ye us in now, besieged with enemies, divided at home, made poor with spoil and loss of our harvest, murdered and cast down with slaughter and hatred, hindered from amendments by our own devilish haste, endangered with sickness by reason of misorder, laid open to men's pleasures for breaking of the laws, and feebled to such faintness that scarcely it will be covered.

Wherefore, for God's sake, have pity on yourselves, consider how miserably ye have spoiled, destroyed, and wasted us all; and if for desperateness ye care not for yourselves, yet remember your wives, your children, your country, and forsake this rebellion. With humble submission acknowledge your faults, and tarry not the extremity of the king's sword; leave off with repentance, and turn to your duties, ask God forgiveness, submit ye to your king, be contented for a commonwealth one or two to die.

(From the Same.)

ROGER ASCHAM

[Roger Ascham was born in Yorkshire in 1515, and belonged to a family of some repute. He owed his earlier education, and the means of subsequently pursuing a university career, to the bounty of Sir Anthony Wingfield. In 1530 he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, then the foremost arena of the new studies, with which were generally combined the new religious tenets of the day. He studied Greek under Sir John Cheke, and became one of the most ardent votaries of the literature which was then stirring the mental activity of Europe as it had never been stirred before. In 1531 he became a Fellow of his college, and subsequently held the appointments of Reader in Greek and of Public Orator. In 1545 he secured the favour of Henry VIII. by his *Toxophilus*, which was intended to signalise at once his patriotism and his learning; and he was granted a pension which was renewed by Edward VI. In 1548 he became tutor to the Princess Elizabeth; and exchanged this post soon after for that of Secretary to an Embassy to the Court of Charles V. After the death of Edward VI. he managed to secure, either by his own adroitness in concealing his Protestant opinions, or by a toleration of them by the dominant faction that is surprising, the post of Secretary to Queen Mary; nor did this prevent his afterwards receiving further preferment from Elizabeth. In his later years he wrote the *Schoolmaster*, which was published after his death. He died in 1568.]

THE very considerable fame—or at least familiarity in the mouths of men—which Ascham has attained is probably due to several very different causes. His position as tutor and secretary to two successive female sovereigns, and his acquaintance with that ill-fated aspirant to a throne—Lady Jane Grey—has given a certain interest to his life. Besides this he was one of the earliest systematic writers on education—a subject which, if it does not always clothe itself with much literary grace, is at least of perennial importance and concern. Lastly, he illustrates, perhaps more completely than any other in his generation, the peculiar type of mind that was bred of the New Learning. His very numerous letters, in Latin and English, from the university and during his travels, have much interest of detail, although they have never obtained any extended audience. But they show us

one side of that eager curiosity and vigorous outlook which he kept upon all the current topics of the day, viewed by him with the critical eye bred of his special studies. He has no genius, not even any marked talent. But he is an enthusiastic student; and he is not a student only, but subordinates all his gifts—his scholarship, his knowledge of courts, his experience of the world —to a purely literary aim. We might almost claim Ascham as our first purely literary man. He is an enthusiast for letters. For them he would claim the best youth of England. He is eager to dissociate the profession from any taint of pedantry, and to drive out of it the weaklings who betake themselves to letters because they are unfit for anything else. He demands for the profession a long and arduous apprenticeship. He is determined to maintain for it a severe code of rules. He is a strict conservative in literature, and will permit no plea of individual taste to defend eccentricities of critical judgment. "He that can neither like Aristotle in logic and philosophy, nor Tully in rhetoric and eloquence, will, from these steps, likely enough presume to mount higher, by like pride, to the misliking of greater matters." Literary singularity is with Ascham a crime. His literary faith was soundly based on the firm foundation of a scholarship, not perhaps of great grasp or minute accuracy, but broad and intelligent. Ascham's books sufficiently prove his classical reading to have been wider and more thoroughly digested than the general university standard from his death to the advent of Bentley.

An ardent admirer of Athens, and in a less degree of Rome, Ascham found nothing to attract him in the Romance languages or their literature, and was morbidly jealous of their influence upon the English language. It is to this that we must ascribe the almost pedantic simplicity of style, amounting often to uncouthness, which he affected. But this uncouthness was caused by no neglect, but was rather sought after on principle, and perhaps in order to prevent his most beloved studies from the imputation of fostering an ornate or recondite style. No man is more careful to inculcate "all right congruity; propriety of words; order in sentences; the right imitation; to invent good matter, to dispose it in good order." His rules did not make Ascham a master of style, but they at least show him to have had a true perception of its qualities.

The *Toxophilus* is a dialogue, inculcating the necessity of cultivating the art of archery as an exercise at once pleasant and

patriotic. But its real object is to show the learning of the author, and his power of managing a dialogue in the Platonic manner. The *Schoolmaster*, which treats of what have since become well-worn educational problems, has a more distinct and definite aim, as its subject was, indeed, one more adapted to literary treatment. It is interesting not only as embodying a distinct system of educational rules, but also as giving a wide range of view over Ascham's general opinions on men, manners, and literature. A carefully annotated edition of the two books is still a want in our libraries; and such an edition would be of immense value in forming a judgment as to the character and range of the best classical scholarship of Ascham's day.

Some peculiarities of his style are worthy of special remark. One of these is his proneness to alliteration, due perhaps to his desire to reproduce the most striking features of the early English. "Much music marreth men's manners;" "crafty conveyance, brainless brawling, false forswearing,"—alliterative phrases like these occur constantly in his pages. A tendency of an almost directly opposite kind is the balance of sentences in which he imitates classical models. Thus, he writes of "our king's most royal purpose and will, which in all his statutes generally doth command men, with his own mouth most gently doth exhort men, by his great gifts and rewards greatly doth encourage men, with his most princely example very oft doth provoke all other men to the same." Or again: "Young children use not (shooting); young men for fear of them whom they be under, dare not; sage men for other great businesses, will not; aged men for lack of strength, can not; rich men for covetousness sake, care not; poor men for cost and charge, may not; masters for their household keeping, heed not; servants kept in by their masters, shall not; craftsmen for getting of their living, very much leisure have not; many there be that oft begins, but for unaptness proves not; most of all which when they be shooters give it over and list not; so that generally men everywhere for one or other consideration much shooting use not." These two are perhaps the most striking characteristics of Ascham's prose: and it is interesting to observe how much of the structure of the sentence, in the more elaborated stages of English prose is due to their combination.

H. CRAIK.

Toxophilus. Therefore either Aristotle and Plato know not what was good and evil for learning and virtue, and the example of wise histories be vainly set afore us, or else the minstrelsy of lutes, pipes, harps, and all other that standeth by such nice, fine, minikin fingering, (such as the most part of scholars whom I know use, if they use any,) is far more fit, for the womanishness of it, to dwell in the Court among ladies, than for any great thing in it, which should help good and sad study, to abide in the university among scholars. But perhaps you know some great goodness of such music and such instruments, whereunto Plato and Aristotle his brain could never attain; and therefore I will say no more against it.

Philologus. Well, Toxophile, is it not enough for you to rail upon music, except you mock me too? But, to say the truth, I never thought myself these kinds of music fit for learning; but that which I said was rather to prove you, than to defend the matter. But yet as I would have this sort of music decay among scholars, even so do I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that the laudable custom of England to teach children their plain-song and prick-song, were not so decayed throughout all the realm as it is. Which thing how profitable it was for all sorts of men, those knew not so well then which had it most, as they do now which lack it most. And therefore it is true that Teucer saith in Sophocles:

> "Seldom at all good things be known how good to be
> Before a man such things do miss out of his hands."

That milk is no fitter nor more natural for the bringing-up of children than music is, both Galen proveth by authority, and daily use teacheth by experience. For even the little babes lacking the use of reason, are scarce so well stilled in sucking their mother's pap, as in hearing their mother sing. Again, how

fit youth is made by learning to sing, for grammar and other sciences, both we daily do see, and Plutarch learnedly doth prove, and Plato wisely did allow, which received no scholar into his school that had not learned his song before. The godly use of praising God, by singing in the church, needeth not my praise, seeing it is so praised through all the scripture; therefore now I will speak nothing of it, rather than I should speak too little of it.

Beside all these commodities, truly two degrees of men, which have the highest offices under the King in all this realm, shall greatly lack the use of singing, preachers, and lawyers, because they shall not, without this, be able to rule their breasts for every purpose. For where is no distinction in telling glad things and fearful things, gentleness and cruelness, softness and vehementness, and such-like matters, there can be no great persuasion. For the hearers, as Tully saith, be much affectioned as he is that speaketh. At his words be they drawn; if he stand still in one fashion, their minds stand still with him; if he thunder, they quake; if he chide, they fear; if he complain, they sorry with him; and finally where a matter is spoken with an apt voice for every affection, the hearers, for the most part, are moved as the speaker would. But when a man is alway in one tune, like an humble bee, or else now in the top of the church, now down, that no man knoweth where to have him; or piping like a reed or roaring like a bull, as some lawyers do, which think they do best when they cry loudest, these shall never greatly move, as I have known many well-learned have done, because their voice was not stayed afore with learning to sing. For all voices, great and small, base and shrill, weak or soft, may be holpen and brought to a good point by learning to sing.

Whether this be true or not, they that stand most in need can tell best; whereof some I have known, which, because they learned not to sing when they were boys, were fain to take pain in it when they were men. If any man should hear me, Toxophile, that would think I did but fondly to suppose that a voice were so necessary to be looked upon, I would ask him if he thought not nature a fool, for making such goodly instruments in a man for well uttering his words; or else if the two noble orators Demosthenes and Cicero were not fools, whereof the one did not only learn to sing of a man, but also was not ashamed to learn how he should utter his sounds aptly of a dog; the other setteth

out no point of rhetoric so fully in all his books, as how a man should order his voice for all kind of matters.

Therefore seeing men, by speaking, differ and be better than beasts, by speaking well better than other men, and that singing is an help toward the same, as daily experience doth teach, example of wise men doth allow, authority of learned men doth approve, wherewith the foundation of youth in all good commonwealths always hath been tempered: surely, if I were one of the Parliament-house, I would not fail to put up a bill for the amendment of this thing; but because I am like to be none this year, I will speak no more of it at this time.

(From *Toxophilus.*)

A DEFENCE OF ARCHERY

Philologus. To grant, Toxophile, that students may at times convenient use shooting as most wholesome and honest pastime, yet to do as some do, to shoot hourly, daily, weekly, and in a manner the whole year, neither I can praise, nor any wise man will allow, nor you yourself can honestly defend.

Toxophilus. Surely, Philologe, I am very glad to see you come to that point that most lieth in your stomach, and grieveth you and others so much. But I trust, after I have said my mind in this matter, you shall confess yourself that you do rebuke this thing more than you need, rather than you shall find that any man may spend by any possibility, more time in shooting than he ought. For first and foremost, the whole time is divided into two parts, the day and the night; whereof the night may be both occupied in many honest businesses, and also spent in much unthriftiness, but in no wise it can be applied to shooting. And here you see that half our time, granted to all other things in a manner both good and ill, is at one swap quite taken away from shooting. Now let us go forward, and see how much of half this time of ours is spent in shooting. The whole year is divided into four parts, spring-time, summer, fall of the leaf, and winter. Whereof the whole winter, for the roughness of it, is clean taken away from shooting; except it be one day amongst twenty, or one year amongst forty. In summer, for the fervent heat, a man may say likewise; except it be some time against night. Now then spring-time and fall of the leaf be those which we abuse in shooting.

But if we consider how mutable and changeable the weather is in those seasons, and how that Aristotle himself saith, that most part of rain falleth in these two times; we shall well perceive, that where a man would shoot one day, he shall be fain to leave off four. Now when time itself granteth us but a little space to shoot in, let us see if shooting be not hindered amongst all kinds of men as much other ways.

First, young children use not; young men, for fear of them whom they be under too much, dare not; sage men, for other greater business, will not; aged men, for lack of strength, can not; rich men, for covetousness sake, care not; poor men, for cost and charge, may not; masters, for their household keeping, heed not; servants, kept in by their masters very oft, shall not; craftsmen, for getting of their living, very much leisure have not; and many there be that oft begins, but, for unaptness, proves not; and most of all, which when they be shooters give it over and list not; so that generally men everywhere, for one or other consideration, much shooting use not. Therefore these two things, straitness of time, and every man his trade of living, are the causes that so few men shoot, as you may see in this great town, where, as there be a thousand good men's bodies, yet scarce ten that useth any great shooting. And those whom you see shoot the most, with how many things are they drawn, or rather driven, from shooting. For first, as it is many a year or they begin to be great shooters, even so the great heat of shooting is gone within a year or two; as you know divers, Philologe, yourself, which were some time the best shooters, and now they be the best students.

If a man fall sick, farewell shooting, may fortune as long as he liveth. If he have a wrench, or have taken cold in his arm, he may hang up his bow (I warrant you) for a season. A little blain, a small cut, yea a silly poor worm in his finger, may keep him from shooting well enough. Breaking and ill luck in bows I will pass over, with a hundred more serious things, which chanceth every day to them that shoot most, whereof the least of them may compel a man to leave shooting. And these things be so true and evident, that it is impossible either for me craftily to feign them, or else for you justly to deny them. Then seeing how many hundred things are required altogether to give a man leave to shoot, and, any one of them denied, a man cannot shoot; and seeing every one of them may chance, and doth chance every

day; I marvel any wise man will think it possible that any great time can be spent in shooting at all.

(From the Same.)

FALSE FLATTERY OF THE SCOTS

Toxophilus. And here I must needs remember a certain Frenchman, called Textor, that writeth a book which he nameth *Officina*, wherein he weaveth up many broken-ended matters, and sets out much riffraff, pelfery, trumpery, baggage, and beggary ware, clampered up of one that would seem to be fitter for a shop indeed than to write any book. And, amongst all other ill packed up matters he thrusts up in a heap together all the good shooters that ever hath been in the world, as he saith himself; and yet I trow, Philologe, that all the examples which I now, by chance, have rehearsed out of the best authors both in Greek and Latin, Textor hath but two of them, which two surely, if they were to reckon again, I would not once name them, partly because they were naughty persons, and shooting so much the worse because they loved it, as Domitian and Commodus, the Emperors; partly because Textor hath them in his book, on whom I looked by chance in the book-binder's shop, thinking of no such matter. And one thing I will say to you, Philologus, that if I were disposed to do it, and you had leisure to hear it, I could soon do as Textor doth, and reckon up such a rabble of shooters, that be named here and there in poets, as would hold us talking whilst to-morrow; but my purpose was not to make mention of those which were feigned of poets for their pleasure, but of such as were proved in histories for a truth. But why I bring in Textor was this: At last, when he hath reckoned all shooters that he can, he saith thus, Petrus Crinitus writeth, that the Scots, which dwell beyond England, be very excellent shooters, and the best bowmen in war. This sentence, whether Crinitus wrote it more lewdly of ignorance, or Textor confirmeth it more peevishly of envy, may be called in question and doubt, but this surely do I know very well, that Textor hath both read in Gaguinus the French history, and also hath heard his father or grandfather talk (except perchance he was born and bred in a cloister) after that sort of the shooting of Englishmen, that Textor needed not to have gone so peevishly beyond England for shooting, but might very soon, even in the first town of Kent, have found such plenty

of shooting, as is not in all the realm of Scotland again. The Scots surely be good men of war in their own feats as can be; but as for shooting, they neither can use it for any profit, nor yet will challenge it for any praise, although Master Textor, of his gentleness, would give it them. Textor needed not to have filled up his book with such lies, if he had read the history of Scotland, which Johannes Major doth write: wherein he might have learned, that when James Stewart, first king of that name, at the parliament holden at Saint John's town, or Perth, commanding under pain of a great forfeit, that every Scot should learn to shoot; yet neither the love of their country, the fear of their enemies, the avoiding of punishment, nor the receiving of any profit that might come by it, could make them to be good archers which be unapt and unfit thereunto by God's providence and nature.

Therefore the Scots themselves prove Textor a liar, both with authority and also daily experience, and by a certain proverb that they have amongst them in their communication, whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus: that "every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scots."

But to let Textor and the Scots go, yet one thing would I wish for the Scots, and that is this; that seeing one God, one faith, one compass of the sea, one land and country, one tongue in speaking, one manner and trade in living, like courage and stomach in war, like quickness of wit to learning, hath made England and Scotland both one, they would suffer them no longer to be two; but clean give over the pope, which seeketh none other thing (as many a noble and wise Scottish man doth know) but to feed up dissension and parties betwixt them and us, procuring that thing to be two, which God, nature, and reason would have one.

How profitable such an *atonement* were for Scotland, both Johannes Major and Hector Boetius, which wrote the Scots Chronicles, do tell, and also all the gentlemen of Scotland, with the poor commonalty, do well know; so that there is nothing that stoppeth this matter, save only a few *freers* and such like, which, with the dregs of our English Papistry lurking amongst them, study nothing else but to brew battle and strife betwixt both the people; whereby only they hope to maintain their papistical kingdom, to the destruction of the noble blood of Scotland, that then they may with authority do that, which neither noble man nor poor man in Scotland yet doth know. And as Scottish men

and English men be not enemies by nature, but by custom; not by our good will, but by their own folly; which should take more honour in being coupled to England, than we should take profit in being joined to Scotland.

(From the Same.)

A DIALOGUE IN THE SOCRATIC MANNER

Philologus. But now, Sir, whereas you think that a man, in learning to shoot or anything else, should rather wisely follow possibility, than vainly seek for perfect excellency; surely I will prove that every wise man, that wisely would learn anything, shall chiefly go about that whereunto he knoweth well he shall never come. And you yourself, I suppose, shall confess the same to be the best way in teaching, if you will answer me to those things which I will ask of you.

Toxophilus. And that I will gladly; both because I think it is unpossible for you to prove it, and also because I desire to hear what you can say in it.

Philologus. The study of a good physician, Toxophile, I trow be to know all diseases and all medicines fit for them.

Tox. It is so indeed.

Phil. Because, I suppose, he would gladly, at all times, heal all diseases of all men.

Tox. Yea, truly.

Phil. A good purpose surely; but was there ever physician yet among so many which hath laboured in this study, that at all times could heal all diseases?

Tox. No, truly; nor, I think, never shall be.

Phil. Then physicians, belike, study for that which none of them cometh unto. But in learning of fence, I pray you what is that which men most labour for?

Tox. That they may hit another, I trow, and never take blow their self.

Phil. You say truth, and I am sure every one of them would fain do so whensoever he playeth. But was there ever any of them so cunning yet, which, at one time or other, hath not been touched.

Tox. The best of them all is glad sometime to escape with a blow.

Phil. Then in fence also, men are taught to go about that thing, which the best of them all knoweth he shall never attain unto. Moreover you that be shooters, I pray you, what mean you, when ye take so great heed to keep your standing, to shoot compass, to look on your mark so diligently, to cast up grass divers times, and other things more you know better than I. What would you do then, I pray you?

Tox. Hit the mark if we could.

Phil. And doth every man go about to hit the mark at every shot?

Tox. By my troth I trow so; and, as for myself, I am sure I do.

Phil. But all men do not hit it at all times.

Tox. No, truly, for that were a wonder.

Phil. Can any man hit it at all times?

Tox. No man, verily.

Phil. Then belikely, to hit the prick always is unpossible. For that is called unpossible which is in no man his power to do.

Tox. Unpossible indeed.

Phil. But to shoot wide and far of the mark is a thing possible.

Tox. No man will deny that.

Phil. But yet to hit the mark always were an excellent thing.

Tox. Excellent, surely.

Phil. Then I am sure those be wiser men which covet to shoot wide, than those which covet to hit the prick.

Tox. Why so; I pray you?

Phil. Because to shoot wide is a thing possible, and therefore, as you say yourself, of every wise man to be followed. And as for hitting the prick, because it is unpossible, it were a vain thing to go about it in good sadness, Toxophile; thus you see that a man might go through all crafts and sciences, and prove that any man in his science coveteth that which he shall never get.

Tox. By my troth (as you say) I cannot deny but they do so; but why and wherefore they should do so, I cannot learn.

Phil. I will tell you. Every craft and science standeth in two things: in knowing of his craft, and working of his craft; for perfect knowledge bringeth a man to perfect working: this know painters, carvers, tailors, shoemakers, and all other craftsmen, to be true. Now, in every craft there is a perfect excellency, which may be better known in a man's mind, than followed in a man's deed. This perfectness, because it is generally laid as a broad wide example afore all men, no one particular man is able to com-

pass it; and, as it is general to all men, so it is perpetual for all time, which proveth it a thing for man unpossible; although not for the capacity of our thinking, which is heavenly, yet surely for the ability of our working, which is worldly. God giveth not full perfectness to one man (saith Tully) lest if one man had all in any one science, there should be nothing left for another. Yet God suffereth us to have the perfect knowledge of it, that such a knowledge, diligently followed, might bring forth, according as a man doth labour, perfect working. And who is he, that, in learning to write, would forsake an excellent example and follow a worse? Therefore, seeing perfectness itself is an example for us, let every man study how he may come nigh it, which is a point of wisdom, not reason with God why he may not attain unto it, which is vain curiosity.

(From the Same.)

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM ATHENS

ATHENS, by this discipline and good ordering of youth, did breed up, within the circuit of that one city, within the compass of one hundred year, within the memory of one man's life, so many notable captains in war, for worthiness, wisdom, and learning, as be scarce matchable, no, not in the state of Rome, in the compass of those seven hundred years, when it flourished most.

And because I will not only say it, but also prove it, the names of them be these: Miltiades, Themistocles, Xanthippus, Pericles, Cimon, Alcibiades, Thrasybulus, Conon, Iphicrates, Xenophon, Timotheus, Theopompus, Demetrius, and divers other more; of which every one may justly be spoken that worthy praise which was given to Scipio Africanus, who Cicero doubteth, "whether he were more noble captain in war, or more eloquent and wise counsellor in peace." And if ye believe not me, read diligently Æmilius Probus in Latin, and Plutarch in Greek; which two had no cause either to flatter or lie upon any of those which I have recited.

And beside nobility in war, for excellent and matchless masters in all manner of learning, in that one city, in memory of one age, were more learned men, and that in a manner altogether, than all time doth remember, than all place doth afford, than all other

tongues do contain. And I do not mean of those authors, which by injury of time, by negligence of men, by cruelty of fire and sword, be lost; but even of those, which by God's grace are left yet unto us; of which, I thank God, even my poor study lacketh not one. As, in philosophy, Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon, Euclid, and Theophrast; in eloquence and civil law, Demosthenes, Æschines, Lycurgus, Dinarchus, Demades, Isocrates, Isæus, Lysias, Antisthenes, Andocides; in histories, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and, which we lack to our great loss, Theopompus and Ephorus; in poetry, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and somewhat of Menander, Demosthenes' sister's son.

Now let Italian, and Latin itself, Spanish, French, Dutch, and English, bring forth their learning, and recite their authorities; Cicero only excepted, and one or two more in Latin, they be all patched clouts and rags, in comparison of fair woven broad-cloths; and truly, if there be any good in them, it is either learned, borrowed, or stolen from some of those worthy wits of Athens.

The remembrance of such a commonwealth, using such discipline and order for youth, and thereby bringing forth to their praise, and leaving to us for our example, such captains for war, such counsellors for peace, and matchless masters for all kind of learning, is pleasant for me to recite, and not irksome, I trust, for other to hear, except it be such as make neither account of virtue nor learning.

And whether there be any such or no, I cannot well tell: yet I hear say, some young gentlemen of ours count it their shame to be counted learned: and perchance they count it their shame to be counted honest also: for I hear say, they meddle as little with the one as with the other. A marvellous case, that gentlemen should so be ashamed of good learning, and never a whit ashamed of ill manners! Such do say for them, that the gentlemen of France do so; which is a lie, as God will have it: Langæus and Bellæus, that be dead, and the noble Vidam of Chartres, that is alive, and infinite more in France, which I hear tell of, prove this to be most false. And though some in France, which will needs be gentlemen, whether men will or no, and have more gentleness in their hat than in their head, be at deadly feud with both learning and honesty; yet I believe, if that noble prince, King Francis the First, were alive, they should have neither place in his court, nor pension in his wars, if he had knowledge of them.

This opinion is not French, but plain Turkish, from whence some French fetch more faults than this; which I pray God keep out of England, and send also those of ours better minds, which bend themselves against virtue and learning, to the contempt of God, dishonour of their country, to the hurt of many others, and at length to the greatest harm and utter destruction of themselves.

Some other, having better nature but less wit (for ill commonly have over much wit), do not utterly dispraise learning, but they say, that without learning, common experience, knowledge of all fashions, and haunting all companies, shall work in youth both wisdom and ability to execute any weighty affair. Surely long experience doth profit much, but most, and almost only to him (if we mean honest affairs) that is diligently before instructed with precepts of well doing. For good precepts of learning be the eyes of the mind, to look wisely before a man, which way to go right, and which not.

Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely, when experience maketh more miserable, than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy master he is that is made cunning by many shipwrecks; a miserable merchant, that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrouts. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by experience itself, that it is a marvellous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And surely, he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And verily they be fewest in number that be happy or wise by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former life of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered by long experience a little wisdom and some happiness; and when you do consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped, (and yet twenty for one do perish in the adventure,) then think well with yourself, whether you would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no.

(From the *Schoolmaster*.)

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE

PRESENT examples of this present time I list not to touch; yet there is one example for all the gentlemen of this court to follow, that may well satisfy them, or nothing will serve them, nor no example move them to goodness and learning.

It is your shame (I speak to you all, you young gentlemen of England) that one maid should go beyond you all in excellency of learning and knowledge of divers tongues. Point forth six of the best given gentlemen of this court, and all they together show not so much good will, spend not so much time, bestow not so many hours daily, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queen's Majesty herself. Yea, I believe, that beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsor more Greek every day, than some prebendary of this church doth read Latin in a whole week. And that which is most praiseworthy of all, within the walls of her privy chamber, she hath obtained that excellency of learning to understand, speak, and write both wittily with head, and fair with hand, as scarce one or two rare wits in both the universities have in many years reached unto. Amongst all the benefits that God hath blessed me withal, next the knowledge of Christ's true religion, I count this the greatest, that it pleased God to call me to be one poor minister in setting forward these excellent gifts of learning in this most excellent prince; whose only example if the rest of our nobility would follow, then might England be for learning and wisdom in nobility, a spectacle to all the world beside. But see the mishap of men; the best examples have never such force to move to any goodness, as the bad, vain, light, and fond have to all illness.

And one example, though out of the compass of learning, yet not out of the order of good manners, was notable in this court not fully twenty-four years ago; when all the acts of parliament, many good proclamations, divers strait commandments, sore punishment openly, special regard privately, could not do so much to take away one misorder, as the example of one big one of this court did, still to keep up the same: the memory whereof doth yet remain in a common proverb of Birching Lane.

Take heed, therefore, ye great ones in the court, yea though ye be the greatest of all, take heed what ye do, take heed how ye live; for as you great ones use to do, so all mean men love to do. You be indeed makers or marrers of all men's manners within the realm. For though God hath placed you to be chief in making of laws, to bear greatest authority, to command all others; yet God doth order, that all your laws, all your authority, all your commandments, do not half so much with mean men, as doth your example and manner of living. And for example, even in the greatest matter, if you yourselves do serve God gladly and orderly for conscience sake, not coldly, and sometime for manner sake, you carry all the court with you, and the whole realm beside, earnestly and orderly to do the same. If you do otherwise, you be the only authors of all misorders in religion, not only to the court, but to all England beside. Infinite shall be made cold in religion by your example, that never were hurt by reading of books.

And in meaner matters, if three or four great ones in court will needs outrage in apparel, in huge hose, in monstrous hats, in garish colours; let the prince proclaim, make laws, order, punish, command every gate in London daily to be watched; let all good men beside do every where what they can; surely the misorder of apparel in mean men abroad shall never be amended, except the greatest in court will order and mend themselves first. I know some great and good ones in court were authors, that honest citizens of London should watch at every gate to take misordered persons in apparel; I know that honest Londoners did so; and I saw (which I saw then, and report now with some grief) that some courtly men were offended with these good men of London: and (that which grieved me most of all) I saw the very same time, for all these good orders commanded from the court and executed in London; I saw, I say, come out of London even unto the presence of the prince, a great rabble of mean and light persons in apparel, for matter against law, for making against order, for fashion, namely hose, so without all order, as he thought himself most brave, that durst do most in breaking order, and was most monstrous in misorder. And for all the great commandments that came out of the court, yet this bold misorder was winked at, and borne withal in the court. I thought it was not well, that some great ones of the court durst declare themselves offended with good men of London for doing their

duty, and the good ones of the court would not show themselves offended with ill men of London for breaking good order. I found thereby a saying of Socrates to be most true, "That ill men be more hasty, than good men be forward, to prosecute their purposes"; even as Christ himself saith of the children of light and darkness.

(From the Same.)

BOOKS THAT DO HURT

ST. PAUL saith, "that sects and ill opinions be the works of the flesh and fruits of sin." This is spoken no more truly for the doctrine than sensible for the reason. And why? For ill doings breed ill thinkings; and of corrupted manners spring perverted judgments. And how? There be in man two special things; man's will, man's mind. Where will inclineth to goodness, the mind is bent to troth. Where will is carried from goodness to vanity, the mind is soon drawn from troth to false opinion. And so, the readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine, is first to entice the will to wanton living. Therefore, when the busy and open papists abroad could not by their contentious books turn men in England fast enough from troth and right judgment in doctrine, then the subtile and secret papists at home, procured bawdy books to be translated out of the Italian tongue, whereby over-many young wills and wits allured to wantonness, do now boldly contemn all severe books that sound to honesty and godliness.

In our forefathers' time, when papistry, as a standing pool, covered and overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue, saving certain books of chivalry, as they said for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks or wanton canons. As one for example, *Morte Arthur*, the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points, in open man-slaughter and bold bawdry. In which book those be counted the noblest knights, that do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts: as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Mark his uncle; Sir Lamerock, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuff for wise men to laugh at, or honest

men to take pleasure at: yet I know, when God's Bible was banished the court, and *Morte Arthur* received into the prince's chamber.

What toys the daily reading of such a book may work in the will of a young gentleman, or a young maid, that liveth wealthily and idly, wise men can judge, and honest men do pity. And yet ten *Morte Arthurs* do not the tenth part so much harm, as one of these books made in Italy and translated in England. They open, not fond and common ways to vice, but such subtle, cunning, new, and divers shifts, to carry young wills to vanity, and young wits to mischief, to teach old bawds new school points, as the simple head of an Englishman is not able to invent, nor never was heard of in England before, yea, when papistry overflowed all. Suffer these books to be read, and they shall soon displace all books of godly learning. For they, carrying the will to vanity, and marring good manners, shall easily corrupt the mind with ill opinions, and false judgment in doctrine; first to think ill of all true religion, and at last to think nothing of God himself; one special point that is to be learned in Italy and Italian books. And that which is most to be lamented, and therefore more needful to be looked to, there be more of these ungracious books set out in print within these few months, than have been seen in England many score years before. And because our Englishmen made Italians can not hurt but certain persons, and in certain places, therefore these Italian books are made English, to bring mischief enough openly and boldly to all states, great and mean, young and old, everywhere.

(From the Same.)

THOMAS WILSON

[Thomas Wilson was born at Stroby in Lincolnshire, educated at Eton, whence he was elected in 1541 to King's College, Cambridge, and graduated in 1545-6; and became a Fellow and Master of Arts 1549. While in residence at Cambridge he was tutor to Henry and Charles Brandon, sons of the Duke of Suffolk, whose early deaths he commemorates in Latin and English. In 1551 he published *The Rule of Reason, conteinyng the Arte of Logique*, dedicated to King Edward VI. In 1553 appeared his principal work, the *Arte of Rhetorique*, dedicated to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, by whom he states its composition was suggested. He spent the years of Mary's reign in exile, studying both at Padua and Ferrara, where he took the degree of LL. D. in civil law; was seized and tortured by the Inquisition at Rome, escaping death only through the chance conflagration of his prison. He returned to England under Elizabeth, who made him successively an Ordinary Master of Requests, Master of St. Katherine's Hospital "nigh the Tower," Secretary of State for four years with Walsingham, and finally, in 1579, although a layman, Dean of Durham. He sat on commissions concerning trade and schismatics; and wrote a *Discourse on Usurye* in 1572. He served for several years in Parliament; was Ambassador on various occasions to Scotland, Portugal, and the Netherlands, where he witnessed the Sack of Antwerp in November 1576, and wrote an account of it. He also translated the Orations of Demosthenes. He died on the 16th of June 1581. He is accused of trying to plunder the revenues of his Hospital of St. Katharine's, in the church of which Hospital he was buried without a monument.]

THOMAS WILSON belongs to that earlier academic school of Tudor prose writers, whose chief characteristic is a direct and nervous simplicity and purity of diction, due partly to a growing native pride in the English tongue, partly to the revived study of Greek. He has not the sweetness and Herodotean ease of More, who, though a forerunner of the group, represents its style as a historian. He has not the homely poignancy of Latimer, its preacher, nor the graceful learning of Ascham, its teacher, with whom indeed Wilson has most in common. Versed in travel, in trade, in the region of practical politics, he may, however, be taken to stand in that group for its man of affairs.

Learned and scholarly enough, but of that order of scholars

who are keen to turn every shred of their learning to some worldly advantage, languages to him were merely a school to turn the tongue into a lever, to discipline the mind into a weapon, the memory into an armoury of examples.

With a thinker's wrath at the pompous affectations of the ignorant, he has, above all, the man of action's scorn for verbiage. A loyal and ambitious servant of Elizabeth, who himself was to feel the Roman rack, the newly-fashionable jargon from overseas strikes him as a kind of disloyalty, a currency of malign word-coiners, a papistry of phrases, which he, as High Commissioner to be, does well to stamp out.

In one whose constant reliance was on his wits, whose poverty obliged him to plunder the hospital of which he was master and the Deanery on which as a layman he had intruded; who was selected to carry out his colleague Walsingham's less savoury schemes of statecraft, while Walsingham performed more honourable parts, we must not be surprised to find certain great qualities of style entirely lacking. For nobility of thought, for the rhythmic solemnity of the prose of Cranmer, we shall look in vain. This early writing bears no trace of the music of the passions. It has been well said that the great prose of after writers, like Browne and Overbury, is always either above or below the prose level. Wilson, and his like, are never off it. Bright and abrupt images, vivid proverbs, drop as it were into their discourse from common parlance. But its proper quality is a vigour at once clear and colourless. Even in the *Discourse on Usurye* travel has enriched neither his fancy nor his vocabulary. Wilson writes of speech like a man of action. It is Puttenham who first treats it from the later developed standpoint of the man of letters.

The sources of the matter and method of the *Rhetorique* are twofold. Quintilian and the schoolmen with their stiff formularies, and endless divisions and definitions, are closely followed for the first two parts of Wilson's book. These are, however, enlivened by "modell oracions," panegyrics, and epistles, out of his own head. Such are the Oracion on the deaths of Henry and Charles Brandon of Suffolk, the Oracion in Praise of David against Goliath, the Essay on Consolation, and some pieces of tough judicial pleading; besides a quaint and lengthy epistle devised by Erasmus to persuade an exceedingly obdurate young man to marry.

In the third book, however, the chief source is the author's own

keen observation of men. There appears the future member of Parliament, jurist, and diplomatist. Here the freshness, the conciseness, and the common-sense, orderly and yet overriding rules, are simply admirable. Here the tameness of the imitative portions of the book, the diffuse and formal measure of the "Modell Oracions," has vanished, and the proper style of the man appears. Here is the succinct, supple, close-fitted style of the man that will climb by readiness and assiduity from the poor scholar's closet to the seat of the Counsellor of State. He piques himself on knowledge of the world, taking as pattern the pith and gravity of the handling of Demosthenes, whom he commends for "couching more matter in a little room than Tully," for all his grand manner "in a large discourse." Self-confident, and, therefore, when it is convenient, straightforward, he tells you flatly his mind; with a frank egotism is himself the subject of all his own prefaces, and produces, despite his worldliness, the impression of that *naïveté* which is so charming in the earlier Tudor prose. Though well aware of the value of "nipping taunts," he has in him too much of the ambassador not to prefer the armour of an engaging frankness. Moreover, he had perhaps listened to too many Parliamentary speeches to forget the terrors of the bore. He never ceases to insist on the cardinal truth that a style should be dictated by the natures, moods, and weaknesses of those to whom it is addressed. He lays stress on the needfulness of pleasing, the spirit of urbane conversation; and if his pattern anecdotes, to stir a sleepy congregation or mollify a wearied judge, are somewhat mechanically cold, yet not a few have the merit of point.

Wilson wrote rather for speakers than for writers; yet was he held in high esteem as a guide of letters for some generations. It is characteristic of that active age to have followed the literary counsels of a Privy Councillor; of the author of the *Discourse on Usurye*, whose *Rhetorique* was written at a courtier's suggestion in a hasty holiday snatched from affairs. He teaches the uses rather than the beauty of style. "To speak plainly and nakedly after the common sort of men in few words," this was his principle; aiming less at that excellence to which nothing can be added, than at that from which nothing can be taken away. Simple, subtle, practical, he was the Machiavellian father of English criticism.

F. H. TRENCH.

A LESSON IN TACTICS

NOT only it is necessary to know what manner of cause we have taken in hand, when we first enter upon any matter, but also it is wisdom to consider the time, the place, the man for whom we speak, the man against whom we speak, the matter whereof we speak, and the judges before whom we speak, the reasons that best serve to further our cause, and those reasons also that may seem somewhat to hinder our cause; and in no wise to use any such at all, or else warily to mitigate by protestation the evil that is in them, and always to use whatsoever can be said, to win the chief hearers' good wills, and to persuade them to our purpose. If the cause go by favour, and that reason cannot so much avail, as good will shall be able to do: or else if moving affections can do more good, than bringing in of good reasons, it is meet always to use that way, whereby we may by good help get the over hand. [So] That if mine adversary's reasons, by me being confuted, serve better to help forward my cause, than mine own reasons confirmed, can be able to do good: I should wholly bestow my time, and travail to weaken and make slender, all that ever he bringeth with him. But if I can with more ease prove mine own sayings, either with witnesses, or with words, than be able to confute his with reason, I must labour to withdraw men's minds from mine adversary's foundation, and require them wholly to hearken unto that which I have to say, being of itself so just and so reasonable, that none can rightly speak against it, and shew them that great pity it were, for lack of the only hearing, that a true matter should want true dealing. Over and besides all these, there remain two lessons, the which wise men have always observed, and therefore ought of all men assuredly to be learned. The one is, that if any matter be laid against us, which by reason can hardly be avoided, or the which is so open, that none almost can deny; it were wisdom in confuting all the other reasons, to pass over this one, as though we saw it not, and therefore speak

never a word of it. Or else if necessity shall force a man to say somewhat, he may make an outward brag, as though there were no matter in it, ever so speaking of it, as though he would stand to the trial, making men to believe he would fight in the cause, when better it were (if necessity so required) to run clean away. And therein though a man do fly and give place, evermore the gladder the less raving there is, or stirring in this matter: yet he flieth wisely and for this end, that being fenced otherwise and strongly appointed, he may take his adversary at the best advantage, or at the least weary him with much lingering, and make him with oft such flying, to forsake his chief defence.

The other lesson is, that whereas we purpose always to have the victory, we should so speak that we may labour, rather not to hinder or hurt our cause, than to seek means to further it, and yet I speak not this, but that both these are right necessary, and every one that will do good, must take pains in them both, but yet notwithstanding, it is a fouler fault a great deal for an orator, to be found hurting his own cause, than it should turn to his rebuke, if he had not furthered his whole entent. Therefore not only is it wisdom, to speak so much as is needful, but also it is good reason to leave unspoken so much as is needless.

(From the *Arte of Rhetorike.*)

THE VIRTUE OF SIMPLICITY

AMONG all other lessons this should first be learned, that we never affect any strange ink-horn terms, but to speak as is commonly received: neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over-careless, using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say. And yet these fine English clerks will say, they speak in their mother tongue, if a man should charge them for counterfeiting the King's English. Some far journeyed gentlemen at their return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will powder their talk with over-sea language. He that cometh lately out of France, will talk French English and never blush at the matter. Another

chops in with English Italinated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking, the which is, as if an orator that professeth to utter his mind in plain Latin, would needs speak poetry, and far fetched colours of strange antiquity. The lawyer will store his stomach with the prating of pedlars. The auditor in making his account and reckoning, cometh in with *sise sould*, and *cater denere*, for vi. s. iiii. d. The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer. The mystical wisemen and poetical clerks will speak nothing but quaint proverbs, and blind allegories, delighting much in their own darkness, especially, when none can tell what they do say. The unlearned or foolish fantastical, that smells but of learning (such fellows as have seen learned men in their days) will so Latin their tongues, that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk, and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them that think rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words, and he that can catch an ink-horn term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman, and a good rhetorician.

(From the Same.)

THE USES OF WIT

THIRDLY, such quickness of wit must be shewed, and such pleasant saws so well applied, that the ears may find much delight, whereof I will speak largely, when I shall intreat of moving laughter. And assuredly nothing is more needful, than to quicken these heavy loaden wits of ours, and much to cherish these our lumpish and unwieldy natures, for except men find delight, they will not long abide: delight them, and win them; weary them, and you lose them for ever. And that is the reason, that men commonly tarry the end of a merry play, and cannot abide the half hearing of a sour checking sermon. Therefore even these ancient preachers, must now and then play the fools in the pulpit, to serve the tickle ears of their fleeting audience, or else they are like sometimes to preach to the bare walls, for though their spirit be apt, and our will prone, yet our flesh is so heavy, and humours so overwhelm us, that we cannot without refreshing, long abide to hear any one thing. Thus we see, that to delight is needful, without the which, weighty matters will not

be heard at all, and therefore, him can I thank that both can and will once mingle sweet among the sour.

(From the Same.)

RULES OF ART

NOW a wise man that hath good experience in these affairs, and is able to make himself a rhetorique for every matter, will not be bound to any precise rules, nor keep any one order, but such only as by reason he shall think best to use, being master over art, rather than art should be master over him, rather making art by wit, than confounding wit by art. And undoubtedly even in so doing he shall do right well, and content the hearers accordingly. For what mattereth whether we follow our book or no, if we follow wit and appoint our self an order, such as may declare the truth more plainly? Yea, some that be unlearned, and yet have right good wits, will devise with themselves, without any book learning, what they will say, and how much they will say, appointing their order, and parting it into three or four parts or more if need be, such as they shall think especial points, and most meet to be touched. Whose doings as I can well like, and much commend them for the same: so I would think them much more able to do much better: if they either by learning followed a pattern, or else knew the precepts which lead us to right order. Rules were therefore given, and by much observation gathered together, that those which could not see art hid in another man's doings, should yet see the rules open all in an order set together, and thereby judge the rather of their doings, and by earnest imitation, seek to resemble such their invention. 'I cannot deny, but that a right wise man unlearned, shall do more good by his natural wit, than twenty of these common wits that want nature to help art. And I know that rules were made first by wise men, and not wise men made by rules. For these precepts serve only to help our need, such as by nature have not such plentiful gifts.

(From the Same.)

INTOLERANCE IN ROME

TWO years past at my being in Italy, I was charged in Rome town, to my great danger and utter undoing (if God's goodness had not been the greater) to have written this book of Rhetorike, and the Logike also, for the which I was counted an heretic, notwithstanding the absolution granted to all the realm, by Pope Julius the Third, for all former offences or practices, devised against the Holy Mother Church, as they call it. A strange matter, that things done in England seven years before, and the same universally forgiven, should afterwards be laid to a man's charge in Rome. But what cannot malice do? Or what will not the wilful devise, to satisfy their minds, for undoing of others? God be my judge, I had then as little fear (although death was present, and the torment at hand, whereof I felt some smart) as ever I had in all my life before. For, when I saw those that did seek my death, to be so maliciously set, to make such poor shifts for my readier dispatch, and to burden me with those back reckonings, I took such courage, and was so bold, that the judges then did much marvel at my stoutness, and thinking to bring down my great heart, told me plainly that I was in farther peril, than whereof I was aware, and sought thereupon to take advantage of my words, and to bring me in danger by all means possible. And after long debating with me, they willed me at any hand to submit myself to the holy father, and the devout college of cardinals. For, otherwise, there was no remedy. With that, being fully purposed not to yield to any submission, as one that little trusted their colourable deceit, I was as ware as I could be, not to utter anything for mine own harm, for fear I should come in their danger. For, then either should I have died, or else have denied both openly and shamefully, the known truth of Christ and His gospel. In the end, by God's grace, I was wonderfully delivered, through plain force of the worthy Romans (an enterprise heretofore in that sort never attempted) being then without hope of life, and much less of liberty. And now that I am come home, this book is shewed me and I desired to look upon it, to amend it where I thought meet. Amend it, quoth I? Nay, let the book first amend itself, and make me amends. For,

surely I have no cause to acknowledge it for my book, because I have so smarted for it.

(From *A Prologue to the Reader.*)

THE TEACHING OF POETS

THE saying of poets and all their fables are not to be forgotten, for by them we may talk at large, and win men by persuasion, if we declare beforehand, that these tales were not feigned by such wise men without cause, neither yet continued until this time, and kept in memory without good consideration, and thereupon declare the true meaning of all such writing. For undoubtedly there is no one tale among all the poets, but under the same is comprehended some thing that pertaineth, either to the amendment of manners, to the knowledge of the truth, to the setting forth of nature's work, or else the understanding of some notable thing done. For what other is the painful travail of Ulysses, described so largely by Homer, but a lively picture of man's misery in this life. And as Plutarch saith, and likewise Basilius Magnus: in the Iliades are described strength and valiantness of the body. In Odissea is set forth a lively pattern of the mind. The poets are wise men, and wished in heart the redress of things, the which when for fear, they durst not openly rebuke, they did in colours paint them out, and told men by shadows what they should do in good sooth, or else because the wicked were unworthy to hear the truth, they spake so that none might understand but those unto whom they please to utter their meaning, and knew them to be men of honest conversation.

(From *The Arte of Rhetorike.*)

JOHN KNOX

[John Knox was born in Haddingtonshire in 1505, eight years before Flodden Field. He studied at the infant University of Glasgow; took pupils at St. Andrews and elsewhere; attached himself to George Wishart, the martyr; and came prominently into public notice through acting as preacher to the refugees who held St. Andrews Castle after the assassination of Cardinal Beaton in 1546. On the capture of the castle by the French he was sent to the galleys. Released in 1549 he went to England; preached and found a wife at Berwick, and was chosen one of Edward the Sixth's chaplains. He had considerable influence in the preparation of the Articles of Religion, and refused a bishopric. In 1554, after the accession of Queen Mary, he retired to the Continent, and was welcomed at Geneva by Calvin and his circle. After a short ministry at Frankfort, he paid, in 1555, a visit to Scotland of some importance, confirming the faith of the growing party of reform. While there he received and accepted a call to the English Church at Geneva. He came back to Scotland in 1559, and the rest of his history is inseparable from that of his country. He was not only the ecclesiastical leader in the struggle that laid the foundation of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, but had wide political influence, advising, and doing much to secure the alliance with England that ensured the success of the Reforming party. During the last years of his life, as minister of Edinburgh, he came into close personal contact with the Court; and his various interviews with Mary Queen of Scots are among the most striking incidents of the Reformation. He died in 1572, two months after the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Knox's principal works are his *Admonition*, addressed to "faithful Christians" in London, Newcastle, and Berwick (1554); another *Admonition* "to the professors of God's truth in England" (1554); the *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regimen of Women* (1558); various sermons, epistles, and expositions; and the *History of the Reformation of Religion within the Realm of Scotland*. The *First Book of Discipline* was composed in 1560 by a Commission of which Knox was the leading member.]

THE name of John Knox is a household word among his countrymen, and is universally identified with the triumph of the Reformation in Scotland. It cannot be said that his writings have contributed much to his fame. Luther belongs to history and to literature alike: his translation of the Bible is sufficient to

perpetuate his memory, for it remains the first model of German prose style. The *Institutes* of Calvin are the main source from which a great branch of the Christian Church still draws its systematic theology. Knox, like the other principal Reformers, was a busy writer. His works, in the excellent edition of David Laing, fill six bulky volumes. His *History* possesses special interest and value as the production of a man of letters who was also a man of action. But his fame does not rest upon his *History*, or, in any great degree, upon his writings at all. These were mere instruments to an end. When he penned the comforting epistles or stern admonitions which make up the list of his minor works, his only object was the immediate object of consolation or warning. When he wrote his *History* his ambition was, not to give a philosophical narrative of events, but "to advance God's glory, and to edify this present generation and the posterity to come." Such distinction as his writings possess is due to the sincerity and force of the writer, and not to the conscious exercise of literary art.

In one respect the part which Knox played in the all-absorbing religious controversies of his day powerfully affected the literary form of his compositions. His resistance to Rome was based almost exclusively upon an appeal to the text of the Bible, and this fact is prominent on every page he wrote. For any further explanation of the man and of his works we must look to the special circumstances of his life and of the Scottish Reformation, and above all to his own remarkable gifts. Neighbourhood and kinship might have been expected to direct the Reformation in Scotland on the lines it followed south of the Tweed. And although the model set in France and Switzerland was ultimately adopted, yet the early English translations of the Bible had a powerful influence on Scottish thought and feeling; while the Lollards of Kyle, following Wycliffe, and the disciples of Wishart, the Cambridge student, could not but owe much of their inspiration to English sources. There is little in the form or style of Knox's writings that is distinctively Scottish.

It is especially to Knox's personal qualities, however, that we must look for the explanation of his wonderful authority. In his case, if in any, the style is the man, and, as has been indicated above, the chief interest of his books is the manner in which they reveal his character. The impression which they leave upon a reader is that of a man, within his lights, absolutely

straightforward and sincere; intensely convinced, in his own person, of the power of sin and the need of repentance; determined to bring home the same conviction in all those whom he could reach; and certain that salvation was to be found by no mechanical or ceremonial means of grace, but only by a penitent and humble faith. Believing, as he did, in the literal inspiration of Scripture, and in his ability, as one of God's messengers, to interpret it aright, he was ready, in hours of exaltation, to assume the positive tones of a Hebrew prophet, and to anticipate the rewards and the vengeance of God in language which, on other lips, would have implied a claim to supernatural powers. As a prophet, he could not recognise degrees of conformity: a thing was right or it was wrong. For such a man compromise was impossible, toleration was a trial of patience. To his friends he was a tower of strength; but to cross his path was to vex the Almighty. His gift of language, and especially of denunciation, was immense and, backed by a fearless temperament, was never known to fail him. He does not attract by the humane breadth of wisdom and simple-hearted gaiety which make of Luther such a typical Christian. An unpleasant vein of bitterness crosses most of his writings. But it is proper to remember that this man's spiritual father, Wishart, was burnt alive; that he served a hard apprenticeship amid the horrors of the French galleys; that many of his best years were spent in exile; that he suffered much from ill-health; and that at least part of his vehement temper belongs to his time and to his country rather than to himself.

There is scarcely a page of Knox's writings which does not testify to his sense of the deep sinfulness of human nature, and the necessity of an inward change of mind as the preliminary to salvation. A tinge almost of misanthropy pervades his views on this head. He excelled in depicting the miserable and hopeless state of the sinner. "When he entered to application," says James Melville, "he made me so to grew [thrill] and tremble that I could not hold a pen to write." In the Queen's antechamber, dismissed from a stormy interview, he found relaxation in addressing the ladies-in-waiting after this fashion:—"O fair ladies, how pleasing was this life of yours, if it should ever abide, and then in the end we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear. But fie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not! and when he has laid on his arrest, the foul

worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and so tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targetting, pearl, nor precious stones." It is fair to add that there is abundant evidence that Knox was as stern toward his own imperfections as to those of the rest of the world. He repeatedly acknowledges that he deserves damnation.

His knowledge of the Bible was profound, and he could quote from it precedents for every situation, individual or political. In this respect, indeed, the Reformers and the Humanists were much alike; the former looked to the Bible, the latter to the classical writings, for their final authorities, and the opinion expressed by Erasmus, that the study of Hebrew would promote Judaism and the study of philology revive Paganism, was singularly verified by the result. For Knox, at any rate, Scripture was all-sufficient. In a striking passage he accounts for the confident tone of the predictions which he hazarded from time to time, and which gave rise, in that superstitious age, to rumours that he was supernaturally gifted with a knowledge of the future. "Ye would know the grounds of my certitude. God grant that, hearing them, ye may understand and stedfastly believe the same. My assurances are not the marvels of Merlin, nor yet the dark sentences of profane prophecies; but the plain truth of God's word, the invincible justice of the everlasting God, and the ordinary course of His punishments and plagues from the beginning, are my assurances and grounds. God's word threateneth destruction to all inobedient; His immutable justice must require the same. The ordinary punishments and plagues show examples. What man, then, can cease to prophesy?"

His *History* is written throughout in the spirit of a censor. The other side is not allowed to possess a shred of honesty. Its supporters are "perfect hypocrites," "bloody worms," or worse. There is something ignoble in the sense of almost personal triumph which he exhibits in recounting the death of Cardinal Beaton, or the last days of Mary of Guise. One may doubt if, in the whole range of literature, there are to be found more dramatic illustrations of the gulf which difference of character and training can create between two human minds than the celebrated dialogues with Mary Queen of Scots, which fill the most picturesque pages in the *History*. For Knox,

Mary was a veritable daughter of Heth. "Her common talk was in secret, that she saw nothing in Scotland but gravity, which repugned altogether to her nature, for she was brought up in *joyeuseté;* so termed she her dancing and other things thereto belonging." Mary made vain efforts to browbeat him. "Yon man," she said, "made me greet [weep] and grat never a tear himself; I will see if I can cause him greet." She failed. Knox kept a bold countenance. "Why should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman fear me? I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and yet have not been afraid above measure." Some have believed she was more successful in the alternative course of blandishment. But there is no clear sign that Knox ever bowed before the charms of her whose—

> "face was worth
> All that a man may think to give
> On earth;"

and the language in which he permitted himself to speak of her has procured for him the cordial abuse of Mary's champions during three centuries.

It is difficult not to think that Knox must sometimes have regretted the violence with which he had expressed his sentiments. In his *Admonition to the Professors of God's Truth in England*, written in 1554, he applied epithets to Philip and Mary and their chief minister which almost invited persecution, and which his rivals hastened to affirm had a direct influence in aggravating the repressive policy of Mary's reign. Another instance is better known. Knox's most notorious work, the *Trumpet Blast against the Monstrous Reginen of Women*, was aimed, like the *Admonition*, against Mary of England. Unfortunately its main argument was equally applicable to Elizabeth, and Elizabeth never forgave the author. When it became important to conciliate the English Sovereign Knox wrote a letter intended to be apologetic, but which only illustrates the stiffness of his mental fibre, and his utter incapacity to make a graceful retreat. It drew a characteristic reply from Cecil beginning, "Master Knox, *Non est masculus neque femina; omnes enim, ut ait Paulus, unum sumus in Christo Jesu.*" The letter to Elizabeth is a proof of what is otherwise manifest, that a strong perception of the humorous where his own actions were concerned was not among Knox's gifts. On a similar occasion, when he wished to excuse his unlucky treatise in an interview with Mary, he assured the Queen of

Scots in all seriousness that "if the realm finds no inconvenience from the regimen of a woman, that which they approve shall I not farther disallow than within my own breast, but shall be as well content to live under your Grace *as Paul was to live under Nero.*" Such little touches are full of significance as indications of character. In one of his letters to Mrs. Bowes, his mother-in-law, he refers to a conversation (on the subject of his marriage) with her kinsman Sir Robert Bowes, "whose disdainful, yea despiteful, words have so pierced my heart, that my life is bitter unto me. I bear a good countenance with a sore troubled heart, while he that ought to consider matters with a deep judgment is become not only a despiser, but also a taunter of God's messengers—*God be merciful unto him.*" There are many such ejaculatory utterances in Knox's writings: their form is that of a prayer, but their spirit is not pure benevolence.

The most famous of Knox's works during his life was the *Blast*; but it is by his *History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland* that he lives in literature. That book is akin to the French type of memoirs rather than to regular history. The freedom of its sentiments and the efforts made in England during the reign of Mary's grandson to prevent its publication in its original shape, earned for it a reference in Milton's *Areopagitica.* "The licensers of the press," he says, "if there be found in a book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal (and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit?) yet, not suiting with every low decrepit humour of their own, though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash: the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser." The *History* was not correctly issued in a complete form till 1732. The style is homely, the wording is not choice, the tone of the preacher is always felt. But the situations are masterfully grasped and placed before the reader in a series of dramatic touches, often with a wealth of detailed and vivid description which reminds one of Bunyan or Defoe. If Knox had any model, it was the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. He regarded himself as a St. Paul among idolaters. The narrative alternates, like that of the Acts, between the third person and the first. The direct form of speech is generally used in reporting conversations and discussions, and to this preference we owe the numerous dialogues which the book

contains. It is our chief source of information about the Scottish Reformation and its heroic leader. Many of its pages have become classical, if to be invariably quoted in connection with particular occurrences is a title to that name. The interest of Knox's other writings is mainly theological. But the most cursory notice would be incomplete without a reference to the *Book of Discipline*, an outline of the ecclesiastical polity through which Knox and his associates hoped to educate the Scottish nation to the temper of a genuine theocracy. Although their ideal was too uncompromising to bear literal translation into fact, its authority has always been great. The constitution of the Reformed Church of Scotland, as settled after his death upon the basis of Presbytery, varied in few substantial points from the sketch which Knox had drawn. The ends that he indicated were those which the Church sought to achieve in its relations with the people and with the secular authorities. It was thus Knox's rare fortune to maintain an ascendancy which had dominated his contemporaries, and to impress upon later generations of Scotsmen the image of his own strong character.

JAMES MILLER DODDS.

JOHN KNOX CHOSEN AS PREACHER

AT the Pasch after, anno 1547, came to the castle of St. Andrews John Knox, who, wearied of removing from place to place, by reason of the persecution that came upon him by this bishop of St. Andrews, was determined to have left Scotland, and to have visited the schools of Germany—of England then he had no pleasure, by reason that the pope's name being suppressed, his laws and corruptions remained in full vigour,—but because he had the care of some gentlemen's children, whom certain years he had nourished in godliness, their fathers solicited him to go to St. Andrews that himself might have the benefit of the castle, and their children the benefit of his doctrine; and so, we say, came he the time foresaid to the said place, and having in his company Francis Douglas of Longniddry, George his brother, and Alexander Cockburn, then eldest son to the laird of Ormiston, began to exercise them after his accustomed manner. Besides their grammar, and other humane authors, he read unto them a catechism, account whereof he caused them give publicly in the parish kirk of St. Andrews He read moreover unto them the evangel of John, proceeding where he left at his departing from Longniddry, where before his residence was; and that lecture he read in the chapel within the castle, at a certain hour. They of the place, but especially Mr. Henry Balnaves, and John Rough, preacher, perceiving the manner of his doctrine, began earnestly to travail with him, that he would take the preaching place upon him. But he utterly refused, alleging, "That he would not run where God had not called him;" meaning, that he would do nothing without a lawful vocation. Whereupon they privily amongst themselves advising, having with them in company Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, they concluded, that they would give a charge to the said John, and that publicly by the mouth of their preacher. And so upon a certain day, a sermon had of the election of ministers, "what power the congregation, how small

that ever it was, passing the number of two or three, had above any man, in whom they supposed and espied the gifts of God to be, and how dangerous it was to refuse, and not to hear the voice of such as desire to be instructed: " these and other heads, we say, declared, the said John Rough, preacher, directed his words to the said John Knox, saying, " Brother, ye shall not be offended, albeit that I speak unto you that which I have in charge, even from all these that are here present, which is this: In the name of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ, and in the name of these that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you, that ye refuse not this holy vocation, but as ye tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren, and the comfort of me, whom ye understand well enough to be oppressed by the multitude of labours, that ye take upon you the public office and charge of preaching, even as ye look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that ye shall multiply His graces with you." And in the end he said to those that were present, " Was not this your charge to me? And do ye not approve this vocation?" They answered, " It was, and we approve it." Whereat the said John abashed, burst forth in most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber. His countenance and behaviour, from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself to the public place of preaching, did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart; for no man saw any sign of mirth of him, neither yet had he pleasure to accompany any man, many days together.

(From the *History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland.*)

KNOX AND QUEEN MARY

WHETHER it was by counsel of others, or the queen's own desire, we know not; but the queen spake with John Knox, and had long reasoning with him, none being present, except the Lord James—two gentlewomen stood in the other end of the house. The sum of their reasoning was this. The queen accused him, that he had raised a part of her subjects against her mother, and against herself; that he had written a book against her just authority—she meant the *Treatise against the Regimen of Women*—which she had, and should cause the most learned in Europe to write against

it; that he was the cause of great sedition, and great slaughter in England; and that it was said to her, that all that he did was by necromancy, etc.

To the which the said John answered, "Madam, it may please your Majesty, patiently to hear my simple answers. And, first," said he, "if to teach the truth of God in sincerity, if to rebuke idolatry, and to will a people to worship God according to his word, be to raise subjects against their princes, then cannot I be excused; for it has pleased God of His mercy to make me one, among many, to disclose unto this realm the vanity of the papistical religion, and the deceit, pride, and tyranny of that Roman antichrist. But, madam, if the true knowledge of God, and His right worshipping be the chief causes, that most move men from their heart to obey their just princes—as it is most certain that they are—wherein can I be reprehended? I think, and am surely persuaded, that your grace have had, and presently have as unfeigned obedience, of such as profess Christ Jesus within this realm, as ever your father, or other progenitors had of those that were called Bishops. And touching that book, which seemeth so highly to offend your majesty, it is most certain that I wrote it, and am content that all the learned of the world judge of it. I hear that an Englishman hath written against it, but I have not read him; if he hath sufficiently improved my reasons, and established his contrary propositions, with as evident testimonies, as I have done mine, I shall not be obstinate, but shall confess my error and ignorance; but to this hour I have thought, and yet think myself alone to be more able to sustain the things affirmed in that my work, than any ten in Europe shall be able to confute it."

"You think then," quoth she, "that I have no just authority?" "Please your Majesty," said he, "that learned men in all ages have had their judgments free, and most commonly disagreeing from the common judgment of the world; such also have they published, both with pen and tongue, and yet notwithstanding they themselves have lived in the common society with others, and have borne patiently with the errors and imperfections which they could not amend. Plato, the philosopher, wrote his books of the Commonwealth, in the which he damneth many things that then were maintained in the world, and required many things to have been reformed; and yet notwithstanding he lived even under such policies, as then were universally received, without farther troub-

ling of any estate. Even so, madam, am I content to do, in uprightness of heart, and with a testimony of a good conscience. I have communicated my judgment to the world; if the realm finds no inconvenience from the regimen of a woman, that which they approve shall I not farther disallow than within my own breast, but shall be as well content to live under your grace, as Paul was to live under Nero. And my hope is, that so long as that ye defile not your hands with the blood of the saints of God, that neither I nor that book shall either hurt you or your authority; for in very deed, madam, that book was written most especially against that wicked Jezebel of England."

"But," said she, "ye speak of women in general." "Most true it is, madam," said the other; "and yet it appeareth to me, that wisdom should persuade your grace, never to raise trouble for that, which to this day hath not troubled your majesty, neither in person nor in authority; for of late years many things, which before were holden stable, have been called in doubt; yea, they have been plainly impugned. But yet, madam," said he, "I am assured, that neither protestant nor papist shall be able to prove, that any such question was at any time moved in public or in secret. Now, madam," said he, "if I had intended to have troubled your estate, because ye are a woman, I might have chosen a time more convenient for that purpose, than I can do now, when your own presence is within the realm.

"But now, madam, shortly to answer to the other two accusations. I heartily praise my God through Jesus Christ, that Satan the enemy of mankind, and the wicked of the world, have no other crimes to lay to my charge, than such as the very world itself knoweth to be most false and vain. For in England I was resident only the space of five years. The places were Berwick, where I abode two years, so long in the New-Castle, and a year in London. Now, madam, if in any of these places, during the time that I was there, any man shall be able to prove, that there was either battle, sedition, or mutiny, I shall confess that I myself was the malefactor, and the shedder of the blood. I shame not, madam, farther to affirm, that God so blessed my weak labours, that in Berwick—where commonly before there used to be slaughter, by reason of quarrels that used to arise among soldiers—there was as great quietness, all the time that I remained there, as there is this day in Edinburgh.

"And where they slander me of magic, necromancy, or of any

other art forbidden of God, I have witnesses — besides my own conscience—all congregations that ever heard me, what I spake both against such arts, and against those that use such impiety. But seeing the wicked of the world said, 'That my master the Lord Jesus, was possessed with Beelzebub,' I must patiently bear, albeit that I, wretched sinner, be unjustly accused of those, that never delighted in the verity."

"But yet," said she, "ye have taught the people to receive another religion than their princes can allow; and how can that doctrine be of God, seeing that God commands subjects to obey their princes?"

"Madam," said he, "as right religion took neither original strength nor authority from worldly princes, but from the Eternal God alone, so are not subjects bound to frame their religion according to the appetites of their princes; for oft it is, that princes are the most ignorant of all others in God's true religion, as we may read as well in the histories before the death of Christ Jesus as after. If all the seed of Abraham should have been of the religion of Pharaoh, to whom they were long subjects, I pray you, madam, what religion should there have been in the world? Or if all men, in the days of the apostles, should have been of the religion of the Roman emperors, what religion should there have been upon the face of the earth? Daniel and his fellows were subjects to Nebuchadnezzar, and unto Darius, and yet, madam, they would not be of their religion, neither of the one or of the other; for the three children said: 'We make it known unto thee, O king, that we will not worship thy gods.' And Daniel did pray publicly unto his God, against the express commandment of the king. And so, madam, ye may perceive, that subjects are not bound to the religion of their princes, albeit they are commanded to give them obedience." (From the Same.)

THE NECESSITY OF SCHOOLS

SEEING that God hath determined that His Church here in earth shall be taught not by angels, but by men, and seeing that men are born ignorant of all godliness, and seeing also now God ceaseth to illuminate men miraculously, suddenly changing them as He did His apostles and others in the primitive Church: of

necessity it is that your Honours be most careful for the virtuous education, and godly upbringing of the youth of this realm, if either ye now thirst unfeignedly for the advancement of Christ's glory, or yet desire the continuance of His benefits to the generation following. For as the youth must succeed to us, so ought we to be careful that they have the knowledge and erudition, to profit and comfort that which ought to be most dear to us, to wit, the Church and spouse of the Lord Jesus.

Of necessity therefore we judge it, that every several Church have a school-master appointed, such a one as is able at least to teach grammar and the Latin tongue, if the town be of any reputation; if it be upaland where the people convene to doctrine but once in the week, then must either the reader or the minister there appointed take care over the children and youth of the parish, to instruct them in their first rudiments, and especially in the Catechism, as we have it now translated in the Book of our Common Order called the Order of Geneva. And further, we think it expedient, that in every notable town, and especially in the town of the superintendent, there be erected a college, in which the arts, at least logic and rhetoric, together with the tongues, be read by sufficient masters, for whom honest stipends must be appointed; as also provision for those that be poor, and be not able by themselves nor by their friends to be sustained at letters, especially such as come from landward.

The fruit and commodity hereof shall suddenly appear. For, first, the youth-heid and tender children shall be nourished and brought up in virtue, in presence of their friends, by whose good attendance many inconveniences may be avoided in the which the youth commonly fall, either by too much liberty which they have in strange and unknown places, while they cannot rule themselves; or else for lack of good attendance, and of such necessities as their tender age requireth. Secondarily, the exercise of children in every church shall be great instruction to the aged. Last, the great schools called universities shall be replenished with those that be apt to learning; for this must be carefully provided, that no father, of what estate or condition that ever he be, use his children at his own fantasy, especially in their youth-heid; but all must be compelled to bring up their children in learning and virtue.

The rich and potent may not be permitted to suffer their children to spend their youth in vain idleness, as heretofore they

have done. But they must be exhorted, and by the censure of the Church compelled to dedicate their sons, by good exercise, to the profit of the Church and to the commonwealth, and that they must do of their own expenses, because they are able. The children of the poor must be supported and sustained on the charge of the Church, till trial be taken whether the spirit of docility be found in them or not. If they be found apt to letters and learning then may they not,—we mean, neither the sons of the rich, nor yet the sons of the poor,—be permitted to reject learning, but must be charged to continue their study, so that the commonwealth may have some comfort by them; and for this purpose must discreet, learned, and grave, men be appointed to visit all schools for the trial of their exercise, profit, and continuance; to wit, the ministers and elders, with the best learned in every town, shall every quarter take examination how the youth hath profited.

A certain time must be appointed to reading and to learning of the Catechism, a certain time to the grammar and to the Latin tongue, a certain time to the arts, philosophy, and to the other tongues, and certain to that study in the which they intend chiefly to travail for the profit of the commonwealth; which time being expired,—we mean in every course,—the children must either proceed to farther knowledge, or else they must be sent to some handicraft, or to some other profitable exercise; providing always, that first they have the form of knowledge of Christian religion, to wit, the knowledge of God's law and commandments, the use and office of the same, the chief articles of our belief, the right form to pray unto God, the number, use, and effect of the sacraments, the true knowledge of Christ Jesus, of his offices and natures, and such others as without the knowledge whereof neither deserveth any man to be named a Christian, neither ought any to be admitted to the participation of the Lord's table; and, therefore, these principles ought and must be learned in the youth-heid.

(From the *First Book of Discipline.*)

GEORGE BUCHANAN

[Buchanan was born in Stirlingshire in 1506, was educated at St. Andrews and Paris, and, settling in France, soon obtained a great reputation as a scholar and poet. He revisited Scotland in 1535, but his freedom of speech and writing forced him abroad again in 1539, and for the next twenty-two years he was engaged in the practical work of education at Bordeaux, at Coimbra in Portugal, and elsewhere. At Bordeaux Montaigne was among his pupils. In 1561 he returned to Scotland for good. Though adhering to the Reformation, he was well known and popular at Court, and read Latin with the Queen. He became Principal of St. Leonard's College at St. Andrews, and (although a layman) Moderator of the General Assembly of the Scottish Church. After Mary's flight he was sent to England as one of the Commission entrusted with the duty of convincing the English ministers of her guilt. From 1570 he acted as tutor of James the Sixth, for whom he composed his latest works. His writings in Latin verse are the *Somnium*, *Palinodia*, and *Franciscanus* (satires), *Medea* and *Alcestis* (translations), *Jephthes* and *Baptistes* (original dramas), the *Psalms*, *De Sphæra* (philosophy), with many minor poems, in which he is perhaps seen at his best. His prose works are mentioned below. He died in 1582.]

AN often-quoted couplet by Joseph Scaliger—

> "Imperii fuerat Romani Scotia limes,
> Romani eloquii Scotia finis erit"—

does not overstate the position which George Buchanan, one of the many Scotsmen of his age who sought abroad the culture and the audience which their own country could not afford, attained in contemporary estimation. His poetic monument is now somewhat moss-grown; though his portrait, with the arching brows and close-fitting skull-cap, is familiar to the readers of *Maga* in many lands. Yet, while Buchanan was alive, Sir Philip Sidney could find no better defence for poetry than the patronage of "so piercing a wit," and in the next century he is still to Hugo Grotius "illud numen Scotiæ," recognisable without further description.

The reasons why his laurels have faded are not far to seek. It

was in his age inevitable that a Scotsman seeking literary fame should write in a foreign language. Had England been friendly, the nervous dialect of the North might have helped to enrich a speech and literature common to both nations; but England was a closed country. Even under Elizabeth, in 1567, only thirty-six Scotsmen could be found in London. As the English, on the other hand, knew to their cost, Scotland was the constant ally of France. A few years after Buchanan's birth the hereditary league between the two nations was confirmed by the French king in an edict granting the privilege of naturalisation to all Scotsmen resident in France. In letters and in arms the smaller country had long contended side by side with the larger, and if, on the part of Scotland, gratitude was qualified by a jealous independence, there was abundant ground for holding that the benefit of the alliance was reciprocal. In the field of thought one of the great factions whose development made Paris the headquarters of scholasticism took its name from the famous Duns Scotus. In more material warfare, as Buchanan says himself—

"sine milite Scoto
Nulla unquam Francis fulsit victoria castris."

Both policy and tradition therefore, when Buchanan was young, led the steps of ambitious Scottish scholars to France, the "blanda nutrix artium," as to a kindly foster-mother. Buchanan however was no mere scholar. For old-fashioned scholasticism he had a supreme contempt. In one of his occasional pieces he ridicules the typical scholastic, always harping on the old threadbare formulæ—"'omnis homo est animal,' nocte dieque boans"; and his punning epigram on his teacher and countryman John Mair, a logician famous in his day, but, according to Buchanan, great in nothing but his name—"solo cognomine Major"—is or was notorious. His scholarship was merely his equipment. Beneath it and transcending it shines a poetic genius of a very high order. He could not hope to acclimatise Scottish poetry in France, or to compete with Clement Marot in Marot's own tongue. But with his training and his temper Buchanan could challenge a loftier comparison in a more spacious arena. A master of the language of Horace, of Virgil, of Catullus, he threw down his glove to the ancients at the moment of their most unquestioned empire. Alas for Buchanan's fame! He chose to stand or fall with the fashion of Latinity, and that fashion has long since passed.

Once in his career, and only once, can we imagine Buchanan to have hesitated between the old world and the new. It was his lot to return to Scotland at the memorable juncture which brought the erratic course of Scottish history for a single fiery moment into contact with the general movement of European life. So far the influence of Scotland had been due to her political position as the neighbour of England, and her reputation, such as it was, had been largely based upon a pious fraud. Hector Boece, not to be outdone by English fabulists, had given wide currency to the legend that foisted on his country an eponymous heroine, Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh. The invention found ready credit in a credulous age, and all Europe came to admire in Scotland the mother of existing monarchies. But the Scottish writers who took up the tale proved themselves liars (to borrow from Plato's definition of poetry) of the noble sort. A higher strain is heard amid their genealogical maunderings. Here it is in Buchanan—

> . . . "Hæc una de stirpe nepotes
> Sceptriferos numerare potest, hæc regia sola est
> Quæ bis dena suis includat secula fastis
> *Unica vicinis toties pulsata procellis*
> *Externi immunis domini.*" . . .

'The true boast of Scotland is to have maintained her independence through unnumbered ages.' Political theorists continued the process which jealousy of England had originated, and precedents for electing and deposing sovereigns, for original compacts and reciprocal rights and duties between the governor and the governed, were soon discovered in Caledonian antiquity, which, so far as authoritative history went, was a *tabula rasa*, whence fiction could summon what instances it pleased. The past was made to mirror an ideal future.

It is probable that such imaginings, which had no substantial basis, although they illustrated something of real force in the national spirit, had little weight with the men who established Puritanism, and so altered the course of the world's history, in the Scotland of Mary Stuart. But it is impossible that Buchanan, odorous of antiquity to the finger-tips, should not have discovered in the life of the Queen of Scots the fulfilment of an ancient destiny and the climax of republican endeavour. For ten years he pondered over it, and then in his treatise, *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*, he enunciated the theory, as in his Latin *History of Scotland* he recounted the practice, which made his country a

worthy follower of the ancient commonwealths. His theme was classical, and again he followed classic models and chose the classic medium.

Buchanan, however, is not to be regarded solely as a Republican humanist elaborating a long meditated theme, but also as a partisan in the brief struggle which ended in the flight of Mary from Scotland. No man of any note could at that time and place avoid taking a side, and it was natural that Buchanan, who already in Scotland, France, and Portugal, had sufficiently pledged himself to the main principles of the Reformers, should join the party of the Congregation. The adherence of so eminent a personage, whose influence, personal and literary, extended to every corner of the Continent, was no slight buttress to the cause. Buchanan had sung Mary's praises in verses whose echo still lingers. She was the happy Dauphin's bride—

> "Fortunati ambo et felici tempore nati
> Et thalamis juncti!"

To her he had inscribed his crowning work in poetry, the Latin paraphrase of the *Psalms*; and from the Queen he had received substantial recompense and honourable appointments. That he should turn against her in the end and produce in his *Detectio* an indictment as terrible as that of Tacitus against Tiberius, whether it is for us a proof of his sincerity, of his credulity, or of his ingratitude (for each theory counts its supporters), was at least for contemporary foreign opinion the final touch that shattered Mary's reputation. In that work, and in Buchanan's later *History*, the dark side of Mary's character was traced in outlines which have become traditional; and the world has not yét passed judgment against the *advocatus diaboli*.

Buchanan's only experiments in the vernacular were made at this stormy time. It is uncertain whether he wrote the Scottish version of the *Detectio*: but two short tracts of undoubted authenticity have been preserved, as well as some notes for the reformation of St. Andrews University. The *Admonition to the Trew Lordis* was directed against the Hamilton faction after their assassination of the Regent Murray. The *Chamæleon* is a satire, too quaint and prolix for modern taste, upon the character and career of Maitland of Lethington, the leader of the exiled Queen's party, an extraordinary figure in whose evolutions Buchanan professed to find a likeness to a fabulous insect the colour of which

reflects "everything by turns and nothing long." The writer had few models of sustained Scottish prose to follow: Bellenden's translation of Boece, the earliest of them, was only written in 1530. But had native models existed he would have rejected them. Once more he imitates the Latin writers. Some paragraphs of the *Admonition* are as carefully balanced as any in Cicero's *Philippics*—to which indeed the pamphlet bears a sort of resemblance. There is much use of the absolute participial construction. The argument progresses from period to period in a steady, sonorous march. Had it rested with Buchanan, the tendency of modern style to substitute for the rounded harmonies of Livy or Cicero a terse and shortened form of sentence would never have been allowed to develop. He was too cautious to venture beyond the Latin pale without his *impedimenta*.

It is interesting to speculate whether, but for the union of the Crowns, a distinct Scottish prose style would have been evolved. The curiously formal accent which attaches even now to Scottish official, legal, and ecclesiastical documents points to the plausibility of such a fancy. Buchanan, at any rate, had no thought of leading the way in that direction. Like Petrarch, he rested his reputation upon his Latin works, and gave little heed to the vernacular by comparison. The world has forgotten the Latinity of both. But Petrarch's Italian is the gold of his mint, while Buchanan, whose contemporary fame had its points of resemblance to Petrarch's, allowed his countrymen but a fugitive glimpse of his true quality. For his reward, he was best remembered among them as the pedagogue of James the Sixth!

JAMES MILLER DODDS.

CHAMÆLEON

THERE is a certain kind of beast callit Chamæleon, engenderit in sic countries as the sun hes mair strength in than in this isle of Britain, the whilk, albeit it be small of corporance, noghttheless it is of ane strange nature, the whilk makes it to be na less celebrat and spoken of than some beasts of greater quantity. The proprieties is marvelous, for what thing ever it be applicat to, it seems to be of the same colour, and imitates all hues, except only the white and red; and for this cause ancient writers commonly compares it to ane flatterer, whilk imitates all the haill manners of whom he fancies himself to be friend to, except white, whilk is taken to be the symbol and token given commonly in devise of colours to signify simpleness and loyalty, and red signifying manliness and heroical courage. This application being so usit, yet peradventure mony that has nowther seen the said beast, nor na perfect portrait of it, would believe sic thing not to be true. I will therefore set forth shortly the description of sic an monster not lang ago engendrit in Scotland, in the country of Lowthian, not far from Hadingtoun, to that effect that, the form known, the most pestiferous nature of the said monster may be more easily evitit. For this monster being under coverture of a man's figure, may easilier endommage and worse be escapit than gif it were more deform and strange of face, behaviour, shape, and members. Praying the reader to pardon the feebleness of my weak spirit and *engyne*, gif it can not *expreme* perfectly ane strange creature, made by nature, other willing to show her great strength, or by some accident turnit by force from the common trade and course. This monster being engenderit under the figure of a man child, first had ane propriety of nature, flattering all man's ee and senses that beheld it, so that the common people was in gude hope of great virtues to prosper with the time in it; other farther seeing of great harms and damage to come to all that sould be familiarly acquaintit with it. This monster, promovit to sic

maturity of age as it could easily flatter and imitate every man's countenance, speech, and fashions, and subtle to draw out the secrets of every man's mind, and *depravat* the counsels to his awn proper gain, enterit in the court of Scotland, and having espyit out not only factions but singular persons, addressit the self in the beginning to James, after earl of Murray, and Gilbert then earl of Cassillis, men excellent in the time in all virtues pertaining to ane noble man, and special in love of the commonwealth of their country: and seeing that his nature could not bow to imitate in verity, but only to counterfeit *fenzeitlie* the gudeness of thir two persons, nor yet change them to his nature, thocht expedient to lean to them for a time, and climb up by their branches to higher degree, as the woodbind climbeth on the oak, and syne with time destroys the tree that it was supported by.

(From a Tract written *Against the Laird of Lethington.*)

CONSPIRACIES AGAINST KING JAMES THE FIFTH

FIRST after the death of King James the fourth, Johne duke of Albany chosen by the nobility to govern in the king's les-age, the Hamiltons thinking that he had been as wickit as they, and sould to his awn advancement put down the king, being of tender age for the time and by the decease of his brother left alone, and that they wald easily get their hand beyond the duke, being ane stranger and without succession of his body, held them quiet for a season, thinking that other men's action should be their promotion. But seeing that the duke, as a prince baith wise and virtuous, to bring himself out of sic suspicion, put four lords esteemit of the maist true and virtuous in Scotland in that time, to attend on the king's grace (to wit, the Earl Marschall, the Lords Erskyn, Ruthven, and Borthick) the Hamiltons being out of hope of the king's putting down by the duke of Albany, and out of credit to do him ony harm by themselves, made ane conspiracy with certain lords, to put the said duke out of authority, and tak it on themselves: that all things put in their power, they micht use the king, and the realm at their awn pleasure.

To that effect they took the castle of Glasgow, and there made ane assembly of their faction, the whilk was dissolvit by the hasty coming of the duke of Albany with ane army: for fear of

the whilk, the earl of Arran, chief of that company, fled to his wife's brother the Lord Hume, being then out of court.

The second conspiracy was after the duke's last departing (the foresaid lords separate from attending on the king) devysit by Sir James Hamilton, bastard son to the said earl of Arran, wha conspirit the king's deith, then being in his house in the abbey of Halyroodhouse: whilk conspiracy after mony years reveallit, the said Sir James sufferit death for it.

The third conspiracy (that come to our knowledge) was, that the king's grace riding oft times betwix Striviling and the Down of Menteith, to visit ane gentle woman of his mother's, making residence in the Down, and commonly accompanyit with ane, or twa horse by nicht, the said Sir James proponit to certain gentlemen the slauchter of him, and assayit it not, because the executors wald take na thing on hand without himself had been present.

Thir conspiracies not being execute, Sir James perseverit in his evil intention, and by secret means in court socht always that the king sould not marry, that for lack of his succession, the Hamiltons micht come to their intents. For the king was young, lusty, and ready to aventure his person to all hazards, baith by sea and land, in down-putting of theifis, and up-setting of justice. The Hamiltons lookit on when sickness, through excess of travail, or some other reckless aventure sould cut him off without children: and destitute of this hope, first he stoppit the king's meeting with his uncle the king of England, wha at that time having but ane dochter, was willing to have marryit her with the king of Scotland, and made him king of the haill isle after him, and to have enterit him at that present time in possession of the duchy of York. But the said Sir James ever having eye to his awn scope, hinderit this purpose by some of the king's familiars, that he had practised with, by gifts, and specially by the bishop of Saint Andrews James Betoun, uncle to the earl of Arran's mother, and great uncle to Sir James' wife, and raisit sic suspicion betwix the twa kings, that brocht baith the realms in great business.

(From the *Admonition to the True Lords.*)

RAPHAEL HOLINSHED

[Raphael Holinshed appears to have been the son of Ralph Holinshed or Hollingshead of Cophurst in Cheshire. He was born within the first thirty years of the 16th century. He is said to have been educated at Cambridge, but the evidence is incomplete. He came to London early in the reign of Elizabeth and obtained employment as a translator in the printing office of Reginald Wolfe.

Wolfe had inherited Leland's notes, and for many years had projected a universal-history with maps. He set Holinshed to this vast piece of work, which he directed until his death in 1573. At that time no part of the undertaking was fit to see the light. But Wolfe's successors adopted the plan with limitations, deciding to confine themselves to a Chronicle of Great Britain with descriptions. They desired Holinshed to finish the *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, which he had already begun, and gave him the assistance of William Harrison in the description; while they engaged Richard Stanihurst to complete the *Chronicle of Ireland*, compiled by Holinshed up to the year 1509, chiefly from a manuscript by Edmund Campian. The great work was finished in 1578, and met with an immediate popularity.

Holinshed did not long survive its publication. He made his will on 1st October 1578, describing himself as steward to Thomas Burdet of Bramcote, Warwickshire, to whom he bequeathed all his "notes, collections, books, and manuscripts." Wood tells us that he died at Bramcote in 1580, and, in fact, we have no further record of him.]

FEW books have enjoyed a more immediate influence than the Chronicles of Holinshed. If we take the dusty volumes from their shelf, and open them at almost any page, we shall easily find the reason for this esteem of his contemporaries: Holinshed was an Elizabethan among the Elizabethans. His style, cumbrous with reflection, spangled with wise saws and modern instances, and curious with grammatical inversions, is of a vivid picturesqueness. If he does not criticise his materials, if he is prone to the marvellous, and unable to resist a telling story, he is capable none the less of the boldest plain-speaking in defence of his convictions, and tells the truth to the Queen and

the Privy Council. His conception of accuracy is different from ours: he is at little pains to establish the exact conditions of a given fact, but he bestows endless patience in revealing that state of mind in the actor which made the fact a possibility. Every detail of history is food for his psychology; and his Chronicles are an epitome of the work of conscience in the human soul, and a record of the marvellous ways of God to Man. The very fashion of his wisdom is different from ours; it is often trite if always judicial, it is less original than profound; it is constantly preoccupied with the moral root of the matter. There is little irony in it, for his abuse of analysis never soured in Holinshed the milk of human kindness, and his liberal humanity is backed up by an unshakeable religion. Such as he is, large and slow and solid, he is so sure a guide in the desperate places of the human conscience, that the dramatists of his time, and especially Shakespeare, conveyed from his chronicles whole characters, entire scenes, with scarce an alteration. We may follow step by step in Shakespeare's plays, his delineation, not only of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry VIII., but the construction of the other historical pieces; Macbeth also, with King Lear and part of Cymbeline. Our brief extracts from the Chronicles, if compared with Shakespeare, will show the master fashion in which the poet has condensed Holinshed's portrait of Sir James Tyrrell into his 'discontented gentleman,' and developed on Bosworth field the haunted nights of Richard II.; while the speech of Queen Katharine will show that it was not only facts and indications of character which Shakespeare in an indulgent hour would deign to borrow from the chronicler. The witches scene in the history of Macbeth, with the description of the flight of the Empress from Oxford, are examples of the extraordinarily picturesque impression which Holinshed sometimes produces without departing from his jog-trot style.

With little of the raciness and quaint familiar ease which make his collaborator, William Harrison, so imperishable a gossip, Holinshed is a sound and penetrating, if prejudiced, guide to the history of the sixteenth century. It is scarcely a defect in a man of that time to have believed so honestly that everything Protestant and English is necessarily superior to anything Catholic or foreign. He narrates the truth such as he conceived it, and with a hardihood which more than once brought his works before the Privy Council. He is no respecter of persons, and speaks of desperate

men still living with a freedom in his long analysis of their motives, which betrays no fear of a private vengeance. His independence, his honesty, his wise reflections dashed with the vivid brightnesses of a quaint though ever serious spirit, make him a valuable companion to the few who still are careful of his acquaintance.

MARY DARMESTETER.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS FROM OXFORD

KING STEPHEN, after his deliverance from captivity, had assembled a great host of men, and coming to Oxford, where the Empress then lay, suddenly besieged her, before she looked for him. And to the end also that he might compel the townsmen to yield, or else keep them from entering in which would come to their succours, he ranged abroad into the country with part of his army, wasting all afore him by fire and sword. This siege continued almost two months, in manner from his delivery in the beginning of November until Christmas immediately following: insomuch that through lack of victuals they within the town began to raise mutinies. The Empress therefore, doubting the sequel and seeing her position to decay, devised a shift how to escape that present danger which by force she was unlikely to perform.

It was a very hard winter that year, the Thames and other rivers thereabouts were frozen, so that both man and horse might safely pass over upon the ice. The fields were also covered with a thick and deep snow. Hereupon taking occasion, she clad herself and all her company in white apparel, that afar off they might not be discerned from the snow; and so by negligence of the watch that kept ward but slenderly, by reason of the exceeding cold weather, she and her pertainers secretly in the night issued out of the town, and, passing over the Thames came to Wallingford, where she was received into the castle by those that had the same in keeping to her use: of whom Brian, the son of the Earl of Gloucester, was the chief.

Here we may see the subtlety of the Empress, whereby she obtained free and safe passage out of her enemies' hands, who otherwise had taken her in their net. So that it will be true, that hath never been false, which Æneas Sylvius (and before him many more driving upon the like argument) doth say in this distichon:

Non audet Stygius Pluto tentare, quod audent
Effrænis monachus plenaque fraudis illa,

meaning *mulier*, a woman. And therefore look what they want in magnanimity, in strength, in courage, the same is supplied by deceit, by circumvention, by craft, by fraud, by collusion; sometimes applied to a good intent, but most commonly directed to an evil meaning and purpose, as the events themselves do many times declare.

THE WEIRD SISTERS

SHORTLY after happened a strange and uncouth wonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realm of Scotland, as ye shall after hear. It fortuned as Makbeth and Banquho journeyed towards Fores, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly in the middest of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of the elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said:—

"All hail Makbeth, thane of Glammis!"

(for he had lately entered into that office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said:—

"Hail Makbeth, thane of Cawder!"

But the third said:—

"All hail Makbeth, that hereafter shall be King of Scotland!"

Then Banquho: "What manner of women (saith he) are you that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all?" "Yes," (saith the first of them,) "we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him; for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, when certainly thou indeed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent." Herewith the fore said women vanished immediately out of their

sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Makbeth and Banquho, insomuch that Banquho would call Makbeth in jest, King of Scotland; and Makbeth again would call him in sport likewise, father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, indued with knowledge of prophecie by their necromatical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken.

THE MURDER OF THE LITTLE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

KING RICHARD after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester to visit (in his new honour) the town of which he bare the name of his old, devised (as he rode) to fulfil the things which he before had intended. And forsomuch that his mind gave him, that his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm; he thought therefore without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen could amend his cause and make him a kindly king. Whereupon he sent one Sir John Greene (whom he specially trusted) to Sir Robert Brackenbury, Constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert should in any wise put the two children to death.

Sir John Greene did his errand unto Brackenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With which answer John Greene returning, recounted the same to King Richard at Warwick yet in his way. Wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said unto a secret page of his: "Ah, whom shall a man trust? Those that I have brought up myself, those that I had weened would most surely serve me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me."

"Sir (said his page), there lieth one on your pallet without, that I dare well say, to do your Grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse." Meaning this by Sir James Tirrell, which was a man of right goodly personage, and for nature's gifts worthy to have served a much better prince, if he

had well served God, and by grace obtained as much truth and goodwill as he had strength and wit.

The man had a high heart, and sore longed upwards, not rising yet so fast as he had hoped, being hindered and kept under by the means of Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Sir William Catesby, which longing for no more partners of the prince's favour; and namely, not for him whose pride they wist would bear no peer, kept him by secret drifts out of all secret trust, which thing this page well had marked and known. Wherefore, this occasion offered of very special friendship, he took his time to put him forward, and by such wise do him good that all the enemies he had (except the devil) could never have done him so much hurt. For upon this page's words King Richard arose (for this communication had he sitting apart in his own chamber) and came out into the pallet chamber, on which he found in bed Sir James and Sir Thomas Tirrells, of person like, and brethren in blood, but nothing akin in conditions.

Then said the King merrily to them: "What, Sirs, be ye in bed so soon?" and, calling up Sir James, brake to him secretly his mind in this mischievous matter. In which he found him nothing strange. Wherefore on the morrow he sent him to Brackenbury with a letter, by which he was commanded to deliver Sir James all the keys of the Tower for one night, to the end he might there accomplish the king's pleasure in such things as he had given him commandment. After which letter delivered, and the keys received, Sir James appointed the night next ensuing to destroy them, devising before and preparing the means. The prince (as soon as the Protector left that name and took himself as King) had it showed unto him that he should not reign, but his uncle should have the crown. At which word the prince sore abashed began to sigh, and said: "Alas, I would my uncle would let me have my life yet, though I lose my kingdom."

Then he that told him the tale, used him with good words, and put him in the best comfort he could. But forthwith was the prince and his brother both shut up, and all other removed from them, only one (called Black Will or William Slaughter) excepted, set to serve them and see them sure. After which time the prince never tied his points nor aught wrought of himself, but, with that young babe his brother, lingered with thought and heaviness, until this traitorous death delivered them of that wretchedness. For Sir James Tirrell devised that they should be

murdered in their beds. To the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that kept them, a fellow fleshed in murder before time. To him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave.

Then all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight (the seely children lying in their beds) came to the chamber, and suddenly lapping them up among the clothes, so too bewrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within a while, smothered and stifled, their breath failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of Heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed. Which after that the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pains of death, and after long lying still to be thoroughly dead, they laid their bodies naked out upon the bed, and fetched Sir James to see them; which upon the sight of them caused those murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

Then rode Sir James in great haste to King Richard, and shewed him all the manner of the murder; who gave him great thanks and (as some say) there made him knight. But he allowed not (as I have heard) the burying in so vile a corner, saying that he would have them buried in a better place, because they were a king's sons. Lo, the honourable courage of a King! Whereupon they say that a priest of Sir Robert Brackenbury's took up the bodies again and secretly enterred them in such place as, by the occasion of his death which only knew it, could never since come to light. Very truth is it and well known, that at such time as Sir James Tirrell was in the Tower for treason committed against the most famous prince King Henry the Seventh, both Dighton and he were examined and confessed the murder in manner above written, but whither the bodies were removed they could nothing tell.

And thus (as I have learned of them that must know and little cause had to lie) were these two noble princes, these innocent tender children, born of most royal blood, brought up in great wealth, likely long to live, reign, and rule in the realm, by traitorous tyranny taken, deprived of their estate, shortly shut up in prison and privily slain and murdered, their bodies cast God wot where, by the cruel ambition of their unnatural uncle and his despiteous tormentors, which things on every part well pondered, God never

gave this world a more notable example, neither in what unsurety standeth this worldly weal; or what mischief worketh the proud enterprise of an high heart; or finally what wretched end ensueth such despiteous cruelty.

For first, to begin with the ministers, Miles Forrest at St. Martins piece-meal rotted away. Dighton indeed yet walketh on alive, in good possibility to be hanged yet ere he die. But Sir James Tirrell died at the Tower Hill, beheaded for treason. King Richard himself, as ye shall hereafter hear, slain in the field, hacked and hewed of his enemies' hands, harried on horseback dead, his hair in despite torn and tugged like a cur dog; and the mischief that he took within less than three years of the mischief that he did; and yet all (in the meantime) spent in much pain and trouble outward, much fear, anguish, and sorrow within. . . . He never thought himself sure. Where he went abroad his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever upon his dagger, his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again, he took ill rest o' nights, lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, much troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometimes start up, leapt out of his bed and ran about the chamber; so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable deeds.

THE TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE

THE judges commanded silence while their commission was read both to the court and to the people assembled. That done the scribes commanded the crier to call the King by the name of "King Henry of England, come into the Court!" etc. With that the King answered and said "Here!" Then called he the Queen by the name of "Katharine, Queen of England, come into the Court!" etc. Who made no answer but rose out of her chair.

And because she could not come to the king directly for the distance severed between them, she went about by the court and came to the king, kneeling down at his feet, to whom she said in effect as followeth: "Sir," (quoth she) "I desire you to do me justice and right, and take some pity upon me, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominion, having here no

indifferent counsel and less assurance of friendship. Alas, sir, what have I offended you, and what occasion of displeasure have I showed you, intending thus to put me from you after this sort? I take God to my judge, I have been to you a true and humble wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never contraried or gainsaid anything thereof, and being always contented with all things wherein you had any delight, whether little or much, without grudge or displeasure. I loved for your sake all them whom you loved, whether they were my friends or enemies.

I have been your wife these twenty years and more, you have had by me divers children. If there be any just cause that you can alledge against me, either of dishonesty or matter lawful to put me from you; I am content to depart to my shame and rebuke: and if there be none, then I pray you to let me have justice at your hand. The king, your father, was in his time of excellent wit, and the King of Spain, my father Ferdinando, was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spain many years before. It is not to be doubted, but that they had gathered as wise counsellors unto them of every realm as to their wisdoms they thought meet, who deemed the marriage between you and me good and lawful, etc. Wherefore I humbly desire you to spare me until I may know what counsel my friends in Spain will advertise me to take. And if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled." With that she arose up, making a low curtsey to the king, and departed from thence.

The king being advertised that she was ready to go out of the house, commanded the crier to call her again, who called her by these words: "Katharine, Queen of England, come into the Court!" With that, quoth Master Griffith—"Madam, you be called again." "On, on! (quoth she) it maketh no matter. I will not tarry. Go on your ways." And thus she departed, making no further answer at that time, or any other, and never would appear after in any court. The king perceiving she was departed said these words in effect: "Forasmuch (quoth he) as the Queen is gone, I will in her absence declare to you all that she hath been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife as I would wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman of her dignity, or in any other of a baser estate; she is also surely a noble woman born, her conditions will well declare the same."

JOHN FOXE

[Foxe was born at Boston in 1516, and educated at Oxford, where he became Fellow of Magdalen. He had a delicate conscience on the subject of ceremonies, and resigned his fellowship in 1545. In 1547 he married. From 1548 to 1553 he was tutor to the children of the Earl of Surrey. In 1553 he lost his tutorship, and, holding by this time pronounced Protestant opinions, he retired to the Continent, and in 1554 had printed, at Strasburg, a Latin sketch on the lines of his future *Acts and Monuments*, but ending with the year 1500. After a short stay at Frankfort he settled at Basle as corrector of the press for the printer Oporinus, who published in 1559 the first edition, in Latin, of the *Book of Martyrs*. Foxe returned to England in 1559, and in 1563 the work, with many additions, was issued by John Day in English. Further editions, all in folio, were issued in 1570, 1576, 1583, 1596, 1610, 1632, 1641, and 1684. He died in 1587.]

AFTER the Bible itself, no work so profoundly influenced early Protestant sentiment in England as the *Book of Martyrs*. Even in our own time it is still a living force: some of its descriptions are burned into the memories of us all, and its spirit is perpetuated in the *Pilgrim's Progress* and in other religious classics, as well as in the tradition of countless households. When it first appeared, in 1563, the religious question was paramount. An infant church, torn with the pang of recent separation, sought to justify its departure from the bosom of Roman Christendom. In Foxe it found a worthy apologist, who saw, and made it see, in its slaughtered saints, a glorious proof of its apostolic birth. His book is throughout an exalted commentary on the text, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." From beginning to end it is inspired by the great conception, which its pages first made part of the national consciousness, that faith is made perfect by suffering without distinction of age or country. "If comparison be to be made between saint and saint, martyr and martyr, with whom might I better match this blessed martyr, John Hooper, than with Polycarp, the ancient Bishop of Smyrna?

For as both agreed together in one kind of punishment, being both put to the fire, so which of them showed more patience and constancy in the time of their suffering it is hard to be said. . . . In teaching alike diligent both, in zeal fervent, in life unspotted, in manners and conversation inculpable: bishops and also martyrs both." Such words as these were at once balm for consolation and a battle cry in conflict. The church and the nation felt themselves raised to the traditional level; and we can understand how it was no mere accident that altered the title which Foxe gave to his work—*The Acts and Monuments of these Latter and Perilous Days touching Matters of the Church*—to its popular designation, *The Book of Martyrs*, and gave it a desk side by side with the Bible in all cathedrals and in many parish churches.

But the book is far more than a bare record of persecution. It is an arsenal of controversy, and a storehouse of romance, as well as a source of edification. Protestantism is traced to its origins in England, Bohemia, and Germany, and the corruptions which had crept into the Church of Rome are exposed at enormous length and with unsparing denunciation. The same method is continued in treating of the English Reformation, and Foxe thus avoids an error which makes so many Lives of the Saints mere catalogues of painful perfections. He plunges, indeed, into the opposite extreme. He accumulates details like Defoe; he is as garrulous as Dogberry. All is grist that comes to his mill. Citations, rejoinders, lengthy dialogues, eye-witnesses' narratives, judgments and sentences—whole piles of documents (with pithy commentaries on each) are heaped one upon the other till we almost hear the parchments crackling. "I grant," he says, "that in a laboured story containing such infinite variety of matter as this doth, much more time would be required; but such time as I had, that I did bestow, if not so laboriously as others could, yet as diligently as I might. . . . I grant and confess my fault; such is my vice, I cannot sit all the day fining and mincing my letters, and combing my head and smoothing myself at the glass of Cicero." The painting is often rough; we can see the boards through rents in the canvas. But the scenes are presented with all the vividness of a dramatic representation: inquisitors, martyrs, and spectators are instinct with life and movement, and we involuntarily remember that Foxe lived among the precursors of Shakespeare. The effect of the whole is to leave upon the reader a strong impression of reality, which, it must be added, does not

in every case stand the test of impartial inquiry—for Foxe sometimes allowed policy or prejudice to prevail over truth. He has a keen sense of the interesting, and often goes out of his way to introduce an amusing episode or to quote a homely trait of character. He is a born story-teller. His command of pathos is great, well nigh intolerable. He describes the most horrible barbarities with a matter-of-fact calmness than which nothing could be better calculated to stir the deepest springs of indignation. It is easy to believe, with the historian of the English Puritans, that "No book ever gave such a mortal wound to Popery as this."

JAMES MILLER DODDS.

CRANMER AT THE STAKE

BUT when he came to the place where the holy bishops and martyrs of God, Hugh Latimer and Nicholas Ridley, were burnt before him for the confession of the truth, kneeling down, he prayed to God; and not long tarrying in his prayers, putting off his garments to his shirt, he prepared himself to death. His shirt was made long, down to his feet. His feet were bare; likewise his head, when both his caps were off, was so bare, that one hair could not be seen upon it. His beard was long and thick, covering his face with marvellous gravity. Such a countenance of gravity moved the hearts both of his friends and of his enemies.

Then the Spanish friars, John and Richard, of whom mention was made before, began to exhort him, and play their parts with him afresh, but with vain and lost labour. Cranmer, with steadfast purpose abiding in the profession of his doctrine, gave his hand to certain old men, and others that stood by, bidding them farewell.

And when he had thought to have done so likewise to Ely, the said Ely drew back his hand, and refused, saying it was not lawful to salute heretics, and specially such a one as falsely returned unto the opinions that he had foresworn. And if he had known before, that he would have done so, he would never have used his company so familiarly: and chid those sergeants and citizens which had not refused to give him their hands. This Ely was a priest lately made, and student in divinity, being then one of the fellows of Brasennose.

Then was an iron chain tied about Cranmer, whom when they perceived to be more steadfast than that he could be moved from his sentence, they commanded the fire to be set unto him.

And when the wood was kindled, and the fire began to burn near him, stretching out his arm, he put his right hand into the flame, which he held so steadfast and immovable (saving that

once with the same hand he wiped his face), that all men might see his hand burned before his body was touched. His body did so abide the burning of the flame with such constancy and steadfastness, that standing always in one place without moving his body, he seemed to move no more than the stake to which he was bound; his eyes were lifted up into heaven, and oftentimes he repeated "his unworthy right hand," so long as his voice would suffer him; and using often the words of Stephen "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," in the greatness of the flame he gave up the ghost.

(From the *Acts and Monuments.*)

ROSE ALLIN

THEN he gave her leave and bade her go. So her daughter the forenamed Rose Allin, maid, took a stone pot in one hand, and a candle in the other, and went to draw drink for her mother: and as she came back again through the house, Tyrrel met her, and willed her to give her father and mother good counsel, and advertise them to be better catholic people.

Rose. "Sir, they have a better instructor than I; for the Holy Ghost doth teach them, I hope, which I trust will not suffer them to err."

"Why," said master Tyrrel, "art thou still in that mind, thou naughty housewife? Marry it is time to look upon such heretics indeed."

Rose. "Sir, with that which you call heresy, do I worship my Lord God; I tell you troth."

Tyrrel. "Then I perceive you will burn, gossip, with the rest, for company's sake."

Rose. "No, sir, not for company's sake, but for my Christ's sake, if so I be compelled; and I hope in His mercies if He call me to it, He will enable me to bear it."

So he, turning to his company, said, "Sirs, this gossip will burn: do you not think it?" "Marry, sir," quoth one, "prove her, and you shall see what she will do by and by."

Then that cruel Tyrrel, taking the candle from her, held her wrist, and the burning candle under her hand, burning cross-wise over the back thereof so long, till the very sinews cracked asunder.

Witness hereof William Candler, then dwelling in Much Bentley, who was there present and saw it. Also Mistress Bright of Romford, with Ann Starkey her maid, to whom Rose Allin also both declared the same; and the said Mistress Bright also ministered salve for the curing thereof, as she lay in her house at Romford going up towards London with other prisoners.

But she, quietly suffering his rage for the time, at the last said, "Sir, have ye done what ye will do?" And he said, "Yea, and if thou think it be not well, then mend it."

"Mend it!" said Rose, "nay, the Lord mend you, and give you repentance, if it be His will. And now, if you think it good, begin at the feet, and burn to the head also. For he that set you a work, shall pay you your wages one day, I warrant you." And so she went and carried her mother drink, as she was commanded.

(From the Same.)

CICELY ORMES

THIS Cicely Ormes was a very simple woman, but yet zealous in the Lord's cause, being born in East Dereham, and was there the daughter of one Thomas Haund, tailor. She was taken the 5th day of July, and did for a twelvemonth before she was taken, recant; but never after was she quiet in conscience, until she was utterly driven from all their popery. Between the time that she recanted, and that she was taken, she had gotten a letter made to give to the chancellor, to let him know that she repented her recantation from the bottom of her heart, and would never do the like again while she lived; but before she exhibited her bill, she was taken and sent to prison, as is before said. She was burnt the 23rd day of September, between seven and eight of the clock in the morning, the said two sheriffs being there, and of people to the number of two hundred. When she came to the stake, she kneeled down, and made her prayers to God: that being done, she rose up and said,—

"Good people! I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, three persons and one God. This do I not, nor will I recant: but I recant utterly from the bottom of my heart the doings of the pope of Rome, and all his popish

priests and shavelings. I utterly refuse and never will have to do with them again, by God's grace. And, good people! I would you should not think of me that I believe to be saved in that I offer myself here unto the death for the Lord's cause, but I believe to be saved by the death and passion of Christ; and this my death is and shall be a witness of my faith unto you all here present. Good people! as many of you as believe as I believe, pray for me.'

Then she came to the stake, and laid her hand on it, and said, "Welcome the cross of Christ." Which being done, she, looking on her hand, and seeing it blacked with the stake, wiped it upon her smock; for she was burnt at the same stake that Simon Miller and Elizabeth Cooper was burnt at. Then, after she had touched it with her hand, she came and kissed it, and said, "Welcome the sweet cross of Christ"; and so gave herself to be bound thereto. After the tormentors had kindled the fire to her, she said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour." And in so saying, she set her hands together right against her breast, casting her eyes and head upward; and so stood, heaving up her hands by little and little, till the very sinews of her arms did break asunder, and then they fell. But she yielded her life unto the Lord as quietly as if she had been in a slumber, or as one feeling no pain; so wonderfully did the Lord work with her: His name therefore be praised for evermore. Amen!

(From the Same.)

SIR THOMAS NORTH

[Sir Thomas North, translator of Plutarch and Guevara, was the son of Edward North, first Baron North of Kirtling. The most of our knowledge concerning him is derived from the title-pages of his translations. He translated Guevara in 1557, and Plutarch (from the French of Amyot) in 1579. In 1601 there appeared *The Morall Philosophie of Doni*, "Englished out of Italian by Sir Thomas North, Knight," and little else is recorded of him but that he was still alive in 1603.]

SIR THOMAS NORTH'S *Plutarch* has won a wider celebrity than any other of the Tudor translations, because it afforded Shakespeare a direct and potent inspiration. Not only did the dramatist seek his material in the English version of *The Lives*, but he did not disdain to adopt the very turns and phrases of their translator. Thus has a sentimental, though legitimate, interest been aroused in a work which may claim our admiration and respect for its own most solid merits. The discovery of the masterpieces of classical literature to such as had little Latin and less Greek was an enterprise which suited the Elizabethan spirit of adventure. Nor was it undertaken with the narrow ambition of the pedant. Sir Thomas North was a man of letters rather than a scholar. His translation is not marred by the timid accuracy and awkwardness which distinguish the modern crib. He did not even trouble to acquaint himself with the Greek original, and made his version from the French of "James Amiot, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's privie counsell, and great Almner of France." Though he followed Amyot with tolerable fidelity, in places he permitted himself a liberal treatment of the French, so that his version, made at secondhand with admirable vigour and freshness, is free from the vices which are wont to mar even the most finished translations. Indeed, from end to end the *Plutarch* displays the

strength and colour of an original work. There are no traces of the restraint imposed by a foreign idiom. North's style was in a sense his own invention. His vocabulary is expressive and copious. His knowledge of French, Latin, and Italian gave him a generous command of strange words, which he did not shrink from Anglicising at need. Thus we find "Almaines," "seigniory," "ambassade," with such curious Latinisms as "manumissed," "divines" (soothsayers), and "pilled" in its etymological sense, "neither pilled nor polled" being North's equivalent for "neither robbed nor taxed." Of words which have now become obsolete or colloquial North had an endless store, and if you would match his use of them you must have recourse to Cotgrave or Nares. "Cop-tank," "slent" (a jest), and "yarage" (surely a ἅπαξ λεγόμενον) are like dashes of colour on the folio page. How fine a flavour of slang is there in the phrase, "Alcibiades smelling straight their fetch!" What more polished metaphor would be so expressive? And it was by the use of these and similar words and locutions that North imposed a distinctive character upon his work. Now and again we encounter an expression which, though exiled from literature, is still heard at the street corner. "She gave it him finely," says North of Cleopatra, and Pericles is described as "Pisistratus up and down." But English prose has altered strangely since the sixteenth century. The language of letters has more definitely divorced itself from the dialect of everyday life. There has been a gain of accuracy, but a serious loss of vigour. Though Sir Thomas North contributed indirectly to the triumph of Euphuism by his translation of Guevara's *Dial of Princes*, he came before Lyly—whose *Euphues* was published in the same year as the *Lives*—and escaped the affectations and deliberate antitheses which were cultivated by a whole generation. So that his prose is as easy and flexible an instrument as can be imagined. He cherishes no rigid superstition concerning the "parts of speech." His syntax is far more various and complex than the syntax of to-day. If he choose, adjectives and nouns are straightway converted into verbs. "Though Nicias did contrary it," he writes, and again, "they themselves that did somewhat malice and envy his glory." Indeed he employs with marvellous effect all the resources of the language. For him there is more than one mood, and he employs countless constructions. His long periods are always relieved by a pleasantly changing rhythm, and

despite their repetition and prolixity, they read as clearly and cleanly as the best array of the short sentences which are the mark of modern prose. Nor does his style suffer from a tedious monotony. Though he has a real gusto for words, though he delights above all things in strangely-devised phrases and quaint turns, he can write English as pure and simple as may be found even in the Authorised Version. It is difficult, for instance, to surpass the directness and dignity of the following passage, wherein is described the arrival of Coriolanus at Antium:—"It was even twi-light when he entred the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius house, and when he came thither, he got him straight to the chimney hearth, and sate him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance, and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled, himself, and after he had paused a while, making no answer, he said unto himselfe, 'If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, doest not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeede, I must of necessity bewray myself to be that I am.'" Here there is not a superfluous or impertinent word. All is simple and restrained. The tone is properly subdued to the subject, and the passage is distinguished by that fitness, which is the essence of style. At other times Sir Thomas will produce an effect by alliteration and the artifice of familiar slang. Of Alcibiades it is said that he put men in trust, "because they were good fellowes, and would drinke drunke with him and were full of mariners mocks and knavish jests." So also in such a phrase as "sundry delicate dishes of Meats, Tarts, and Marchpaines," the reader cannot but admire the keen curiosity which suggests so quaint and wholesome a word as "Marchpaines." But the prime merit of North is his sustained energy and vigour. The prose never flags: whether serious or gay, philosophic or narrative, it still keeps its high level of progress. Its colour and inventiveness are characteristic of the author and of the age; a fine body and wholesome substance dis-

tinguish it from the work of most of North's contemporaries. Indeed, though *The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* give us but an indifferent impression of Amyot, and no sensation of Plutarch, it is none the less a well of vital and genuine English, and one among the richest sources of our literary language.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE GREATNESS OF PERICLES

BUT Pericles perceiving that the orators of Thucydides' faction in their common orations did still cry out upon him, that he did vainly waste and consume the common treasure, and that he bestowed upon the works all the whole revenue of the city; one day when the people were assembled together before them all, he asked them if they thought that the cost bestowed were too much. The people answered him, a great deal too much. Well, said he then, the charges shall be mine (if you think good) and none of yours; provided that no man's name be written upon the works but mine only. When Pericles had said so, the people cried out aloud, they would none of that (either because that they wondered at the greatness of his mind, or else for that they would not give him the only honour and praise to have done so sumptuous and stately works), but willed him that he should see them ended at the common charges, without sparing for any cost. But in the end, falling out openly with Thucydides, and putting it to an adventure which of them should banish other, with the banishment of *ostracism*: Pericles got the upper hand, and banished Thucydides out of the city, and therewithal also overthrew the contrary faction against him. Now when he had rooted out all factions, and brought the city again to unity and concord, he found then the whole power of Athens in his hands, and all the Athenians' matters at his disposing. And having all the treasure, armour, galleys, the isles, and the sea, and a marvellous seigniory and kingdom (that did enlarge itself partly over the Grecians, and partly over the barbarous people) so well fortified and strengthened with the obedience of nations subject unto them, with the friendship of kings, and with the alliance of divers other princes and mighty lords; then from that time forward he began to change his manners towards the people, and not so easily to give place and frame himself to the people's wills and desires, no more than as it

were to contrary winds. Furthermore he altered his over-gentle and popular manner of government which he used until that time, as too delicate and too effeminate an harmony of music, and did convert it unto an imperious government, or rather to a kingly authority; but yet held still a direct course, and kept himself ever upright without fault, as one that did, said, and counselled that which was most expedient for the commonweal. He many times brought on the people by persuasions and reasons to be willing to grant that he preferred unto them; but many times also he drave them to it by force, and made them against their wills do that which was best for them. Following therein the device of a wise physician, who in a long and changeable disease doth grant his patient sometimes to take his pleasure of a thing he liketh, but yet after a moderate sort; and another time also, he doth give him a sharp or bitter medicine that doth vex him, though it heal him. For (as it falleth out commonly unto people that enjoy so great an empire) many times misfortunes did chance, that filled them full of sundry passions, the which Pericles alone could finely steer and govern with two principal rudders, fear and hope; bridling with the one the fierce and insolent rashness of the common people in prosperity, and with the other comforting their grief and discouragement in adversity. Wherein he manifestly proved, that rhetoric and eloquence (as Plato saith) is an art which quickeneth men's spirits at her pleasure, and her chiefest skill is to know how to move passions and affections throughly, which are as stops and sounds of the soul, that would be played upon with a fine-fingered hand of a cunning master. All which, not the force of eloquence only brought to pass, as Thucydides witnesseth, but the reputation of his life, and the opinion and confidence they had of his great worthiness, because he would not any way be corrupted with gifts, neither had he any covetousness in him. For, when he had brought his city not only to be great, but exceeding great and wealthy, and had in power and authority exceeded many kings and tyrants, yea, even those which by their wills and testaments might have left great possessions to their children; he never for all that increased his father's goods and patrimony left him the value of a groat in silver. And yet the historiographer Thucydides doth set forth plainly enough the greatness of his power. And the comical poets also of that time do report it maliciously under covert words, calling his familiar friends the new *Pisistratides*, saying, how they must make him swear and protest

he would never be king, giving us thereby to understand that his authority was too exceeding great for a popular government. And Teleclides (amongst other) saith, that the Athenians had put into his hands the revenue of the towns and cities under their obedience, and the towns themselves, to bind the one and loose the other, and to pull down their walls, or to build them again at his pleasure. They gave him power to make peace and alliance, they gave all their force, treasure, and authority, and all their goods wholly into his hands. But this was not for a little while, nor in a *geere* of favour, that should continue for a time, but this held out forty years together, he being always the chief of his city amongst the Ephialtes, the Leocrates, the Mironides, the Cimons, the Tolmides, and the Thucydides. For after he had prevailed against Thucydides, and had banished him, he yet remained chief above all other, the space of fifteen years. Thus having attained a regal dignity to command all, which continued as aforesaid, where no other captain's authority endured but one year: he ever kept himself upright from bribes and money, though otherwise he was no ill husband, and could warily look to his own. As for his lands and goods left him by his parents, that they miscarried not by negligence, nor that they should trouble him much, in busying himself to reduce them to a value; he did so husband them as he thought was his best and easiest way. For he sold in gross ever the whole year's profit and commodity of his lands, and afterwards sent to the market daily to buy the cates, and other ordinary provision of household. This did not like his sons that were men grown, neither were his women contented with it, who would have had him more liberal in his house; for they complained of his over hard and strait ordinary, because in so noble and great a house as his, there was never any great remain left of meat, but all things received into the house, ran under account, and were delivered out by proportion. All this good husbandry of his was kept upright in this good order, by one Evangelus, steward of his house, a man very honest and skilful in all his household provision; and whether Pericles had brought him up to it; or that he had it by nature, it was not known.

From the *Life of Pericles*.

VOLUMNIA'S PLEADING

HER answer ended, Volumnia took her daughter-in-law, and Martius' children with her, and being accompanied with all the other Roman ladies, they went in troop together unto the Volsces' camp; whom when they saw, they of themselves did both pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them that once durst say a word unto her. Now was Martius set then in his chair of state, with all the honours of a general, and when he had spied the woman coming afar off, he marvelled what the matter meant: but afterwards knowing his wife which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancour. But overcome in the end with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair, but coming down in haste, he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother, and embraced her a pretty while, then his wife and little children. And nature so wrought with him, that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them, but yielded to the affection of his blood, as if he had been violently carried with the fury of a most swift running stream. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother Volumnia would begin to speak to him, he called the chiefest of the council of the Volsces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort: "If we held our peace (my son) and determined not to speak, the state of our poor bodies, and present sight of our raiment, would easily bewray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad, but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living, we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spiteful fortune has made most fearful to us; making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country: so as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adversity and misery, to pray unto the gods, and to call to them for aid, is the only thing which plungeth us into most deep perplexity. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victory to our country, and for safety of thy life also: but a world of grievous curses, yea more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, to forego one of the two: either to lose the

person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself (my son) I am determined not to tarry till fortune in my lifetime do make an end of this war. For if I cannot persuade thee, rather to do good unto both parties, than to overthrow and destroy the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my son, and trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them, and of his natural country. For if it were so, that my request tended to save thy country, in destroying the Volsces, I must confess, thou wouldest hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroy thy natural country, it is altogether unmeet and unlawful, so were it not just, and less honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth, to make a gaol-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety, both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volsces. For it shall appear, that having victory in their hands, they have of special favour granted us singular graces, peace and amity, albeit themselves have no less part of both than we. Of which good, if so it came to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it fail, and fall out contrary, thyself alone deservedly shalt carry the shameful reproach and burthen of either party. So, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this notwithstanding is most certain, that if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee." Martius gave good care unto his mother's words, without interrupting her speech at all, and after she had said what she would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Hereupon she began again to speak unto him, and said: "My son, why doest thou not answer me? Doest thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy mother's request, in so weighty a cause? dost thou take it honourable for a nobleman, to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not in like case think it an honest

nobleman's part, to be thankful for the goodness that parents do shew to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to shew himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself: who so universally shewest all ingratitude. Moreover (my son) thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them, in revenge of the injuries offered thee: besides, thou hast not hitherto shewed thy poor mother any courtesy. And therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that without compulsion I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?" And with these words, herself, his wife and children, fell down upon their knees before him: Martius seeing that, could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, "O mother, what have you done to me?" And holding her hard by the right hand, "O mother," said he, "You have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son: for I see myself vanquished by you alone." These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return again to Rome, for so they did request him; and so remaining in camp that night, the next morning he dislodged, and marched homeward into the Volsces' country again, who were not all of one mind, nor all alike contented. For some misliked him and that he had done: other being well pleased that peace should be made, said: that neither the one nor the other deserved blame nor reproach. Other, though they misliked that was done, did not think him an ill man for that he did, but said, he was not to be blamed, though he yielded to such a forcible extremity. Howbeit no man contraried his departure, but all obeyed his commandment, more for respect of his worthiness and valiancy than for fear of his authority. Now the citizens of Rome plainly shewed, in what fear and danger their city stood of this war, when they were delivered. For so soon as the watch upon the walls of the city perceived the Volsces' camp to remove, there was not a temple in the city but was presently set open, and full of men wearing garlands of flowers upon their heads, sacrificing to the gods, as they were wont to do upon the news of some great obtained victory. And this common joy was yet more manifestly shewed, by the honourable courtesies the whole senate and people did bestow on their ladies. For they were all throughly persuaded, and did certainly believe, that the

ladies only were cause of the saving of the city, and delivering themselves from the instant danger of the war. Whereupon the senate ordained that the magistrates, to gratify and honour these ladies, should grant them all that they would require. And they only requested that they would build a temple of Fortune for the women, unto the building whereof they offered themselves to defray the whole charge of the sacrifices, and other ceremonies belonging to the service of the gods. Nevertheless, the senate, commending their goodwill and forwardness, ordained that the temple and image should be made at the common charge of the city.

(From the *Life of Coriolanus.*)

THE FLIGHT OF ANTONY

So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire, but threescore ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars. Into them he put two and twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut: who, as Antonius passed by him, cried out unto him, and said: O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the main land, where we use to conquer, or to be slain on our feet. Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although indeed he had no great courage himself. For when the masters of the galleys and pilots would have let their sails alone, he made them clap them on; saying to colour the matter withal, that not one of his enemies should scape. All that day and the three days following, the sea rose so high, and was so boisterous, that the battle was put off. The fifth day the storm ceased, and the sea calmed again, and then they rowed with force of oars in battle one against the other: Antonius leading the right wing with Publicola, and Cælius the left, and Marcus Octavius and Marcus Fusteius the midst. Octavius Cæsar on the other side had placed Agrippa in the left wing of his army, and had kept the right wing for him-

self. For the armies by land, Canidius was General of Antonius' side, and Taurus of Cæsar's side: who kept their men in battle array, the one before the other, upon the sea side, without stirring one against the other. Further, touching both the chieftains: Antonius being in a swift pinnace, was carried up and down by force of oars through his army, and spake to his people to encourage them to fight valiantly, as if they were on main land, because of the steadiness and heaviness of their ships: and commanded the pilots and masters of the galleys, that they should not stir, none otherwise than if they were at anchor, and so to receive the first charge of their enemies, and that they should not go out of the strait of the gulf. Cæsar betimes in the morning going out of his tent, to see his ships throughout, met a man by chance that drave an ass before him: Cæsar asked the man what his name was. The poor man told him his name was Eutychus, to say Fortunate: and his ass's name Nicon, to say Conqueror. Therefore Cæsar, after he had won the battle, setting out the market place with the spurs of the galleys he had taken, for a sign of his victory, he caused also the man and his ass to be set up in brass. When he had visited the order of his army throughout, he took a little pinnace, and went to the right wing, and wondered when he saw his enemies lie still in the strait, and stirred not. For discerning them afar off, men would have thought they had been ships riding at anchor: and a good while he was so persuaded. So he kept his galleys eight furlongs from his enemies. About noon there arose a little gale of wind from the sea, and then Antonius' men waxing angry with tarrying so long, and trusting to the greatness and height of their ships, as if they had been invincible, they began to march forward with their left wing. Cæsar seeing that, was a glad man, and began a little to give back from the right wing, to allure them to come farther out of the strait and gulf, to the end that he might with his light ships well manned with water-men, turn and environ the galleys of the enemies, the which were heavy of *yarage*, both for their bigness, as also for lack of water-men to row them. When the skirmish began, and that they came to join, there was no great hurt at the first meeting, neither did the ships vehemently hit one against the other, as they do commonly in fight by sea. For on the other side, Antonius' ships for their heaviness could not have the strength and swiftness to make their blows of any force: and Cæsar's ships on the other side took great heed not to rush and shock with the

fore-castles of Antonius' ships, whose prows were armed with great brazen spurs. Furthermore, they durst not flank them, because their points were easily broken, which way soever they came to set upon their ships, that were made of great main square pieces of timber, bound together with great iron pins: so that the battle was much like unto a battle by land, or to speak more properly, to the assault of a city. For there were always three or four of Cæsar's ships about one of Antonius' ships, and the soldiers fought with their pikes, halbards, and darts, and threw halbards, and darts with fire. Antonius' ships on the other side bestowed among them, with their crossbows and engines of battery, great store of shot from their high towers of wood that were set upon their ships. Now Publicola seeing Agrippa put forth his left wing of Cæsar's army, to compass in Antonius' ships that fought, he was driven also to loose off to have more room, and to go a little at one side, to put those farther off that were afraid, and in the midst of the battle: for they were sore distressed by Arruntius. Howbeit the battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both; when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra, busily about their yard-masts, and hoisting sails to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, for they had been placed behind the great ships, and did marvellously disorder the other ships. For the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort, with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius shewed plainly, that he had not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, That the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not in his own) he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman, as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also. For when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarqued upon a galley with five banks of oars, to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his destruction. When she knew his galley afar off, she lift up a sign in the poop of her ship; and so Antonius coming to it, was plucked up where Cleopatra was: howbeit he saw her not at his first coming nor she him, but went and sat down alone in the prow of his ship, and said never a word, clapping his head between both his hands.

(From the *Life of Antony.*)

PHILEMON HOLLAND AND THE CLASSICAL TRANSLATORS

[Philemon Holland was born at Chelmsford in 1552. He was educated at Chelmsford Grammar School and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which foundation he was elected a major fellow in 1574. He also studied medicine, and proceeded to the degree of M.D. In 1595 he settled at Coventry, and there he remained until his death in 1637. For some years he was an usher at Coventry School, and for a while headmaster. He translated Livy (1600), Pliny (1601), Suetonius (1606), Plutarch's *Morals* (1603), and Xenophon's *Cyropædia* (1632), by which admirable versions he is best remembered. The other translators are known by their works. Thomas Underdowne translated —besides the *Aethiopica* (1587)—*Ovid, his Invective against Ibis* into "English meeter" (1569), and was the author of *The Excellent Historye of Theseus and Ariadne.* The title-page of his *Thucydides* (1550) tells us that Thomas Nicolls was a "citizeine and goldsmyth of London." Of Adlington, who Englished the *Metamorphoses* of Lucius Apuleius, we know no more than that he was educated at University College, Oxford, while the translator of Herodotus hides even his name. It seems to be taken for granted that the initials B. R. stand for Barnaby Rich, but proof is lacking, and it is not a matter of the first importance. Sir Henry Savile—a friend of Ben Jonson, who dedicated to him a copy of verses—was the best scholar of them all. He took part in the authorised translation of the Bible, Matthew, The Acts, and Revelations falling to his share. In 1591 he published a translation of the Histories of Tacitus under the title of *The End of Galba.*]

THE last half of the 16th century was the golden age of translation. Not a few attempts had been made a hundred years earlier to discover to English readers some fragments at least of classical literature. Will. Wyrcestre, *alias* Botaner, for instance, translated *The Boke of Tulle of Old Age* in 1481, and his was not a solitary experiment. But the genuine enthusiasm of the Renaissance did not lay hold upon England until seventy years later, when the insatiable curiosity, which urged the exploration of new continents, encouraged also the revived study of Greece and Rome. In fifty years an incomparable series of English versions

was produced, and a wealth of literature revealed to the uninitiated. The translators approached their task with characteristic recklessness. They endured no probationary period of scholarship. They had as little Greek as their readers, and not much more Latin. Amyot and the French were their most direct and potent inspiration, and as these did not disdain the help of the Latin cribs, which had been made in Italy, not a few of the English translations were removed by more than one stage from their originals. Thomas Nicolls, goldsmith of London, "turned" Thucydides from the French of Claude de Seyssel, Bishop of Marseilles, who himself did but know the history in its Latin dress. And yet the version of Thomas Hobbes, who proudly records on the title-page that his author was "interpreted with Faith and Diligence immediately out of the Greek," is dry and insipid when compared to the less scholarly and ruggeder translation of the modest goldsmith. Some, indeed, of the translators went sadly astray. Even the example of Amyot was not always sufficient for success, and one Angell Day succeeded in converting *Daphnis and Chloe* from Amyot's pellucid French into as tiresome and turgid a piece of affectation as the language will supply. But the most had so noble a sense of the picturesque, and so fertile a diction, that one does not regret for an instant their lack of scholarship.

This brilliant efflorescence is the more remarkable, because it was due not to the genius of distinguished writers, but to the talent of marvellously-gifted hacks. Then, as now, the work of translation was commonly performed by men who added nought to their country's literature. But while to-day the average version is the cheapest journey-work, there are few of the Tudor translations which are not vigorous, eloquent, and distinguished. Even the best are marred by faults, and by one so grave that admiration cannot overlook it. The attempt is rarely made to represent the style of the original. How should it be when the Greek or Latin phrase was filtered into English through the French? Exceptions there are. Sir Henry Savile, for instance, was a scholar gifted with an understanding of Tacitus and his diction. Now and again he presents the idiom and conciseness of his author even to the prejudice of his own style. The passage which here follows is an echo at least of the Tacitean brevity and construction: "A worke I take here in hande containing sundry changes, bloudie battailes, violent

mutinees, peace full of cruelty and perill: foure Emperors slaine with sword, three civil warres, foraine many mo, and oft both at once: good success in the East, bad in the West: Illyricum troubled; the countries of Gallia wavering: Brittanny al conquered, not al retained: invasions of the Sarmatian and Suevian nation: the Dacian giving and taking notable overthrowes: the Parthians also almost in armes, abused by a counterfayt Nero." This is clumsy enough, yet it adheres closely to the original, and how shall the telegraphic sentences be more elegantly interpreted? But Tacitus, being a decadent, refused to suit himself with the youthful vigour of Elizabethan prose, so that Sir Henry Savile's scholarship does not long prevail against the spirit of his own language. And where he was not successful, the rest were certain of failure. In truth, when we approach the translations of the 16th century, we had better forget our classics. "A translator," said Dr. Johnson, "is to exhibit his author's thoughts in such a dress of diction as the author would have given them had his language been English." Tried by this severe standard, Holland, Adlington, Underdowne, fail miserably, one and all. But it were an injustice to their achievement to demand accuracy. Like North, they were writers rather than scholars. Their practice was to neglect their original, and to aim at a fresh composition which should recall the substance, if not the quality, of the Greek or Latin. Though the versions thus differ from the works, which are their excuse, they are bound together by marked resemblances. A uniform convention directs their style. Energy of expression, colour and variety of phrase, invention and redundancy characterise them all. As they are guilty of the same vices, so they share the same virtues, and to consider their merits, we need not separate them one from another.

The language handled by the translators with so keen an enthusiasm was young and full-blooded and still in a state of revolution. Words and phrases were fighting hard for their life, and too many lost it. "Many travise and dance minionly," writes B. R., translator of Herodotus; while Philemon Holland in his passage of the Alps talks of the "slabberie snow-broth," and sets the Romans down as "poor garrons." Slang clamoured for admittance into the written language, and it is our misfortune that later writers denied what Holland and his colleagues so readily granted. B. R. is a lover of common words even above his fellows. Thus he renders a simple passage concerning the writing of the Egyptians: "The

Aegyptians contrarywise proceede from the right to the left, wherein also they frump and gird at the Graecians." And there is an admirable homeliness in the sentence: "Protheus turned hymselfe to Alexander and tucked hym up with thys rounde talk." The result of this freedom was a marvellous vividness and strength, marred, it is true, by an uncouth and awkward prolixity. But the style is tempered to the softer passion of love, and passages in Adlington's *Golden Asse* and Underdowne's *Aethiopian Historie* are masterpieces of dainty narrative. In another respect English is in a state of flux. Prefix and suffix vary and are changed. "Mockery" has not entirely ousted "mockage." Sometimes "praecel" is found; at others the more familiar "excel"; and though the points of difference are small, they are sufficient to stamp a marked character upon the style. Then, again, the language was enriched, especially by Holland, with countless borrowings from French or Latin. "The mures and counterfabrickes of the city;" "our forces to be cassed and discharged from service;" by such phrases are the pages of Livy distinguished. And thus a plumpness and dignity are imparted to English prose —qualities which (with their defects) the niceness and common sense of a later age purged away. Above all, the prose is rhythmical and well fashioned to the ear, and each after his kind has the gift of telling a story with point and direction. Thus does Holland sum up the character of Hannibal: "Most forward he was and hardie to all hazards and dangerous adventures: right provident and warie againe, at the verie point of perill and jeopardie. No travaile was able to wearie and tire his bodie; no painestaking could daunt and breake his hearte." In the few lines that follow there is a rare touch of picturesqueness: "They crossed the rockes overthwart, and (as they were accustomed and used to them) ran to and fro, up and down through the blind and unhaunted bywaies." If direct simplicity be to your taste, where shall you match the conference between Protheus and Alexander, as set forth by B. R.? "Beeing arrived at the Court, the king asked *Alexander* in these words: Yong gentleman, what are you, and from what countrey are you landed heere in *Aegypt*? *Alexander*, who was not to seeke of an aunswere, with a comely grace made aunswere to the King, descrying both his countrey and lynage, the place also from whence hee was arrived, and to what coastes he directed his course. And where then (quoth the King) had you this goodly gentlewoman, for she seemeth to be

a woman of no common bloud: whereat my youth somewhat mammering before he coulde cast the plot of his excuse, was betrayed by his servaunts, who in humble manner on their knees, deciphered to the king the whole discourse of his treason." In prose such as this there is a robust delight which a more accurate and better handled style will not always afford, and there is scarce a translation but will yield passages of like quality on every page. Though the convention is invariable, differences there are of energy and tone. Philemon Holland is the greatest of the group. In strength and variety none other is comparable to him. Not only is his grip of the language firmer, but his key of expression is larger, his ear far truer for suiting sound to sense. Sir Henry Savile is chastened and restrained, as befits a scholar. B. R., the nameless translator of Herodotus, joins to a light hand a pretty taste for those outcasts of speech which are slang, while William Adlington displays a feeling for elegance which others lack. But the work of all is good to read, and their faults are the faults of great men.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

MARCELLUS AND HANNIBAL AT NOLA

THIS *emparle* put Hannibal clean besides all hope of gaining Nola by treason. Therefore he beleaguered the town on every side, and invested it round about like a garland, to the end, that in one instant he might give the assault on every part of the walls. When Marcellus saw him under the walls, he set his people first in battle array within the gate, and then with a great noise and tumult he suddenly sallied out. At their first set and onset, divers of the enemies were beaten down and slain; but after that, they ran from all parts to battle, and were come together with equal forces; the fight began to be hot and sharp, and a memorable conflict it had been, and few like it, but that it rained and poured down so fast, and with so many storms and tempests, that it parted both the battles, and stayed the fight. So for that day, having with that small skirmish kindled their courages, and set their blood in heat, they retired back, the Romans within the city, and the Carthaginians to their camp. Howbeit, of the Carthaginians there were slain, upon the first sally and charge given, not above thirty, and of the Romans not one man. This tempestuous shower of rain lasted all night long, and continued still, and never gave over until nine of the clock before noon the next day. And therefore, albeit they were sharp set, and their fingers itched on both sides to be a fighting, yet for that day they kept within their hold and strength. So the third day Hannibal sent out certain companies into the territory about Nola, for to forray and fetch in booties: which, so soon as Marcellus understood, he presently set his men in array, and entered the field, neither was Hannibal for his part behind. Now there was a mile distance, or very near, between the city and the enemy's camp. In this space between (for all about Nola is plain and champian) they encountered and joined battle. The shout that they set up on both sides, reclaimed and caused to return unto the fight

already begun, the nearest of those cohorts and bands, which were gone a-foraging into the country. The men of Nola likewise came unto the Romans, and mended their battle: whom Marcellus commended for their forwardness, and gave them in charge to abide in the rearward, to help as occasion served, and to carry forth of the skirmish those that were hurt and wounded, and to forbear fight in any case, unless they had a signal and token given them by him. The fight was doubtful, for both the generals gave encouragement effectually, and also the soldiers did their best, and fought right manfully. Marcellus was earnest with his men to press hard and charge still upon their enemies, whom they had defeated not three days ago, who not many days past were put to flight, and driven from Cumæ, and who the year before were beaten from Nola, under his conduct, by other soldiers, saying, That they were not all there in the field, but many of them gone ranging abroad into the country, for to hale booties and get prizes. As for them that fought, they were such as were decayed with rioting and following their delights in Capua, such as with wine-bibbing in every tavern, all the whole winter, were become enfeebled in body, spent, and wasted utterly. As for that lively strength and vigour of theirs, it was clean gone: those able and lusty bodies were decayed, those courageous hearts abated, wherewith they passed over the Pyrennean mountains, and the high cliffs of the Alps. There remained now nothing but the relics and shadow of those men to fight, who are scarce able to bear their very armour, to lift up their arms, and carry their own bodies. Adding withal, that Capua was another Cannæ unto Hannibal: there died his warlike prowess, there lost he his militare discipline; there was the glorious fame of former days buried; there the hope of future time for ever suppressed and stifled. As Marcellus by reproving these and such like things in his enemies, animated his own soldiers: so Hannibal rebuked his men with more sharp words and bitter checks. I know these to be (quoth he) the same arms and weapons, the very same engines and standards, which I saw and had at Trebia, at Thrasymenus, and last of all at Cannæ. But surely, methinks, when I went to Capua, there to winter, I carried with me thither, other manner of soldiers than I have brought again from thence. Have ye indeed so much ado to maintain fight with a Roman lieutenant, leader of one only legion and cornet; whom heretofore two full Consular armies were never able to abide in the field? Shall

Marcellus with young and raw soldiers of his own, seconded only with the aid of the Nolanes, challenge and bid us battle the second time? Where is that soldier of mine, that unhorsed C. Flaminius the Consul, and stracke off his head? What is become of him that at Cannæ slew L. Paulus? What? Is the edge of your sword dull, and the point blunt? Or are your right hands asleep and benumbed? Or what strange and wonderful accident is befallen you? Ye that were wont, being few in number, to vanquish many, are ye now, being many in number, hardly able to withstand and abide the violence of a few? Ye spake big, and gave out great brags and proud words, that if any man would lead you, you would win Rome, that you would. Behold now, a smaller piece of service. Here I would have you prove your strength, and make trial of your valour. Let us see now, win me Nola, a city situate in the champian, on a plain, defended neither with sea nor river. O, out of this so wealthy a city, will I be ready either to lead you, laden with rich pillage and spoil, whithersoever ye will, or follow you, wheresoever ye would have me. But nothing availed either his cheerful words, or his checking rebukes, to encourage and confirm their hearts.

(From the *Romane Historie written by T. Livius of Padua. Translated out of Latin into English by Philemon Holland, Doctor in Physicke.*)

GRIEF AND SUDDEN JOY

BUT after they had gone a little way, Cnemon suddenly cried out, O Jupiter, what meaneth this? We are undone: Cariclia is slain. And therewith he cast his light to the ground, and put it out, and holding his hands before his face, fell on his knees, and lamented. But Theagenes as though by violence one had thrust him down, fell on the dead body, and held the same in his arms a great while without moving. Cnemon therefore perceiving that he was utterly overcome with sorrow, and fearing lest he should do him some harm, took his sword out of his scabbard, and ran out to light his link again. In the meantime, Theagenes tragically, and with much sorrow lamented: and oh, grief intolerable, oh manifold mischiefs, sent from the gods, said he, What insatiable fury so much rageth still to have us destroyed? Who

hath banished us out of our country, cast us to dangers by seas, perils by pirates, and hath often delivered us into the hands of robbers, and spoiled us of all our treasures? Only one comfort we had, which is now taken from us, Cariclia is dead, and by enemy's hand (my only joy) is slain: while she no doubt defended her chastity, and reserved herself unto me, she unhappy creature is dead, and neither had she by her beauty any pleasure, neither any commodity. But oh my sweet heart, speak to me lastly, as thou wert wont to do, and if there be any life in thee, command me to do somewhat. Alas thou dost hold thy peace, that godly mouth of thine, out of the which proceeded so heavenly talk, is stopped: darkness hath possessed her who bare the star of beauty: and the last end of all hath now gotten the best minister that belonged to any temple of the gods. These eyes of thine, that with passing fairness looked upon all men, are now without sight, which he, who killed thee, saw not, I am sure. But by what name shall I call thee? my spouse? thou wert never espoused. My wife? thou wert not married, what shall I therefore call thee? or how shall I lastly speak unto thee, shall I call thee by the most delectable name of all names, Cariclia? O Cariclia hear me, thou hast a faithful lover, and shalt ere it be long, recover me, for I will out of hand, with mine own death perform a deadly sacrifice to thee, and with mine own blood will I offer a friendly offering unto thee, and this rude den shall be a sepulchre for us both. It shall be lawful for us, after death, to enjoy either other, which while we lived, the gods would not grant. As soon as he had spoken thus, he set his hand, as though he would have drawn out his sword, which when he found not, O Cnemon said he, how hast thou hurt me, and especially injured Cariclia, deprived now again of most delectable company: while he spake thus, through the hollow holes of the cave, there was a voice heard, that called Theagenes. He heard it well, and was nothing afraid, and O sweet soul, pardon me, said he: by this it manifestly appeareth, that thou art yet above the earth, partly for that with violence expulsed out of such a body, thou canst not depart without grief, partly for that, not yet buried, thou art chased away of infernal spirits. And when Cnemon came in with a light in his hand the same voice was heard again, calling Theagenes. O gods, said Cnemon, is not this Cariclia's voice? Surely Theagenes, I think that she is yet saved. Wilt thou not yet leave, said Theagenes, so oft to deceive and beguile me?

Indeed, said Cnemon, I deceive you, and am myself deceived, if this be not Cariclia that lieth here. And therewithal, he straightway turned her face upward, which, as soon as he saw, you gods, said he, which be the authors of all wonders, what strange sight is this? I see here Thisbe's face, and therewith he leapt back, and without moving any whit, stood quaking in a great admiration. Therewithal Theagenes came somewhat to himself, and began to conceive some better hope in his mind, and comforted Cnemon, whose heart now failed him, and desired him in all haste to carry him to Cariclia. A while after, when Cnemon came somewhat to himself again, he looked more advisedly on her: it was Thisbe indeed, and he knew also the sword that lay by her, by the hilts to be Thyamis his, which he for anger, and haste left in the wound. Last of all, he saw a little scroll hang at her breast, which he took away, and would fain have read it, but Theagenes would not let him, but lay on him very earnestly, saying, let us first receive my sweet heart, lest even now as some god beguile us: as for these things, we may know them hereafter. Cnemon was content, and so taking the letter in his hand, and the sword also, went in to Cariclia, who creeping both on hands and feet to the light, ran to Theagenes, and hanged about his neck. Now Theagenes, thou art restored to me again, said she. Thou livest, mine own Cariclia, quoth he, oftentimes. At length they fell suddenly to the ground, holding either other in their arms, without uttering any word, except a little murmuring, and it lacked but a little, that they were not both dead. For, many times too much gladness is turned to sorrow, and immoderate pleasure hath engendered grief, whereof ourselves are the causes. As also these, preserved contrary to their hope and opinion, were in peril, until Cnemon taking a little water in his hands sprinkled it on their faces, and rubbing their nostrils caused them to come to themselves again.

(From *An Æthiopian Historie written in Greek by Heliodorus: Englished by Thomas Underdowne.*)

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF LUCIUS APULEIUS

After that I had well rubbed every part and member of my body, I hovered with mine arms, and moved myself, looking still

when I should be changed into a bird as Pamphile was, and behold neither feathers nor appearance of feathers did *burgen* out, but verily my hair did turn into ruggedness, and my tender skin waxed tough and hard, my fingers and toes, lesing the number of five, changed into hoofs, and out of me grew a great tail, now my face became monstruous, my nosethrilles wide, my lips hanging down, and mine ears rugged with hair: neither could I see any comfort of my transformation, for my members increased likewise, and so without all help (viewing every part of my poor body) I perceived that I was no bird, but a plain ass. Then I thought to blame Fotis, but being deprived as well of language as human shape, I looked upon her with my hanging lips and watery eyes, who (as soon as she espied me in such sort) cried out, alas poor wretch that I am, I am utterly cast away. The fear that I was in, and my haste hath beguiled me, but especially the mistaking of the box hath deceived me. But it forceth not much, since as a sooner medicine may be gotten for this, than for any other thing. For if thou couldest get a rose and eat it, thou shouldest be delivered from the shape of an ass, and become my Lucius again. And would to God I had gathered some garlands this evening past according to my custom, then thou shouldest not continue an ass one night's space, but in the morning I will seek some remedy. Thus Fotis lamented in pitiful sort, but I that was now a perfect ass, and for Lucius a brute beast, did yet retain the sense and understanding of a man. And did devise a good space with myself, whether it were best for me to tear this mischievous and wicked harlot with my mouth, or to kick and kill her with my heels. But a better thought reduced me from so rash a purpose, for I feared lest by the death of Fotis I should be deprived of all remedy and help. Then shaking my head and dissimuling mine ire, and taking mine adversity in good part, I went into the stable to mine own horse, where I found another ass of Pilo's, sometime mine host, and I did verily think that mine own horse (if there were any natural conscience or knowledge in brute beasts) would take pity upon me, and proffer me lodging for that night, but it chanced far otherwise. For see, my horse and the ass, as it were, consented together to work my harm, and fearing lest I should eat up their provender, would in no wise suffer me to come nigh the manger, but kicked me with their heels from their meat, which I myself, gave them the night before. Then I, being thus handled by them and driven away, got me into a

corner of the stable, where (while I remembered their uncourtesy, and how on the morrow I should return to Lucius by the help of a rose, when as I thought to revenge myself of mine own horse) I fortuned to espy in the middle of a pillar sustaining the rafters of the stable, the image of the goddess Hippone, which was garnished and decked round about with fair fresh roses. Then in hope of a present remedy I leaped up with my fore feet as high as I could, and stretching out my neck, and with my lips coveted to snatch some roses. But in an evil hour did I go about that enterprise, for behold, the boy to whom I gave charge of my horse came presently in, and finding me climbing upon the pillar, ran towards me, and said: How long shall we suffer this vile ass, that doth not only eat up his fellows' meat, but also would spoil the images of the goddess: why do I not kill this lame thief, and weak wretch? and therewithal looking about for some kidgel, he espied where lay a faggot of wood, and choosing out a crabbed truncheon of the biggest he could find, did never cease beating of me, poor wretch, until such time as, by great noise and rumbling, he heard the doors of the house burst open, and the neighbours crying in lamentable sort, which enforced him (being stroken in fear) to fly his way. And by and by a troop of thieves entered in, and kept every part and corner of the house with weapons. And as men resorted to aid and help them which were within the doors, the thieves resisted and kept them back, for every man was armed with his sword and target in his hand, the glimpses whereof did yield out such light as if it had been day. Then they brake open a great chest with double locks and bolts wherein was laid all the treasure of Pilo, and ransacked the same, which when they had done they packed it up, and gave every one a portion to carry, but when they had more than they could bear away, yet were they loth to leave any behind; they came into the stable, and took us two poor asses, and my horse, and laded us with greater trusses than we were able to bear. And when we were out of the house, they followed us with great staves, and willed one of their fellows to tarry behind and bring them tidings what was done concerning the robbery, and so they beat us forward over great hills out of the high way. But I, what with my heavy burthen, and my long journey did nothing differ from a dead ass, wherefore I determined with myself to seek some civil remedy, and by invocation of the name of the Prince of the country, to be delivered from so many miseries. And in a time

as I passed through a great fair, I came amongst a multitude of Greeks, and I thought to call upon the renowned name of the Emperor, and to say: O Cæsar, and I cried out aloud, O, but Cæsar I could in no wise pronounce; the thieves, little regarding my crying, did lay me on, and beat my wretched skin in such sort, that after it was neither apt nor meet to make sives or sarces. Howbeit at last Jupiter ministered unto me an unhoped remedy. For when we had passed through many towns and villages, I fortuned to espy a pleasant garden, wherein, besides many other flowers of delectable hue, were new and fresh roses, and (being very joyful and desirous to catch some as I passed by) I drew nearer and nearer, and while my lips watered upon them, I thought of a better advice, more profitable for me: lest if from an ass I should become a man, I might fall into the hands of the thieves, and either by suspicion that I were some witch, or for fear that I would utter their theft, I should be slain, wherefore I abstained for that time from eating of roses. And (enduring my present adversity) I eat hay as other asses did.

(From *The XI Bookes of the Golden Ass, translated out of Latin into English by William Adlington.*)

THE END OF CYRUS

CYRUS having gained the other side of Araxes, and marched forward one day's journey, forthwith he did as Crœsus had counselled him, leaving in his tents the feeblest and most unapt soldiers of his whole number, and departed thence with the rest to the shores and banks of Araxes, being lightly harnessed and addressed for the purpose. The *seely* remnant of the Persians appointed to stay behind in defence and munition of the tents, were assailed by the third part of the Massagets' power: where using all means to save the tents and succour themselves, they were miserably foiled and slain. The enemy entering the camp and perceiving all places to be furnished with sumptuous provision of dainty and delicious meats, took the benefit of so good and favourable fortune, and fell freshly to the banquet, in so much that having their stomachs forced with victuals and their heads inchaunted with wine, they were taken with a profound and heavy sleep: when of a sudden the Persians returning from their

ambush, came upon them unawares, and putting the most part to the sword, the rest they took and apprehended alive. Among these was the son of Queen Tomyris named Spargapises, to whom was given and committed the guiding of the army. Tomyris, advertised of her son's misfortune together with the chance and loss of her subjects, full of stomach and displeasure, sent her legate the second time, and saluted Cyrus on this wise.

Thou insatiable and bloody butcher, boast not thyself of this thou hast done, for if by the fruit and sap of the wine (wherewith thyself other whiles being filled to the very eyes art free from no madness, vice, and blasphemy) if herewith I say, thou hast taken and inchaunted my son: it is thy policy, not thy power; thy craft, not thy courage, that hath gotten thee the victory. Well then; once again hear me, and be ruled by my counsel: get thee hence yet, and be speedily packing, release my son whom thou hast in hold: for if in case thou refuse and stay but one moment, I swear by the sun, and the god and king of the Massagets, I will glut that greedy paunch of thine with abundance of blood, wherewith thou seemest to be insaturable and never to be satisfied. These words, with Cyrus, came in at one ear and went out at the other, lighter in value than the wind in weight.

Notwithstanding, *seely* Spargapises, son to the stout and courageous queen Tomyris, being throughly awaked and come to himself, perceiving the case he was in, humbly besought Cyrus to loose him and take off his bonds: which done, and having his hands at liberty, he pawnched himself into the belly with a javelin, and so died. Such was the end and heavy destiny of poor Spargapises, the queen's son. Whom his mother greatly lamenting, and seeing her counsel to take no place, gathered a mighty power and fought with king Cyrus in such sort, that of all battles and *combatryes* of the barbarians there was never any so bloody, fell, and cruel on both sides as this. The fight and battle itself was in this manner. First of all being distant one from another a certain space, they assaulted each other by shot of arrows, which being spent and consumed, so fierce a close was given on both parts with swords, daggers, and javelins, that the very fire sparkled out by the force and might of their blows. Thus the battle remained equal a great space, neither part yielding the breadth of a hair to his enemy, till at the length the Massagets prevailing, made a great slaughter of the Persians: wherein Cyrus himself having reigned thirty years save one, made

a final end and conclusion of his days: whom the wrathful queen Tomyris seeking out among the slain and mangled bodies of the Persians, took his head and throwing it into a vessel filled with blood, in vaunting and glorious wise insulted over it in these words. Thou butcherly tyrant, my son thou tookest by craft and killedst by cruelty, wherefore with thyself I have kept touch. Now therefore take thy fill, bloody caitiff, suck there till thy belly crack. In this manner died the noble king Cyrus: of whose death and end since many and sundry things are bruited, it seemed us good to follow that, which among the rest sounded nearest to truth.

(From the *Famous History of Herodotus, translated by B. R.* [*Barnaby Rich*].)

GREAT BRITAIN AND HER INHABITANTS

THE site of Britannie and dwellers, described by sundry writers, I purpose here to declare, not to compare in fineness or wit, but because it was then first thoroughly subdued: so that such things, as our elders without perfect discovery have polished with pen, shall now be set faithfully down upon knowledge. Britannie, of all islands known to the Romans the greatest, coasteth by east upon Germanie, by west toward Spain, and hath France on the south: northward no land lying against it, but only a vast and broad sea beating about it. The figure and fashion of whole Britannie, by Livy of the ancient, and Fabius Rusticus of the modern, the most eloquent authors, is likened to a long dish or two-edged axe: and so is the part shapen indeed of this side Caledonia, whereupon the fame went of the whole as it seemeth: but there is beside a huge and enorme track of ground, which runneth beyond unto the furthermost point, growing narrow and sharp like a wedge. This point of the utmost sea the Roman fleet then first of all doubling discovered Britannie to be an island, and withal found out and subdued the isles of Orkney before that time never known. Thyle also was looked at aloof, which snow hitherto and winter had covered. The sea thereabout they affirm to be dull and heavy for the oar and not to be raised as others with winds: belike because land and mountains are rare, which minister cause and matter of tempests, and because a deep mass

of continual sea is slower stirred to rage. To examine the nature of the ocean and tides pertaineth not to this work, and many have done it before: one thing I will add, and may safely avouch, that the sea no where in the world rangeth and ruleth more freely, carrying by violence so much river water hither and thither, and is not content to flow and to ebb so far as the banks, but inserteth and windeth itself into the land, shooting into the mountains and cliffs as to his own channel. Now what manner of men the first inhabitants of Britannie were, foreign brought in, or born in the land, as among a barbarous people, it is not certainly known. Their complexions are different and thence may some conjectures be taken: for the red hair of the dwellers in Caledonia, and mighty limbs import a German descent. The coloured countenances of the Silures, and hair most commonly curled, and site against Spain, seem to induce, that the old Spaniards passed the sea and possessed those places. The nearest to France likewise resemble the French, either because they retain of the race from which they descended, or that in countries butting together the same aspects of the heavens do yield the same complexions of bodies. But generally it is most likely the French, being nearest, did people the land. In their ceremonies and superstitious persuasions, there is to be seen an apparent conformity: the language differeth not much: like boldness to challenge and set into dangers; when dangers are come, like fear in refusing: saving the Britons make show of more courage, as being not mollified yet by long peace, for the French also were once, as we read, redoubted in war, till such time as, giving themselves over to peace and idleness, cowardice crept in, and shipwrack was made both of manhood and liberty together. And so it is also befallen to those of the Britons which were subdued of old; the rest remain such as the French were before. Their strength in the field consisteth in footmen; some countries make war in wagons also: the greater personage guideth the wagon, his wayters and followers fight out of the same. Heretofore they were governed by kings, now they are drawn by petty princes into partialities and factions: and that is the greatest help we have against those puissant nations, that they have no common council together: seldom it chanceth that two or three states meet and concur to repulse the common danger: so whilst one by one fighteth, all are subdued. The sky very cloudy and much given to rain without extremity of cold. The length of the days much

above the measure of our climate. The nights light, and in the furthermost part of the island so short, that between the going out and coming in of the day the space is hardly perceived, and when clouds do not hinder they affirm that the sunshine is seen in the night and that it neither setteth nor riseth but passeth along: because belike the extreme and plain parts of the earth project a low shadow and raise not the darkness on height; so the night falleth under the sky and the stars. The soil, setting aside olive and vine and the rest, which are proper to warmer countries, taketh all kind of grain and beareth it in abundance: it shooteth up quickly and ripeneth slowly; the cause of them both is the same, the overmuch moisture of the soil and the air. Britannie beareth gold and silver, and other metals to enrich the conqueror. The ocean bringeth forth pearl also, not orient, but duskish and wan, which proceedeth, as some do suppose, of lack of skill in the gatherers, for in the Red Sea they are pulled panting alive from the rocks; in Britannie cast out by the sea and so taken up. For my part I do rather believe the nature of the pearl not to yield it, than that our covetousness could not find out the way to gather aright. The Britons endure levies of men and money and all other burdens imposed by the Empire patiently and willingly if insolencies be forborne: indignities they cannot abide, being already subdued as to be subjects, but not to be slaves.

(From the *Life of Julius Agricola, written by Cornelius Tacitus.*)

JOHN STOW

[Stow was born in London in 1525, and died there in 1605. By trade he was a tailor, but all his tastes were for antiquarian studies. In 1561 he published a *Summary of English Chronicles*, which in many editions was very popular. In 1580 appeared the first issue of his *Annals of England*, a much larger work, since known as his *Chronicle*. It relates the history of England from the year 1108 B.C., when "Brute builded the city of New Troy, now called London." His *Survey of London* was first published in 1598, and again in 1603. He assisted in the compilation of the revised edition of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, edited Chaucer, and induced Archbishop Parker to print various early annalists. So poverty stricken was his old age that James I. granted him a licence "to collect among our loving subjects their voluntary contribution and kind gratuities."]

A SENTENCE of Ben Jonson, recorded by Drummond, gives the essence of all that a critic can desire to say about the "Venerable" Stow: "John Stow had monstrous observations in his *Chronicle*, and was of his craft a tailor. He and I walking alone, he asked two cripples what they would take to have him of their order." Here we have noted the industry which made William Harrison, a contemporary worker in the same field, call Stow's study "the only storehouse of antiquities in my time," and the cheerful humour which could turn his own poverty into a mock. The qualities that impress the reader of the *Chronicle* and the *Survey of London* are precisely those of laboriousness and geniality. Stow seems to have been inspired by the preternatural efforts of Leland. He regarded his own task in the light of a mission. "I, seeing the confuse order of our late English Chronicles and the ignorant handling of ancient affairs, leaving mine own peculiar gains, consecrated myself to the search of our famous antiquities."

Stow's language is easy and fluent, but not, as a rule, remarkable for elevation; he does not affect the parallelism or the symbolical allusions characteristic of so many Elizabethans. He laboured, he says, for the truth; and as he allows, in the dedi-

cation of his *Chronicle*, that his style is "simple and naked," criticism can well afford to be generous towards him. It is probable that he wrote just as he spoke, and it is certain that if he spoke as he wrote, Ben Jonson could not have found a better gossip for a day's walk. He is never afraid of a digression. He can discuss an antiquarian point at infinite length. But he does not by any means wear his heart upon his sleeve. One would have thought it difficult for a man who was of age in 1546, who lived to witness the accession of James I., and whose *Chronicle* (1318 quarto pages of black letter in the edition of 1601) devotes nearly half of its bulk to the reigns of Henry VIII. and his three children, not to indicate his prepossession on the subject of religion. Every turn of the weathercock is recorded; it is noted, for instance, as a matter of importance in the early reign of Edward VI., that Latimer, after a silence of eight years, resumed his sermons at Paul's Cross. But there is no attempt at criticism, and, indeed, in the whole of the *Chronicle* it would be hard to find a more definite declaration than when, describing under the year 1400, with characteristic gusto, the painted tomb and effigy of the poet John Gower, in Southwark, Stow concludes with the significant words: "All which is now washed out and the image defaced by cutting off the nose and striking off the hands, *because they were elevated towards heaven.*" Like most of the Elizabethan chroniclers, who took their cue from the old monkish annalists, Stow thought a historian's duty (and there was doubtless prudence in the thought) to be merely to "point a moral and adorn a tale." At moralising, indeed, he is admirable. Here is a fine sentence about Wolsey: "Thus passed the Cardinal his time from day to day, and year to year, in such great wealth, joy, triumph, and glory; having always on his side the King's special favour, until fortune envied his prosperous estate, as is to the world well known, and shall be partly touched upon hereafter." And again of Wolsey: "Whose history who list to read with a clear eye may behold the mutability of vain honours, and brittle assurance in abundance; the uncertainty of dignities, the flattering of feigned friends, and the fickle favour of worldly princes." Such passages, however, are exceptional; and it may be added that in perusing the *Chronicle* it is not always easy to distinguish Stow's own composition from the work of his predecessors. The old chroniclers had little scruple in "conveying" a good narrative. It was an understood thing among them, for

instance (and Stow is no exception), that Sir Thomas More's fragment on Richard III. should appear in their accounts of that unhappy monarch. Shakespeare had in this way the benefit of a sort of Homeric tradition on which to base his *Histories*.

The *Survey of London* is more read in our day than the *Chronicle*. It is an admirable guide-book to London under Elizabeth. After introductory discussions on rivers, bridges, customs, and other general topics, Stow gives a detailed account of each ward in the City, street by street, and sometimes almost house by house. His facts are usually interesting, and though much of the work is hardly literature, the writer's evident delight in his theme, and the occasional references to himself and his simple doings, make it enjoyable reading. As a basis for the history and topography of London it is said to be invaluable. A modern reader cannot entirely subdue a feeling of annoyance that, for all his keen eyes (they are described as "chrystaline") and his ready pen, Stow's only mention of the London theatres is a casual allusion in his first edition, which he cut out of the second! But the good man was doubtless better employed than in theatre-going. No dweller in the London of to-day can resist the charms of a writer who tells him there was a time when wells "in the suburbs, sweet, wholesome, and clean, among which Holy Well, Clerkes' Well, and Clement's Well are most famous, were frequented by scholars and youths of the city in summer evenings, when they walked forth to take the air";—nay, when the Venerable one himself, then a mere youth, fetched milk, at a halfpenny the quart, from a farm *by the Minories*, where "Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were the farmers, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail," and Goodman's son let out the land for grazing, and "lived like a gentleman thereby."

JAMES MILLER DODDS.

ORATION OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

THE fifteenth of July Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Governor of Flushing, the Lord Willoughby, with those powers they had received from the garrison of Axel, considering the coming in of the water into the land of Waste, which might sufficiently defend that country, removed the camp: the Lord Willoughby to Bergen-op-zoom, where he was governor, Sir Philip Sidney passed the sea with a three thousand men, whose enterprise shall be shewed hereafter. This Sir Philip Sidney, at or before the taking of Axel, within an English mile of the town, called so many of his soldiers together as could hear him, and there made a long oration, wherein he declared what cause they had in hand, as God's cause; under and for whom they fought, for her Majesty, whom they knew so well to be so good unto them; that he needed not to shew against whom they fought, men of false religion, enemies to God and His Church: against Antichrist, and against a people whose unkindness both in nature and in life did so excel, that God would not leave them unpunished. Further, he persuaded them that they were Englishmen, whose valour the world feared and commended, and that now they should not either fear death or peril whatsoever, both for that their service they owed to their Prince and, further, for the honour of their country and credit to themselves. Again, the people whom they fought for were their neighbours, always friends and well-willers to Englishmen. And further, that no man should do any service worth the noting, but he himself would speak to the uttermost to prefer him to his wished purpose. Which oration of his did so link the minds of the people, that they desired rather to die in that service than to live in the contrary.

(From Stow's *Chronicle.*)

MAY DAY IN LONDON

IN the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds, praising God in their kind; and for example hereof, Edward Hall hath noted, that King Henry VIII., as in the 3rd of his reign, and divers other years, so namely, in the 7th of his reign, on May-day in the morning, with Queen Katherine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode a-Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, where, as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in green, with green hoods, and bows and arrows, to the number of two hundred; one being their chieftain, was called Robin Hood, who required the king and his company to stay and see his men shoot; whereunto the king granting, Robin Hood whistled and all the two hundred archers shot off, loosing all at once; and when he whistled again they likewise shot again; their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the king, queen, and their company. Moreover, this Robin Hood desired the king and queen with their retinue, to enter the green wood, where, in harbours made of boughs, and decked with flowers, they were set and served plentifully with venison and wine by Robin Hood and his men, to their great contentment, and had other pageants and pastimes, as ye may read in my said author.

I find also, that in the month of May, the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morris dancers, and other devices, for pastime all the day long; and toward the evening they had stage plays, and bonfires in the streets. Of these mayings we read, in the reign of Henry VI., that the aldermen and sheriffs of London, being on May-day at the Bishop of London's wood, in the parish of Stebunheath, and having there a worshipful dinner for themselves and other commoners, Lydgate the poet, that was a monk of Bury, sent to

them, by a pursuivant, a joyful commendation of that season, containing sixteen staves of metre royal, beginning thus :—

" Mighty Flora ! goddess of fresh flowers—
Which clothed hath the soil in lusty green,
Made buds spring, with her swete showers,
By the influence of the sunne shine :
To doe pleasance of intent full cleane,
Unto the States which now sit here,
Hath Vere down sent her owne daughter dear :

Making the vertue, that dared in the roote,
Called of clarks the vertue vegetable,
For to transcend, most holsome and most soote,
Into the crop, this season so agreeable,
The bawmy liquor is so commendable,
That it rejoiceth with his fresh moisture,
Man, beast, and fowle, and every creature," etc.

These great mayings and May-games, made by the governors and masters of this city, with the triumphant setting up of the great shaft (a principal May-pole in Cornhill, before the parish Church of St. Andrew therefore called Undershaft), by means of an insurrection of youths against aliens on May-day 1517, the 9th of Henry VIII., have not been so freely used as afore, and therefore I leave them.

(From the *Survey of London.*)

WHITEHALL

SOUTH from Charing Cross, on the right hand, are divers fair houses lately built before the park, then a large tiltyard for noblemen, and other, to exercise themselves in justing, turning, and fighting at barriers.

On the left hand from Charing Cross be also divers fair tenements lately built, till ye come to a large plot of ground inclosed with brick, and is called Scotland, where great buildings have been for receipt of the kings of Scotland, and other estates of that country ; for Margaret, queen of Scots, and sister to King Henry VIII., had her abiding there, when she came into England after the death of her husband, as the kings of Scotland had in former times, when they came to the parliament of England.

Then is the said Whitehall, sometime belonging to Hubert de

Burgh, earl of Kent, and justice of England, who gave it to the Black Friars in Oldborne, as I have before noted. King Henry VIII. ordained it to be called an honour, and built there a sumptuous gallery and a beautiful gate-house, thwart the high street to St. James' park, etc.

In this gallery, the princes, with their nobility, used to stand or sit, and at windows, to behold all triumphant justings and other military exercises.

Beyond this gallery, on the left hand, is the garden or orchard belonging to the said Whitehall.

On the right hand be divers fair tennis-courts, bowling-alleys, and a cock-pit, all built by King Henry VIII., and then one other arched gate, with a way over it, thwarting the street from the king's gardens to the said park.

From this gate up King's street to a bridge over Long ditch (so called for that the same almost insulateth the city of Westminster), near which bridge is a way leading to Chanon row, so called for that the same belonged to the dean and chanons of St. Stephen's chapel, who were there lodged, as now divers noblemen and gentlemen be; whereof one is belonging to Sir Edward Hobbey, one other to John Thine, esquire, one stately built by Ann Stanhope, duchess of Somerset, mother to the earl of Hartford, who now enjoyeth that house. Next a stately house now in building by William earl of Darby; over against the which is a fair house, built by Henry Clinton, earl of Lincoln.

From this way up to the Woolestaple and to the high tower, or gate which entereth the palace court, all is replenished with buildings and inhabitants.

(From the Same.)

JOHN LYLY

[John Lyly was born in 1553 or 1554, and died in 1606. *Euphues' the Anatomy of Wit* was published in 1579; *Euphues and his England* in 1580. Lyly's comedies, most of them written in prose, belong to later years, from 1584 onward. They were written to be acted before the Queen by the children of Paul's, but seem, in spite of their courtly and artificial character, to have met with some favour also from popular audiences. The comedies have the same kind of rhetoric in them as *Euphues* has; with some new qualities of their own, and less moralising.]

THE success of Lyly's *Euphues* was due to a tact and dexterity that were seldom at fault. *Euphues* is made out of stuff that was common to all the world, or at any rate to all scholars, and there is nothing in the pattern of the work that is absolutely new. Detailed criticism of *Euphues* has left to the author of the book hardly anything that he can call his own, except the skill to catch the right moment in which to give to his contemporaries this abridgment of their favourite opinions, tastes, and vanities.

Euphues, in its two parts, is an edifying story, carrying out in its own way the same design as Spenser's in the *Faerie Queene*—"to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline." This was the end of all poetry according to the doctrine of those days; a doctrine that might easily become conventional, and, on that account, entertaining, as in Harrington's demure apology for his *Orlando*. But it was not always held conventionally or hypocritically: it was not accepted in that way by Sidney or Spenser, nor by Lyly. The quaintness and pedantry of his discourse ought not to put out of view the simplicity and dignity of his purpose. Sometimes one is reminded by Lyly of the vogue of instructive handbooks in that time—"books for good manners" as Touchstone calls them—but sometimes also there rises, beyond this delusive fashion of edification, an ideal of "vertuous and gentle discipline," which is proof against cavillers.

Ages before *Euphues*, romantic literature had begun to pursue an ideal of this sort: first by mere insistence on certain ideal qualities, by the repetition of a certain type, by the courtesy of Gawain as set off against the churlishness of Kay. In *Amadis of Gaul* the ideal character is strongly emphasised. *Tirant the White*, still later among the books of chivalry, is definitely a story with a purpose; the purpose differs from that of *Euphues* in being more concerned with the virtues of men of war; the proportion between story and moralising is much the same as in *Euphues*. In this way the interest in problems of education and ideals of character passed on from one generation to another, changing in particulars, as the peaceful and scholarly view began to usurp on the ideals of chivalry, or to blend with them. The matter of Lyly's book was matter accommodated to his own time. It put off altogether the fashion of chivalry which lingered in other books so long.

The life of the hero is passed in unwarlike society, and it is the life of this society that is represented in the book by the different characters and their conversations, their arguments, and moral epistles. The morality, the theology, are the morality and theology of the *Faerie Queene* without the poetry or the romance. What Lyly has in place of these qualities is a certain interest in modern character, a certain skilfulness, here and there, in describing moods and sentiments. The character of Iffida, her cruelty and constancy, in *Euphues and his England*, is an instance of this kind of description. Everywhere Lyly's narrative is impeded by his digressions and illustrations, and the wit of what he calls "quick and ready replies" is merely appalling. But his quickness of wit is shown in the way he deals with sentimental vicissitudes, and this also is the secret of his popularity.

The style of *Euphues* has been often described and analysed. Like much of the matter of the book the style had been anticipated by previous authors. The essence of it is the habit of using balanced phrases: Lyly's sentences break up into pairs of phrases, as Johnson's fall into triplets. This peculiarity looks like a first attempt at careful modelling of the sentence; balance and antithesis being naturally the first devices that suggest themselves to a sophist who wants something neater than loose-strung clauses. Lyly's, however, is not the first attempt at neat sentences; and examples of this simple figure lay ready to his hand. He might have picked it up from his Prayer Book.

It has been shown by Dr. Landmann in his essay on *Euphuism*

that many of the characteristics of Lyly's style are to be found in the Spanish of Guevara, and more distinctly in the English translations and imitations of Guevara, before Lyly. Guevara may be taken as the author who did most to fix for a time this fashion of grammatical construction, which was one of the first inventions of Greek prose rhetoric. The English translations of Guevara are numerous, and to the most famous of them, the *Marco Aurelio*, translated by Lord Berners first, and then by Sir Thomas North, Lyly seems to be indebted for something more than lessons in composition. The *Marco Aurelio*, the *Dial of Princes*, is the source of many things belonging to the substance of Lyly's book. The style of *Euphues* is not to be regarded as directly borrowed from Guevara. Lyly used consistently and deliberately a manner of writing that had been used occasionally by earlier writers, and that in Lyly's time was evidently growing into a literary habit, before and apart from *Euphues*. Just as Guevara in Spain by a consistent use of the ordinary figure of balanced clauses had ruled the fashion which he did not invent, so Lyly, coming two generations later into acquaintance with the English variations on Guevara, took them up, appropriated them, and worked them out with more pains than any one else had bestowed on them.

The marks of Euphuism are three: balance of phrases, an elaborate system of alliteration, and a methodical use of similes taken generally from the virtues of different creatures—"the fish *Scolopidus*," "the serpent *Porphyrius*," and a thousand others.

The first quality is common to all early experiments in sentence-making. The second had begun to be developed by North and Ascham: it represents, in English, the jingle of syllables, the *Paronomasia*, *Parechesis*, and other distressing symptoms noted by the classical rhetoricians. This kind of ornament is one of the earliest invented, and the soonest outworn; the use of it makes one of Plato's touches in his dramatic portrait of the seedy person with intellectual tastes who reports the conversation of the *Symposium*. Lyly's alliteration is much less obvious and, in fact, much less essential to his style than the other two mannerisms.

The continual reference to beasts and precious stones was, and is, felt as the most annoying of the devices of Euphuism. In this also Lyly had predecessors, who dealt, for instance, in "the herb Camomile; the more it is trodden down the more it spreadeth abroad." But their ventures were modest and occasional: Lyly in this, as in everything, made the most of his chances; he felt bound

to set up a larger collection of moral animals than any one else had, and to use it more instructively and perseveringly.

It is his quickness of wit that is his strength. He knows the utmost that can be done with his resources, and he is satisfied with nothing short of the utmost. It is this unfailing certainty about his own faculties and his aims that preserves, even now, a certain grace in Lyly's moral story, though its day is so long passed over. In his comedy his aim was more distinct, his faculty less encumbered. His songs have a value not comparable with anything in his prose.

W. P. KER.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY

WHEN my lady came, and saw me so altered in a month, wasted to the hard bones, more like a ghost than a living creature, after many words of comfort (as women want none about sick persons) when she saw opportunity, she asked me whether the Italian were my messenger, or if he were, whether his embassage were true, which question I thus answered.

"Lady, to dissemble with the world, when I am departing from it, would profit me nothing with man, and hinder me much with God, to make my deathbed the place of deceit, might hasten my death, and increase my danger.

"I have loved you long, and now at the length I must leave you, whose hard heart I will not impute to discourtesy, but destiny; it contenteth me that I died in faith, though I could not live in favour, neither was I ever more desirous to begin my love, than I am now to end my life. Things which cannot be altered are to be borne, not blamed: follies past are sooner remembered than redressed, and time lost may well be repented, but never recalled. I will not recount the passions I have suffered, I think the effect show them, and now it is more behoveful for me to fall to praying for a new life, than to remember the old: yet this I add (which though it merit no mercy to save, it deserveth thanks of a friend) that only I loved thee, and lived for thee, and now die for thee." And so turning on my left side, I fetched a deep sigh.

Iffida, the water standing in her eyes, clasping my hand in hers, with a sad countenance answered me thus.

"My good Fidus, if the increasing of my sorrows, might mitigate the extremity of thy sickness, I could be content to resolve myself into tears to rid thee of trouble: but the making of a fresh wound in my body is nothing to the healing of a festered sore in thy bowels: for that such diseases are to be cured in the end, by the names of their original. For as by basil the scorpion is engendered and by the means of the same herb destroyed: so

love which by time and fancy is bred in an idle head, is by time and fancy banished from the heart: or as the salamander which, being a long space nourished in the fire, at the last quencheth it, so affection having taken hold of the fancy, and living as it were in the mind of the lover, in tract of time altereth and changeth the heat, and turneth it to chillness.

"It is no small grief to me Fidus, that I should be thought to be the cause of thy languishing, and cannot be remedy of thy disease. For unto thee I will reveal more than either wisdom would allow, or my modesty permit.

"And yet so much, as may acquit me of ungratitude towards thee, and rid thee of the suspicion conceived of me.

"So it is, Fidus and my good friend, that about a two years past, there was in court a gentleman not unknown unto thee, nor I think unbeloved of thee, whose name I will not conceal, lest thou shouldest either think me to forge, or him not worthy to be named. This gentleman was called Thirsus, in all respects so well qualified as had he not been in love with me, I should have been enamoured of him.

"But his hastiness prevented my heat, who began to sue for that, which I was ready to proffer, whose sweet tale although I wished it to be true, yet at the first I could not believe it: for that men in matters of love have as many ways to deceive, as they have words to utter.

"I seemed strait-laced, as one neither accustomed to such suits, nor willing to entertain such a servant, yet so warily, as putting him from me with my little finger, I drew him to me with my whole hand.

"For I stood in a great *mammering*, how I might behave myself, lest being too coy he might think me proud, or using too much courtesy, he might judge me wanton. Thus long time I held him in a doubt, thinking thereby to have just trial of his faith, or plain knowledge of his falsehood. In this manner I led my life almost one year, until with often meeting and divers conferences, I felt myself so wounded, that though I thought no heaven to my hap, yet I lived as it were in hell till I had enjoyed my hope.

"For as the tree ebenus though it no way be set in a flame, yet it burneth with sweet savours: so my mind though it could not be fired, for that I thought myself wise, yet was it almost consumed to ashes with pleasant delights and sweet cogitations:

insomuch as it fared with me, as it doth with the trees stricken with thunder, which having the barks sound, are bruised in the body, for finding my outward parts without blemish, looking into my mind, could not see it without blows.

"I now perceiving it high time to use the physician, who was always at hand, determined at the next meeting to conclude such faithful and inviolable league of love, as neither the length of time, nor the distance of place, nor the threatening of friends, nor the spite of fortune, nor the fear of death, should either alter or diminish: which accordingly was then finished, and hath hitherto been truly fulfilled.

"Thirsus, as thou knowest, hath ever since been beyond the seas, the remembrance of whose constancy is the only comfort of my life: neither do I rejoice in anything more, than in the faith of my good Thirsus.

"Then Fidus I appeal in this case to thy honesty, which shall determine of mine honour. Wouldest thou have me inconstant to my old friend, and faithful to a new? Knowest thou not that as the almond tree beareth most fruit when he is old, so love hath greatest faith when it groweth in age. It falleth out in love, as it doth in vines, for the young vines bring the most wine but the old the best: so tender love maketh greatest show of blossoms, but tried love bringeth forth sweetest juice.

"And yet I will say thus much, not to add courage to thy attempts, that I have taken as great delight in thy company, as ever I did in any's (my Thirsus only excepted) which was the cause that oftentimes, I would either by questions move thee to talk, or by quarrels incense thee to choler, perceiving in thee a wit answerable to my desire, which I thought throughly to whet by some discourse. But wert thou in comeliness Alexander, and my Thirsus, Thersites, wert thou Ulysses, he Midas, thou Crœsus, he Codrus, I would not forsake him to have thee: no not if I might thereby prolong thy life, or save mine own, so fast a root hath true love taken in my heart, that the more it is digged at, the deeper it groweth, the oftener it is cut, the less it bleedeth, and the more it is loaden, the better it beareth.

"What is there in this vile earth that more commendeth a woman than constancy? It is neither his wit, though it be excellent, that I esteem, neither his birth though it be noble, nor his bringing up, which hath always been courtly, but only his constancy and my faith, which no torments, no tyrant, not death

shall dissolve. For never shall it be said that Iffida was false to Thirsus, though Thirsus be faithless (which the Gods forfend) unto Iffida.

"For as Amulius the cunning painter so portrayed Minerva, that which way so ever one cast his eye, she always beheld him: so hath Cupid so exquisitely drawn the image of Thirsus in my heart, that what way soever I glance, me thinketh he looketh stedfastly upon me: insomuch that when I have seen any to gaze on my beauty (simple, God wot, though it be) I have wished to have the eyes of Augustus Cæsar to dim their sights with the sharp and scorching beams.

"Such force hath time and trial wrought, that if Thirsus should die I would be buried with him, imitating the eagle which Sesta a virgin brought up, who seeing the bones of the virgin cast into the fire, threw himself in with them, and burnt himself with them. Or Hippocrates' twins, who were born together, laughed together, wept together, and died together.

"For as Alexander would be engraven of no one man, in a precious stone, but only of Pergotales: so would I have my picture imprinted in no heart, but in his, by Thirsus.

"Consider with thyself Fidus, that a fair woman without constancy, is not unlike unto a green tree without fruit, resembling the counterfeit that Praxitiles made for Flora, before the which if one stood directly, it seemed to weep, if on the left side to laugh, if on the other side to sleep: whereby he noted the light behaviour of her, which could not in one constant shadow be set down.

"And yet for the great good will thou bearest me, I cannot reject thy service, but I will not admit thy love. But if either my friends, or myself, my goods, or my good will may stand thee in stead, use me, trust me, command me, as far forth as thou canst with modesty, and I may grant with mine honour. If to talk with me, or continually to be in thy company, may in any respect satisfy thy desire, assure thyself, I will attend on thee, as diligently as thy nurse, and be more careful for thee, than thy physician. More I cannot promise, without breach of my faith, more thou canst not ask without the suspicion of folly.

"Here Fidus, take this diamond, which I have heard old women say, to have been of great force, against idle thoughts, vain dreams, and frantic imaginations, which if it do thee no good, assure thyself it can do thee no harm, and better I think it

against such enchanted fantasies, than either Homer's *Moly*, or Pliny's *Centaurio*."

When my lady had ended this strange discourse, I was stricken into such a maze, that for the space almost of half an hour, I lay as it had been in a trance, mine eyes almost standing in my head without motion, my face without colour, my mouth without breath, insomuch that Iffida began to screech out, and call company, which called me also to myself, and then with a faint and trembling tongue, I uttered these words. "Lady I cannot use as many words as I would, because you see I am weak, nor give so many thanks as I should, for that you deserve infinite. If Thirsus have planted the vine, I will not gather the grapes: neither is it reason, that he having sowed with pain, that I should reap the pleasure. This sufficeth me and delighteth me not a little, that you are so faithful and he so fortunate. Yet good lady, let me obtain one small suit, which derogating nothing from your true love, must needs be lawful, that is, that I may in this my sickness enjoy your company, and if I recover, be admitted as your servant: the one will hasten my health, the other prolong my life." She courteously granted both, and so carefully tended me in my sickness, that what with her merry sporting, and good nourishing, I began to gather up my crumbs, and in short time to walk into a gallery, near adjoining unto my chamber, where she disdained not to lead me, and so at all times to use me, as though I had been Thirsus. Every evening she would put forth either some pretty question or utter some merry conceit, to drive me from melancholy. There was no broth that would down, but of her making, no meat but of her dressing, no sleep enter into mine eyes, but by her singing, insomuch as she was both my nurse, my cook, and my physician. Being thus by her for the space of one month cherished, I waxed strong and so lusty, as though I had never been sick.

Now Philautus, judge not partially, whether was she a lady of greater constancy towards Thirsus, or courtesy towards me?

Philautus thus answered. "Now surely Fidus, in my opinion, she was no less to be commended for keeping her faith inviolable, than to be praised for giving such alms unto thee, which good behaviour, differeth far from the nature of our Italian dames, who if they be constant they despise all other that seem to love them. But I long yet to hear the end, for me thinketh a matter begun with such heat, should not end with a bitter cold."

O Philautus, the end is short and lamentable, but as it is have it.

She after long recreating of herself in the country, repaired again to the court, and so did I also, where I lived, as the elephant doth by air, with the sight of my lady, who ever used me in all her secrets as one that she most trusted. But my joys were too great to last, for even in the middle of my bliss, there came tidings to Iffida, that Thirsus was slain by the Turks, being then in pay with the King of Spain, which battle was so bloody, that many gentlemen lost their lives.

Iffida so distraught of her wits, with these news fell into a phrensy, having nothing in her mouth, but always this, "Thirsus slain, Thirsus slain," ever doubling this speech with such pitiful cries and screeches, as it would have moved the soldiers of Ulysses to sorrow. At the last by good keeping, and such means as by physic were provided, she came again to herself, unto whom I writ many letters to take patiently the death of him, whose life could not be recalled; divers she answered, which I will shew you at my better leisure.

But this was most strange, that no suit could allure her again to love, but ever she lived all in black, not once coming where she was most sought for. But within the term of five years, she began a little to listen to mine old suit, of whose faithful meaning she had such trial as she could not think that either my love was builded upon lust, or deceit.

But destiny cut off my love, by the cutting off her life, for falling into a hot pestilent fever, she died, and how I took it, I mean not to tell it: but forsaking the court presently, I have here lived ever since, and so mean until death shall call me.

(From *Euphues and his England.*)

ROBERT PARSONS

[Robert Parsons, Jesuit, was born in Somersetshire in 1546, and was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where in 1572 he took the degree of M.A. For religious reasons resigning his fellowship, he travelled abroad, where, falling under the influence of the Jesuits, he joined that order, then in the pride of its full strength, and set about the designs entrusted to his conscience with a remarkable fervour. He travelled to England with Edmund Campion, and after the execution of that celebrated Jesuit, he fled the country, established a short-lived Catholic School at Rheims, which latter was revived at St. Omer, and after a residence in Rome as rector of the English College he died there in 1610. His works are very numerous, but of a somewhat fragmentary character, and he frequently wrote anonymously both in Latin and in English. His two most notable contributions to the letters of his time may be considered more carefully here, inasmuch as they afford the best test of his possible claim as a master of literary art.]

FOR a certain directness of speech and acuteness of thought, Robert Parsons' famous *Apology of the Catholic Hierarchy* — to give it a summary title—achieved the distinction of praise from the pen of Dean Swift. It would be no difficult task to discover the reasons of such praise from such a writer. Parsons, from conscious or unconscious art, was before all things simple, lucid, and without the slightest taint of obscurity—qualities pre-eminent in the writer that praised him. Yet there is not very much further to say of this writer. His life seems to have been too full of fervent restlessness to leave him leisure for the long contemplation which usually results in the composition of thoughtful literature—that literature which claims the highest recognitions of a critical posterity. Parsons wrote for other sakes than the sake of his art. It is doubtful if he even regarded his writing in any artistic light. He wrote for a purpose. He had the affairs of this world (and the other for that matter) very much at heart; his impulsive bent of disposition which overflowed in this channel and in that channel, overflowed also in writing; and because he saw very clearly that which he desired to achieve, whether by

word of mouth or by his pen, and because his mind was absolutely untrammelled by afterthoughts and delicate questionings, by uncertainties or hesitant flutterings of spirit, he did, in fact, produce a kind of literature, strong, incisive, and crystal clear.

He was a man that, had he been gifted with a more placid and philosophic temper, might have proved a rare and consummate artist. Hidden somewhere away, and treated very indifferently by himself, he possessed a striking gift of clear vision, which at times surprises and convinces his readers by its astonishing clarity. Take that sentence in a passage to be quoted later, in which he sets himself on high over the earth, watching our planet, "moistened," as he says, "with rivers, as a body with veins." The quick, and as it seems, unconscious quality of the metaphor, is sweeping in its effect, yet singularly simple in its essence. In such a passage he is seen at his best, since it is here that he realises himself most acutely. Now he himself was a person who, by reason of his strength of purpose, was worthy of realisation.

To set him in a definite place of literature would be to grant him too much honour. He is a free lance, and cannot be ranked among the regular armies of art. Even as a writer of his own time it is difficult to appraise his relative worth. He is full of platitudes; his thought is usually quite obvious; and he is incapable of large sympathies. As a writer of controversy—it was in this province that he usually laboured—he is ever at a fever heat; so that he scarce ever takes account of his own words. He pours out all the bitterness he can conceive on the moment, and sets it down for good or evil; being a strong man he often spoke bitterness with wonderful effectiveness. Too often he was merely puerile. But, take him all in all, he must be described as a man who often wrote excellently well, because his vision was excellently clear, and his intentions perfectly plain to his own roughly strong, though somewhat conventional, mind.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

THE EARTH TEACHES GOD

IF we cast down our eyes from Heaven to earth, we behold the same of an immense bigness, distinguished with hills and dales, woods and pasture, covered with all variety of grass, herbs, flowers, and leaves; moistened with rivers, as a body with veins; inhabited by creatures of innumerable kinds and qualities; enriched with inestimable and endless treasures: and yet itself standing, or hanging rather, with all this weight and poise, in the midst of the air, as a little ball without prop or pillar.

At which surprising and most wonderful miracle of nature, God Himself, as it were, glorying, said unto Job: "Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth? tell me, if thou hast understanding. Who set the measures thereof, if thou know? or who stretched out the line upon it? upon what are the foundations thereof grounded? or who let down the corner stone thereof, when the morning stars praised me together, and all the sons of God made jubilation?"

THE SEA SHOWS GOD

IF we look neither up nor down, but cast our countenance only aside; we espy the sea on each hand of us that environs round about the land. A vast creature, that contains more wonders than man's tongue can express. A bottomless gulf, that, without running over, receives all rivers, which perpetually flow. A restless sight and turmoil of waters, that never repose neither day nor night; a dreadful, raging, and furious element, that swells and roars, and threatens the land, as though it would devour it all at once. And though in situation it is higher than the earth, as the philosopher shows (*Arist. lib. de mirabilibus*), and makes assault daily towards the same, with most terrible cries and waves

mounted even to the sky: yet when it draws near to the land, and to its appointed borders, it stays upon the sudden, though nothing be there to stop it; and is forced to recoil back again, murmuring, as it were, because it is not permitted to pass any farther.

Of which restraint, God asks Job this question: "Who shut up the sea with doors, when it breaks forth, proceeding as it were out of a matrice?" Whereunto no man being able to give answer, God answers Himself in these words: "I compassed it with my bounds, and put bars and doors. And I said, Hitherto thou shalt come, and shalt not proceed further: and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves."

THE THINGS IN MAN DECLARE GOD

THIS, in short, may be sufficient to prove the existence of a God, from these things we see without us. But if we should leave these, and enter to seek God within our own selves: whether we consider our bodies, or our souls, or any one part thereof, we shall find so many strange things, or rather so many seas of miracles and wonders; that preach and show the glory of their Maker, that we shall not only perceive and see God most evidently, but rather, as a certain old heathen has written, "We shall feel and handle him in his works" (*Iamblicus de myst.* c. 1).

(From the *Christian Directory.*)

THE SECURITY OF ECCLESIASTICAL ORDER

HERE then is our censure of the issue of this matter, that broken heads will follow of all sides, but there may perhaps be some doubt or difference of opinions, where most broken heads are likest to light. But he that on the other side will consider indifferently who they are and of what number, condition, and quality, against whom our discontented brethren (so few in number and green in credit) do make this voluntary war, he cannot greatly doubt of the event thereof. For as for the Archpriest, his assistants, and all the rest of the English clergy joined

with them, being men of that virtue, learning, and approved gravity, which all the world knoweth, what great hurt can they receive at these men's hands, but only some little scratches in their names for a time (a thing of no moment) and some exercise of their patience, as before out of St. Augustine hath been touched? And much more may this be said of the Jesuits, who are a body conjoined by charity and rules of virtue, and dispersed over the world, and exercised in divers places with like contradiction to this, whereby they grow rather in perfection of life, and diligent guard over their own actions, than be overthrown, or greatly hurted. And with those two bodies are joined also, for defence of peace, order, and discipline, all higher superiors of spiritual government, so as our brethren are like to break few heads here, but only their own (if we be not deceived), but rather after they have wearied themselves, must expect the issue before mentioned in the fourth consideration, of hurts and damages to themselves and the common cause.

And albeit some of them perhaps may be encouraged to go forward in this contention, by the applause or approbation which they have found in some good men or women at this beginning, seduced or impressioned upon their own sinister informations, yet when matters shall come to more mature examination, and the evil effects before mentioned be seen and discovered, it is probable that these being good and godly Catholics and prudent people, will be of another opinion, and by little and little enter into due consideration, where authority, where obedience, that is to say, where God's part goeth; on which side order, subordination, and discipline do consist, where and with whom the body and multitude of our Church standeth, where peaceable or passionate minds do bear rule. They will look also with time into the difference of men's lives and manners, to wit, where modesty, humility, and mortification are to be seen, what priests are given most to prayer, patience, longanimity of mind, tranquillity of spirit, and who to the contrary. They will ponder also who are most hated and pursued by the enemy for their labours and endeavours against them in the Catholic cause, and who are most favoured or tolerated by them: which is no small mark to know how matters go.

(From a *Briefe apologie or defence of the Catholike Ecclesiastical Hierarchie and subordination in England.*)

DISTURBERS OF PEACEFUL UNION

BUT for that we are forced to expect yet some longer time, before we can have these informations together, and in the mean space are much urged by the request of divers good men, as also by the intemperate manner of proceeding in the authors of these late books (whosoever they be) to set forth somewhat for a stay or stop, for that these men cease not to write most opprobriously without all regard of truth or modesty, and do promise more daily in the same kind: therefore have we yielded to this necessity (though sore against our wills) hoping that shortly the other will be ready to succeed also, albeit our hearty desire should be, that the authors of these infamous books, and of this most scandalous division in our Church, would so enter into themselves, and christianly correct their own doings, as both this and that might be spared, and all join again in the sweet union of peace, which is needful for our work in hand, and was enjoyed by us before this animosity of a few hath put all a-fire, to their heavy judgment no doubt, according to the Apostle's threat, if seriously they seek not to remedy the matter in the time: and we do say of a few, for that we cannot persuade ourselves that all those who by divers occasions are named in these books for discontented, have given consent to have them written in the style they go in, and much less to be printed, and published to the world, for we have a far different opinion of their modesty, and Christian spirit, so as these books must needs be presumed to have been published either by some one or few discomposed passionate people, or by some heretic, or other enemy to dishonour them all, and discredit our cause and nation, and so as to such we shall answer, and not against our brethren whom we love most entirely, and of whose prayers we desire to be partakers, as them, and we, and you, all of the sweet and holy Spirit of Jesus our Saviour; to Whom we commend you most heartily this first of July 1601.

(From the *Preface* to the Same.)

STEPHEN GOSSON

[Stephen Gosson, who, though a man evidently of considerable ability, owes most of his fame, as not uncommonly happens, to his having provoked the unfavourable notice of men of more ability than himself, was a Kentish man by birth. He would seem to have been born in 1555 or a little earlier: he entered at Oxford in 1572 (being assigned by some to Christ Church, by others with more assurance of authority to Corpus), and took his bachelor's degree in 1576. He then appears to have gone to London and commenced at once poet, playwright, and player. His pastorals were highly thought of, but the few fragments of his verse which are extant are no great things. Of his plays we have, given by himself, the titles of three, *Catiline's Conspiracies*, of course a tragedy; *Captain Mario*, a comedy; and *Praise at Parting*, a "moral." It does not seem quite so certain that he actually appeared on the stage, but both from his adversaries' remarks (though Lodge's "player" might simply mean "playwright") and his own excuses it is probable. However this may be, he seems to have experienced a sudden and violent conversion, which led him to give up the theatre, to take a tutorship, and then to take orders. There is no space here for the details of the controversy excited by his *School of Abuse* (1579) the most important part or result of which was Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, or *Apology for Poetry*. Gosson, who had dedicated his pamphlet to Sidney himself, repeated the dedication in his *Ephemerides of Phialo* (1579) a book of the Lyly kind, to which an Apology for the *School of Abuse* itself is added: though he addressed the *Plays Confuted* (1582) which concludes the series to Sidney's father-in-law, Walsingham. He survived the debate many years, successively holding a curacy at Stepney, the Crown living of Great Wigborough in Essex, and that of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, and writing a few small works, some of which have survived. He died on the 17th February, 1623-4, at the age of sixty-nine.]

GOSSON has been spoken of above as a man of ability, and this he certainly was. The very short interval between the appearance of *Euphues* and that of the *School of Abuse* shows that he must rather have mastered the Lylyan style in the same circumstances and situations as Lyly than have directly borrowed it from his fellow at Oxford. Nor does he push such imitation as there is to the extremes which were common, and which in

other instances (such as Lodge's answer to his own attack) show the thing to be mainly imitative. There can be very little doubt that there was considerable justification for his attack as far as the moral and social side of the matter went: and it is to be observed that both his direct and his indirect traversers (for Sidney nowhere directly attacks the *School of Abuse*) take no small license in extending his indictment from dramatic poetry in particular to poetry in general. It is true that Gosson had to some extent laid himself open to this, especially in the exordium of the *School of Abuse*. As for his own work, it is rather a pity that the whole extant part of it, which is not bulky and which hangs pretty closely together, has never been reprinted together, while part of it is still difficult to get at. The *School of Abuse*, the *Apology* for it, and the *Plays Confuted* form a connected series, the tone of which increases in gravity and religiosity as it goes on. The *Ephemerides of Phialo*, which accompanied the *Apology*, while following very close in the track of *Euphues*, in its dealings with friendship, love, and so forth, both in manner and substance, glances frequently in the main direction of Gosson's ascetic and reforming thought. The four following passages will, I think, fairly represent his four chief works. And however unwilling we may be to countenance a line of argument which would have deprived us of one of the greatest divisions of English literature, I think Gosson must receive credit at once for absolute purity of intention, and for no small literary and intellectual power. His thought and argument, though narrow, are by no means without acuteness, his illustrations and ornaments digress much less than is usual with his contemporaries into mere random display of learning and wit, and his style is better knit than is usual with any but the greatest of them. He was evidently a very fair scholar, his Latin preface to the *Literarum studiosis in Oxoniensi Academia*, prefixed to the *Ephemerides* being well written, and his scholarship seems to have had much of the good and little of the bad influence which it was likely to exert on his English. It has been rather usual, and not unnatural in the circumstances, to think of him as a dunce and an enemy to the Muses, but few, I think, who give him a fair reading will take this view.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

MODERN LUXURY

CONSIDER with thy self (gentle reader) the old discipline of England, mark what we were before, and what we are now. Leave Rome a while, and cast thine eye back to thy predecessors, and tell me how wonderfully we have been changed, since we were schooled with these abuses. Dion saith that English men could suffer watching and labour, hunger and thirst, and bear of all storms with head and shoulders: they used slender weapons, went naked, and were good soldiers, they fed upon roots and barks of trees, they would stand up to the chin many days in marshes without victuals; and they had a kind of sustenance in time of need, of which if they had taken but the quantity of a bean, or the weight of a pea, they did neither gape after meat, nor long for the cup a great while after. The men in valour not yielding to Scythia, the women in courage passing the Amazons. The exercise of both was shooting and darting, running and wrestling, and trying such *maisteries* as either consisted in swiftness of feet, agility of body, strength of arms, or martial discipline. But the exercise that is now among us, is banqueting, playing, piping, and dancing, and all such delights as may win us to pleasure, or rock us on sleep.

Oh what a wonderful change is this! Our wrestling at arms is turned to wallowing in ladies' laps; our courage to cowardice; our running to riot, our bows into *bolles*, and our darts to dishes. We have robbed Greece of gluttony, Italy of wantonness, Spain of pride, France of deceit, and Dutchland of quaffing. Compare London to Rome, and England to Italy, you shall find the theatres of the one, the abuses of the other, to be rife among us. *Experto crede*, I have seen somewhat, and therefore I think I may say the more. In Rome when plays or pageants are shown, Ovid chargeth his pilgrims to creep close to the saints, whom they serve, and shew their double diligence to lift the gentlewomen's

robes from the ground, for soiling in the dust, to sweep motes from their kirtles, to keep their fingers in use, to lay their hands at their backs for an easy stay; to look upon those whom they behold, to praise that which they commend, to like everything that pleaseth them, to present them pomegranates to pick as they sit; and when all is done, to wait on them mannerly to their houses. In our assemblies at plays in London, you shall see such heaving and shoving, such itching and shouldering, to sit by women; such care for their garments, that they be not trod on; such eyes to their laps, that no chips light in them; such pillows to their backs, that they take no hurt; such masking in their ears, I know not what: such giving them pippins to pass the time; such playing at *foote saunt* without cards; such ticking, such toying, such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home when the sports are ended, that it is a right comedy to mark their behaviour, to watch their conceits, as the cat for the mouse, and as good as a course at the game itself, to dog them a little, or follow aloof by the print of their feet, and so discover by slot where the deer taketh soil.

If this were as well noted as ill seen, or as openly punished as secretly practised, I have no doubt but the cause would be seared to dry up the effect, and these pretty rabbits very cunningly ferreted from their burrows. For they that lack customers all the week, either because their haunt is unknown, or the constables and officers of their parish watch them so narrowly, that they dare not *queatche*, to celebrate the Sabbath, flock to theatres, and there keep a general market of vice.

(From *The School of Abuse.*)

THE EVILS OF STAGE PLAYS

PLAYS are so tolerable, that Lactantius condemneth them flatly, without any manner of exception, thinking them, the better they are penned, or cunninglier handled, the more to be fled; because that by their pleasant action of body and sweet numbers flowing in verse, we are most enchanted. And Tully, a heathen, crying out against poetry, for placing bawdy Cupid among the gods, uttereth these words in the end: *De comœdia loquor, quæ si hæc flagitia non probaremus, nulla esset omnino;* I speak of plays,

which, if ourselves did not love this filthiness, should never be suffered. If players take a little more counsel of their pillow, they shall find themselves to be the worst, and the dangerousest people in the world. 'A thief is a shrewd member in a commonwealth, he empties our bags by force, these ransack our purses by permission; he spoileth us secretly, these rifle us openly; he gets the upper hand by blows, these by merry jests; he sucks our blood, these our manners; he wounds our body, these our soul; O God, O men, O heaven, O earth, O times, O manners, O miserable days! he suffereth for his offence, these strut without punishment under our noses; and like unto a consuming fire are nourished still with our decay. Lacon thought it impossible for him to be good, that was not bitter to the wicked, then how shall we be persuaded of players, which are most pleasant to abominable livers? Diogenes said, that it was better to be a man of *Mægaraes'* ram, than his son, because he provideth a shepherd to look to his fold; but seeketh no instructor to teach his child; he hath a care that his sheep be well tendered and washed, but never regardeth his son's discipline; he forbiddeth the one to run in danger of the wolf, but keeps not the other from the devil's claws; and if Diogenes were now alive, to see the abuses that grow by plays, I believe he would wish rather to be a Londoner's hound than his apprentice, because he rateth his dog for wallowing in carrion, but rebukes not his servant for resorting to plays, that are rank poison. So corrupt is our judgment in these matters, that we account him a murderer, whom we see delight in shedding of blood; and make him a jester, that woundeth our conscience; we call that a slaughter house where brute beasts are killed; and hold that a pastime, which is the very butchery of Christian souls. We perceive not that trouble and toil draw us to life, ease and idleness bring destruction; that sorrow and anguish are virtuous books, pleasure and sport the devil's baits; that honest recreation quickeneth the spirits and plays are venomous arrows to the mind; that hunters deceive most, when seeming to walk for their delight, they craftily fetch the deer about; that players counterfeiting a shew to make us merry, shoot their nets to work our misery; that when comedy comes upon the stage, Cupid sets up a springe for woodcocks, which are entangled ere they descry the line, and caught before they mistrust the snare.

(From *An Apology of the School of Abuse.*)

WHAT IS PLEASURE?

YOU abuse the word pleasure very much, when taking it sometime in one sense, sometime in another. Now fleeting above, then diving to the bottom, and with the hedgehog, never abiding that quarter where the wind blows, you are able to draw the simple awry and make them angle for butterflies in a dry ditch. We must not fight loosely as the wild Scythians, which sally out on the sudden with terrible shouts, brandish their darts with invincible courage, and, daring not tarry the chiefest brunt, presently squat themselves in their bogs. It shall be my practice in this quarrel to define the same pleasure which you maintain, that, finding by this where the field is pitched, I may bring my force to your main battle. Pleasure is a sweet tickling of sense, with a present joy. Being a tickling of the sense, you may see that to have no disquietness cannot be pleasure; for stocks and stones feel no trouble at all, yet I think you will not say that they live in pleasure. To be cured of anguish cannot be this, because it is no otherwise than a delivery from pain. In that it is bred of a present joy, it neither consisteth in remembrance of pleasures past, because they are fled and cannot be felt, nor in hope of any such life to come, because we taste them not yet, and they may be prevented. What pleasure can you find if, being in Russia in the middle of winter with a needle in your hand, never a thread about you, you remember straight you had clothes on your back and were warm enough in Venice, in the middle of summer? What availeth it, if thirsting now, you call to your mind that you drunk yesterday; or presently ready to famish for hunger, you persuade yourself there will be corn in harvest? Again, if pleasure be the tickling of sense with a present joy, what delight had Marius in the surgeon's knife? Scaevola in torments of the fire? Curtius in the bosom of the gulf? or Iphigenia in the butcher's axe? Forsooth, sir, say you, I meant that, for their friends' sakes, they conceived a pleasure in their minds; alas, then, say I, you must not dream of chalk when you speak of cheese. That which other enjoy belongs not to us, and when we are dead, the praise that is given us never comes to our ears except you assure yourself that, with Seleus, our souls shall forsake us a while in a trance, and after they have compassed

heaven to learn some news, be blown into our bodies again through a squirt. But you trifle in this, let us shake up our kennel a little better.

Wisdom, justice, all virtues, all arts, all that we do in this life, levels, say you, at nothing but pleasure. Can you make such a hotchpotch of vice and virtue that each with the other shall both agree? that contraries shall nestle together in one body, one part, at one instant? The pleasure that is got by virtue is an honest delight of the mind, rejoicing in nothing but that which is good; yet is it not that which virtue seeketh, for the countryman soweth his grain to reap the fruit, though he gather the flower that grows up with it. And we exercise virtue not for pleasure's sake, but to do good; refusing not the pleasures that spring up with it, as flowers with corn, and follow it continually as a shadow the body; neither do they please us because they delight, but delight because they please. Your lovers, whensoever you frown, descend into hell; when you smile, are carried with wings into heaven; yet neither of them both are out of Venice. Poets feign Jupiter to have two barrels in heaven—the one of weal, the other of woe, which he disperseth abroad at his pleasure. If your beauty have drawn Jupiter from heaven in a shower of rain, compelling him by love to resign his office unto you, that opening the barrels of bliss and bale, you might govern the lives of men as you list, torment and relieve, scourge and release, set up and throw down whomsoever you will—

'O Goddess worthy of a God, and Juno of thy Jove."

These are the frantic inventions of heathen writers, which, if they be wrought, will not hold the hammering. You must not think your sweet face to make you perfect, nor believe whatsoever your suitors speak. Because that they say, they burn, will you think their bodies are set on fire? if they dream of your hue, that it is heavenly, is there no *hoe*, but you will shine in your brightness among the stars? These are hyperboles to flatter you, which they commonly speak in the midst of their passion, when their wits are a wool-gathering.

(From the *Ephemerides of Phialo.*)

THE PLAYMAKERS' SOPHISTRIES EXPOSED

THE author of the *Play of Plays*, spreading out his battle to hem me in, is driven to take so large a compass, that his array is the thinner, and therefore the easier, to be broken. He tieth life and delight so fast together, that if delight be restrained, life presently perisheth; there, zeal perceiving delight to be embraced of life, puts a snaffle in his mouth, to keep him under. Delight, being bridled, zeal leadeth life through a wilderness of loathesomeness, where glut scareth them all, chasing both zeal and delight from life, and with the club of amazedness strikes such a peg into the head of life, that he falls down for dead upon the stage.

Life being thus faint, and overtravailed, destitute of his guide, robbed of delight, is ready to give up the ghost, in the same place. Then entereth recreation, which, with music and singing rocks life asleep to recover his strength.

By this means tediousness is driven from life, and the taint is drawn out of his head, which the club of amazedness left behind.

At last recreation setteth up the gentleman upon his feet, delight is restored to him again, and such kind of sports for *cullises* are brought in to nourish him, as none but delight must apply to his stomach. Then time being made for the benefit of life, and life being allowed to follow his appetite, amongst all manner of pastimes, life chooseth comedies for his delight, partly because comedies are neither chargeable to the beholder's purse, nor painful to his body; partly because he may sit out of the rain to view the same, when many other pastimes are hindered by weather. Zeal is no more admitted to life before he be somewhat pinched in the waist, to avoid extremity, and being not in the end simply called zeal, but moderate zeal, a few conditions are prescribed to comedies, that the matter be purged, deformities blazed, sin rebuked, honest mirth intermingled, and fit time for the hearing of the same appointed. Moderate zeal is contented to suffer them, who joineth with delight to direct life again, after which he triumphs over death and is crowned with eternity. These *bugs* are fitter to fear babes than to move men. Nevertheless this is the substance of that which is brought for plays, this is the pillar of their credit. All other men that subscribe

not this but inveigh against them, by writing in books, or by tongue in pulpits, do but crow, as he termeth it, and speak against comedies for lack of learning. St. Cyprian, St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, Isodorus, Tertullian, fathers of the Church most excellently learned; councils, as the third of Carthage, the Synod of Laodicea, and such like, that condemned plays, and the skilfullest divines at this day in England which are compelled in sermons to cry out against them, were now to be set to the school again, if the mouth of this playmaker were any just measure of their knowledge. Sithence all their force consisteth in this point of life and delight, I will take the more pain to overthrow it, and so conquer the rest without skirmish, like to the Romans who, meeting the whole power of Carthage upon the sea, and foiling it there, thought it superfluous to proceed any further, or bring the ram to the walls, when Carthage was drowned in the deep. And as the Romans thought that after Carthage was overcome, no country was ashamed to be subdued, so I trust that when I have beaten their captain to the earth, by force of argument, none of them all will disdain to be taken, or to cry out with testimony of good conscience, great is the truth and it doth prevail. Though it please not him to distinguish between delight and delight, yet for the better understanding both of that which is spoken in defence of plays, and of that which by me shall be brought against them, you must consider that there are two sorts of delight, the one belonging to the body, the other to the mind —that is carnal, this, spiritual. Carnal delight is the rest of sensual appetite in the thing desired when it is felt. If this be not governed by the rule of God's Word, we are presently carted beyond ourselves, therefore ought we to follow the counsel of St. Paul, which exhorteth us earnestly to suppress the same. Spiritual delight is the operation of virtue consisting in a meditation of the life to come purchased to us by the blood of Christ, and revealed for our comfort in the Word of God. A notable blessing is pronounced on him whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and the prophet himself voweth solemnly to God, that he will talk of his commandments, walk in his ways, and delight in his statutes. By the whole discourse it may be gathered that the delight belonging to the body, is it, which this gentleman requireth as physic against the troubles and vexations of this life, which bewrayeth him to be soused in that error, that Aristotle reproveth in his *Ethics*. For if the delight of this life be to be

sought as a remedy against the sorrows of the same, excess of delight must be granted to excess of sorrow, as excess of thirst requireth excess of drink; excess of hunger, excess of meat; excess of grief, excess of pleasure: but excess of delight in this life is not to be sought, for fear of surfeit; therefore to cure the anguish of this life with such kind of pleasures as life pursues, is to measure the remedy by our own appetite, which indeed is nothing else but either to receive that that our sick stomach desireth, when it cannot judge; as to eat chalk in the green sickness; in an ague, pilchards; or as they that in some kind of leprosy drink poison, which is altogether hurtful to good complexions, yet worketh it accidentally some ease in them. Being once shipped in this part of philosophy, he is carried too far beyond his skill.

(From *Plays confuted.*)

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

[Sir Philip Sidney, born at Penshurst on 29th November 1554, was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, subsequently Lord Deputy in Ireland, and of his wife Mary, eldest daughter of the ill-fated Duke of Northumberland. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, but left Oxford very young, in order to travel abroad. At the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, he was an inmate of Walsingham's house at Paris. Of his travels, which extended to Germany, Italy, and other European countries, and occupied something like four years, the most interesting memorial is his Latin correspondence with his companion during part of them, the celebrated Huguenot Hubert Languet. In 1576-7 he was again abroad, on a mission of ceremony to the Emperor Rudolf II. His withdrawal to Penshurst in the summer of 1580, which enabled him to write both *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* (in his sister's honour), and *The Defence of Poësy*, must have been in some measure due to the very open part he had taken in opposing the marriage-project between Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou. But on the renewal of negotiations to this end in 1581 Sidney was conspicuous in doing honour to the French Embassy; and in the following year he was knighted by the Queen. She is said to have afterwards prevented his joining Drake in an American expedition, and to have interfered against his being offered the Polish Crown. But, not less fatally, she in 1585 appointed him Governor of the cautionary town of Flushing. During the siege of Zutphen, having volunteered his aid to an attempt at intercepting a Spanish convoy, he was mortally wounded, and died 17th October 1586. Sidney in 1583 married a daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham; the *Stella* of his verse was Penelope Devereux, married in 1581 to Lord Rich.]

THE inevitable application to Sidney of the phrase, "the Marcellus of English literature," is misleading, if not altogether meaningless. When his noble life had been sacrificed to the attractions of a futile *coup de Balaclava*, he was mourned at home in England, not only for what had been hoped from him, but for what he had already achieved. Still, it would be idle to deny that never has gallant warrior, true knight, or illustrious writer, been more fortunate than he in the opportunity of his death. To begin with, mutual sympathies were as yet stronger than antipathies in

the small but expanding world of English literature; and thus, although the Queen herself had honoured the good courtier she had lost, although English nobles were his pall-bearers, while his loss was lamented by the Seven Provinces which he had helped to protect, and acknowledged even by the archfoe whose name he bore, he had no mourners more justly in earnest than the scholars and poets that claimed him as one of themselves. For the soldier who had fallen on the field of honour, the statesman whom his own Sovereign had trusted and whom the Republic of a foreign kingdom had summoned to its throne,—he too had been a citizen of that Arcadia where Imagination holds supreme sway; he too had not only taken joy in that Art of Poesy for which he had entered the lists, but had as a true student found in it compensation for the disappointments of life and love.

But if Sidney's death thus fitly called forth the tears of the Muses and of their professed votaries, among them of the poet whose praise was in itself a pledge of literary immortality, neither should its coincidence with the beginning of a new era in our literary as well as our political history be overlooked. The year following on that of Sidney's death ended the tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots; its successor in turn witnessed the catastrophe of the Spanish Armada. During these few years Spenser was already at work upon his masterpiece; in their course were published the first productions of nearly all his chief contemporaries among our epic and lyric poets; and to the same wonderful years belong the earlier plays of the most prominent among the immediate predecessors or older contemporaries of Shakespeare. How then could it have been otherwise than that the sudden extinction at such an epoch of a light which had shone forth with so brilliant a promise, should be lamented in strains appropriate to a truly national loss?

Yet, apart from all adventitious circumstances of date, who shall deny that in Sir Philip Sidney, a fit "pride of shepherds' praise" was lost to the vocal Arcady around him? Concerning his verse it must suffice to say that the lyrical form introduced into English poetry by Surrey, and domesticated in it by Sidney and Spenser, would hardly have made so speedy and so sure a settlement but for the fact that neither the one nor the other scorned to pour his own golden soul into the alien literary mould.

Nor was it far otherwise with the more imposing of the two prose works which, even more decisively than *Astrophel and Stella*, have

secured to their author the unchallengeable rank of a national classic. *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, written by Sidney at his sister's house as a rough draft for her diversion, some time in the years 1580 and 1581, although not printed till after his death in 1590, forms, of course, a mere link in the connected chain of modern pastoral literature. That chain may, without injustice to Politian, be said to begin with Sannazaro's *Arcadia* (1502), and to reach down through a series of successors to and beyond the name-sake works of Sidney and Lope de Vega. In their most salient features all these productions resemble one another. They seek alike to give prominence to those emotions which humanise and soften life in the midst of the very conflicts and troubles provided in part by themselves, and thus their effect is to exalt friendship and love, but the latter most conspicuously, as absorbing the sentiments of the personages within their range, together with most of the life they lead and of the time they kill. Hence the sameness and monotony characteristic of modern in a far greater measure than of ancient pastoral. Conversely, modern pastoral almost imperceptibly substituted its own ineffable artificiality of style for the *naïveté* (conscious only to the extent in which the play of children is such) of the Sicilian Muses. Vergil is as simple and natural as it is possible for an imitator to remain. In Sannazaro there lingers at least the pretence of a rustic tone; in Tasso and Guarini simplicity has become delicacy; the Spaniards refine upon the Italians, and in Sidney the pastoral dress has become a mere accepted costume. Indeed his shepherds are in the main confessedly nothing more than courtiers in retreat —"princely shepherds," as he calls them—in their way hardly less conventional than their latest *Louis Quinze* successors. With the conventionalities of scenery and costume those of incident and character become permanently associated; we recognise as inevitable the disconsolate shepherd, the coy shepherdess, and the clown whose feats and feelings burlesque those of his superiors, although he "will stumble sometimes upon some songs that might become a better brain." Nor are we spared well-known stage tricks for setting off the stage figures, above all the familiar device of Echo repeating in moans and in puns the final syllables of lines of verse uttered among the rocks or trees.

If in these respects Sidney's *Arcadia* must perforce be pronounced the reverse of original, neither is it possible to ignore the Euphuistic element in the style of the book, or the degree

in which its initial success was due to this particular cause. *Euphues*, it must be remembered, had appeared in 1579, only a year before Sir Philip Sidney temporarily withdrew from the Court where no figure had shone more conspicuously than his own; and the *Arcadia*, though not printed till eleven years afterwards, was written under the influence of an extremely fashionable and easily imitable model. Probably what seemed choicest in the style of Sidney's work to its early admirers was what most closely resembled *Euphues*. "Oh," cries Master Fastidious Brisk in *Every Man out of his Humour*, when eulogising the "harmonious and musical strain of wit" in a great lady, "it flows from her like nectar . . . as I am an honest man, would I might never stir, sir, but she does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures in her ordinary conferences, as may be in the *Arcadia*." And in the same play Fungoso, who "follows the fashion afar off, like a spy," says that, while waiting for his new suit of clothes, he will "sit in his old suit, or else lie a-bed, and read the *Arcadia*." Of the significant characteristics of Euphuism hardly one, unless it be a certain monotony of cadence quite out of keeping with the superior versatility of Sidney's literary genius, is altogether missing in his book. Although he is expressly praised by Drayton for disburdening our tongue of Lyly's favourite similes from natural history, or supposed natural history, yet "this word, *Lover*, did no less pierce poor *Pyrocles*, than the right tune of music toucheth him that is sick of the *Tarantula*"; and the Forsaken Knight bears as his *impresa*, or device, "a *Catoblepas*, which so long lies dead as the moon, whereto it hath so natural a sympathy, wants her light." Nor was the author of the *Arcadia* proof against the seduction of mere tricks of sound, quite apart from the metrical experiments which furnish so moderate an enjoyment to his latter-day readers, and which need not be discussed here. Above all, full play is allowed to his intolerable fondness for puns, which a famous American historian calls "the only blemish in his character"; on the very first page of the romance, the very first Arcadian having used the adverb *last* regrets "that the word *last* should so long *last*." Nor can it be denied that notwithstanding the coherency and consequent interest as narratives of some of the interwoven episodes, such as that borrowed by Shakespeare for *King Lear*, the *Arcadia* in the general texture of its argument marks no material advance

from the point of view of construction upon *Euphues* and its direct progeny of love-pamphlets.

But although as late as the days of Sir Walter Scott's *Monastery*, the conception of "perfect Arcadia" as a kind of diction cherished by the "precious," necessarily included an unmistakeable admixture of affectation, and although this affectation was mainly imitative, yet Sidney was, to begin with, as he says in one of the most charming of his Sonnets,

"No pick-purse of another's wit;"

Nor indeed is this, unless at a very early stage of their literary lives, a common crime with those who can boast so splendid an endowment of their own. If his *Arcadia* remains to this day interesting,—an epithet which few members of the public that reads to please itself, would be likely to apply to Lyly's *Euphues*,—the reason is not far to seek. After all, the *Arcadia* is self-confessedly a romance of chivalry in the approved pastoral form; and as such it is animated with vivifying power by the spirit of Sir Calidore. This spirit is recognisable in the martial and often very sanguinary adventures which form part of the main argument, dim and discursive though this latter must be allowed to be, albeit used by one most capable dramatist (Shirley) as the plot of one of his plays. It shows itself in the love of manly exercises and diversions, of games and bouts of all kinds, and in the minute interest in the qualities and points of horses and hounds, to which divers passages of the *Arcadia* bear witness. It displays itself not less in a sincere enjoyment of well-ordered pomp and magnificence, of tournaments and pageants, of brave habiliments and gorgeous drapery. Above all it finds expression in a passionate devotion to the service of fair women, and an ecstatic enthusiasm in the detailed extolling of their charms. Philoclea is but another name for "Stella ever dear"; Pamela, if she represents any actual woman, typifies a more august, and a more self-restrained, mistress. Nor is it, in this connexion, to be overlooked that in addition to the desire for chivalrous action, whereby, as Musidorus says, man "not only betters himself but benefits others," and to the tenderness which filled Sidney's soul, the *Arcadia* reflects something of the national political sentiment of which its author was in so many ways a typical representative. This more than anything, except certain descriptive passages to which in the *Arcadia*, as in the *Faerie Queen*, our native English scenery may

prefer an exclusive claim, makes Sidney's work distinctively English, and connects it organically with the great national age to which it belonged. St. Marc-Girardin has pointed out political touches, which are at the same time delicate flatteries, and which, as he says, denote the courtier. But although we may smile to find that the virtues and the beauties of Urania (Elizabeth) —in Euphuistic phrase her "sweetest fairness and fairest sweetness"—cannot be kept even out of *Arcadia*, yet we remember that the courtier who ushers them in is the good courtier of Spenser's beautiful adaptation; and that to him his sovereign is the incarnation of the purposes for which in camp and court life is worth living.

The style of such a writer can hardly lack individuality; and in Sidney's prose this master-quality has no difficulty in asserting itself in the face of more or less adventitious influences. Thus the Euphuism of the *Arcadia*, though here and there marked enough, cannot be described as a quality of the style of the book at large; as such, its place is taken by something new and individual, although perhaps something not very easy to define. In a celebrated passage extracted below, Philoclea is described as "so humble, that she would put all pride out of countenance." A page or two later, the high-minded Philanax from his sick-bed demands of his master, discouraged by an oracle, why he should "deprive himself of government, for fear of losing his government, like one that should kill himself for fear of death." In such passages as these, and in many more of the same kind, the antithesis no longer owes much of its effect to sound or cadence; and the point of their wit goes home the more truly, because it has been dipped in moral sentiment. Moreover, the effort is not, as in the master, painfully elaborated; playful touches of convincing simplicity are not uncommon, such as "No is no negative in a woman's mouth"; elsewhere the author knows how to stop short, with his Pyrocles, "like a man unsatisfied in himself, though his wit might well have served to satisfy another."

Much more might be said concerning the style of the *Arcadia*, of which there is no reason for assuming that Sidney would have refused, had occasion offered, to lop many of the extravagances. Of these there is beyond doubt too luxuriant an underwood, but not enough to choke the nobler growths, or to hide the play of the sunlight between them. If Sidney's humour in the *Arcadia* must on the whole be called conventional, while his pathos is

not economised, as pathos should be if it is to become effective, he on the other hand constantly shows (the distinction will be obvious) a *feeling* which proves him an artist of a very high order. His descriptive touches, often conveyed in exquisite figures—night stretching forth her black arms to part combatants; a maiden's cheeks blushing "and withal, when she was spoken unto, a little smiling, like roses, when their leaves are with a little breath stirred"—added a fresh charm to English prose, and one which over-matched the more pretentious efforts in the same direction of earlier Elizabethan verse. Nor are such spontaneous beauties out of keeping with frequent bursts of a noble rhetoric, the result, may be, of conscious training, but not the dictation of another man's mind, and at times consecrated, as in one of the extracts given below, to the loftiest of themes. Thus the freshness, the flexibility, the essential originality and intrinsic nobility of Sidney's genius reflect themselves in the style of the most notable prose-work, taken as a whole, of an era without parallel in our literature.

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia resembles a beautiful and elaborate headgear such as Sidney's sister might have worn at Court while witnessing his prowess at the barriers—a product of nature interspersed with a hundred quaint artifices of wreaths and bugles and ouches and rings. The *Defence of Poesy*, which he wrote about the same time as the longer work, or but little later, is like a single gem in a simple but exquisitely appropriate setting of its own. The introduction, with Attic lightness and gracefulness, enables the author without effort or flourish to enter upon his theme, the defence of his favourite art—"having, I know not by what mischance, in these my old years and ildlest times, slipped into the title of a poet." The subject is treated with both fulness and thoroughness, no care being spared in definition and classification; but even in the earlier part of the essay we are inspirited as we touch the hand of our eager guide by the contagion of his own generous enthusiasm. More especially in his review of the different kinds or species of poetry are to be found passages of inimitable freshness as well as aptitude, among them, the famous figure as to the effect of "the old song of Percy and Douglas"; although, to tell the truth, it is rather disappointing to be asked directly afterwards, what this lyric would work, were it "trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar."

Naturally our poet-critic moves with greater freedom as he proceeds to refute the cavils of the μισόμουσοι, and permits himself in the interests of the dignity of his art, to digress into a lively and combative little diatribe on the stage-plays of his day. Yet nowhere is he so perfectly felicitous as in his peroration, where he has very skilfully allowed a wave of humour to mingle in the current of his eloquence, and parts from his reader with the courteous and pleasant tone in which the essay opened.

Thus the *Defence of Poësy* is not only typical of a species of critical essays which were soon to become common in our literature, and which of course are as significant of the tastes of the public as of those of their writers. It is likewise typical, in choice of subject and in style, of the idiosyncrasy of its author, so modest in his self-estimate, so generous in his judgment of others; so bent upon fancies pure and noble, and yet in the utterance of them so pleasantly abounding in the humour proper to gentle minds.

A. W. WARD.

THE KING OF ARCADIA AND HIS DAUGHTER

HERE dwelleth and reigneth this prince whose picture you see, by name Basilius; a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country, where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well-bringing-up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them. He, being already well-stricken in years, married a young princess, named Gynecia, daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beauty, as by her picture you see; a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of most unspotted chastity, but of so working a mind and so vehement spirits, as a man may say it was happy she took a good course, for otherwise it would have been terrible.

Of these two are brought to the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that we may think they were born to show that Nature is no stepmother to that sex, how much soever some men, sharp-witted only in evil-speaking, have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister. For my part, when I marked them both, methought there was (if at least such perfection may receive the word of more) more sweetness in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela; methought love played in Philoclea's eyes and threatened in Pamela's; methought Philoclea's beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: Philoclea, so bashful as though her excellences had stolen into her before she was aware; so humble that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceedings as will stir hope, but teach hope good manners; —Pamela, of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellences, but by making that one of her excellences to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper.

Now, then, our Basilius being so publicly happy as to be a prince, and so happy in that happiness as to be a beloved prince, and so in his private estate blessed as to have so excellent a wife, and so over-excellent children, hath of late taken a course which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For, having made a journey to Delphos, and safely returned, within short space he brake up his court and retired himself, his wife and children, into a certain forest hereby, which he calleth his desert; wherein, besides an house appointed for stables, and lodgings for certain persons of mean calling, who do all household services, he hath builded two fine lodges; in the one of them himself remains with his younger daughter Philoclea (which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture), without having any other creature living in that lodge with him.

(From *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, Book I.)

HORSEMANSHIP

A FEW days since, he and Dametas had furnished themselves very richly to run at the ring before me. Oh, how mad a sight it was to see Dametas, like rich tissue furred with lambs'-skins! But, oh, how well it did with Dorus—to see with what a grace he presented himself before me on horse-back, making majesty wait upon humbleness; how, at the first, standing still with his eyes bent upon me, as though his motions were chained to my look, he so stayed till I caused Mopsa bid him do something upon his horse, which no sooner said but, with a kind rather of quick gesture than show of violence, you might see him come towards me, beating the ground in so due time as no dancer can observe better measure. If you remember the ship we saw once when the sea went high upon the coast of Argos: so went the beast. But he, as if, centaur-like, he had been one piece with the horse, was no more moved than one with the going of his own legs, and in effect so did he command him as his own limbs; for though he had both spurs and wand, they seemed rather marks of sovereignty than instruments of punishment; his hand and leg, with most pleasing grace, commanding without threatening, and rather remembering than chastising; at least, if sometimes he did, it was so stolen as neither our eyes could discern it nor the horse

with any change did complain of it, he ever going so just with the horse, either forthright or turning, that it seemed, as he borrowed the horse's body, so he lent the horse his mind. In the turning, one might perceive the bridle-hand something gently stir; but, indeed, so gently as it did rather distil virtue than use violence. Himself, which methinks is strange, showing at one instance both steadiness and nimbleness; sometimes making him turn close to the ground, like a cat when scratchingly she wheels about after a mouse, sometimes with a little more rising before; now like a raven, leaping from ridge to ridge, then like one of Dametas' kids, bound over the hillocks; and all so done as neither the lusty kind showed any roughness, nor the easier any idleness, but still like a well-obeyed master, whose beck is enough for a discipline, ever concluding each thing he did with his face to mewards, as if thence came not only the beginning but ending of his motions. The sport was to see Dametas, how he was tossed from the saddle to the mane of the horse, and thence to the ground, giving his gay apparel almost as foul an outside as it had been an inside. But, as before he had ever said he wanted but horse and apparel to be as brave a courtier as the best, so now, bruised with proof, he proclaimed it a folly for a man of wisdom to put himself under the tuition of a beast; so as Dorus was fain alone to take the ring; wherein truly at least my womanish eyes could not discern but that taking his staff from his thigh, the descending it a little down, the getting of it up into the rest, the letting of the point fall, and taking the ring, was but all one motion; at least, if they were divers motions, they did so stealingly slip one into another as the latter part was ever in hand before the eye could discern the former was ended. Indeed, Dametas found fault that he showed no more strength in shaking of his staff, but to my conceit the fine cleanness of bearing it was exceeding delightful.

One time he danced the *matachin* dance in armour—oh, with what a graceful dexterity!—I think to make me see that he had been brought up in such exercises. Another time he persuaded his master, to make my time seem shorter, in manner of a dialogue, to play Priamus, while he played Paris. Think, sweet Philoclea, what a Priamus we had; but truly, my Paris was a Paris, and more than a Paris: who, while in a savage apparel he made love to Œnone, you might well see by his changed countenance and cruel tears that he felt the part he played. Tell me,

sweet Philoclea, did you ever see such a shepherd? Tell me, did you ever hear of such a prince? And then tell me if a small or unworthy assault have conquered me.

(From the Same, Book II.)

THE ESQUIRE'S DEATH

CODRUS, Ctesiphon, and Milo lost their lives upon Philanax's sword. But nobody's case was more pitied than of a young squire of Amphialus, called Ismenus, who never abandoning his master, and making his tender age aspire to acts of the strongest manhood, in this time that his side was put to the worst, and that Amphialus' valour was the only stay of them from delivering themselves over to a most shameful flight, he saw his master's horse killed under him; whereupon, asking advice of no other thought but of faithfulness and courage, he presently lighted from his own horse, and, with the help of some choice and faithful servants, gat his master up. But in the multitude that came of either side, some to succour, some to save Amphialus, he came under the hand of Philanax, and the youth, perceiving he was the man that did most hurt to his party, desirous even to change his life for glory, strake at him as he rode by him, and gave him a hurt upon the leg that made Philanax turn towards him; but seeing him so young, and of a most lovely presence, he rather took pity of him, meaning to take him prisoner, and then to give him to his brother Agenor to be his companion, because they were not much unlike, neither in years nor countenance. But as he looked down upon him with that thought, he espied where his brother lay dead, and his friend Leontius by him, even almost under the squire's feet. Then, sorrowing not only his own sorrow, but the past-comfort sorrow which he foreknew his mother would take, who, with many tears and misgiving sighs, had suffered him to go with his elder brother Philanax, blotted out all figures of pity out of his mind, and putting forth his horse while Ismenus doubled two or three more valiant than well-set blows, saying to himself, "Let other mothers bewail an untimely death as well as mine," he thrust him through, and the boy, fierce though beautiful, and beautiful though dying, not able to keep his falling feet, fell down to the earth, which he bit for anger, repining at his fortune, and

as long as he could resisting death, which might seem unwilling too, so long he was in taking away his young struggling soul.

Philanax himself could have wished the blow ungiven when he saw him fall like a fair apple, which some uncourteous body, breaking his bough, should throw down before it were ripe.

(From the Same, Book III.)

PAMELA'S FAITH

SHE would have spoken further, to have enlarged and confirmed her discourse, when Pamela, whose cheeks were dyed in the beautifullest grain of virtuous anger, with eyes which glistered forth beams of disdain, thus interrupted her:—"Peace, wicked woman, peace! unworthy to breathe that doest not acknowledge the Breath-giver; most unworthy to have a tongue, which speakest against Him through Whom thou speakest; keep your affection to yourself, which, like a bemired dog, would defile with fawning. You say yesterday was as to-day. O foolish woman, and most miserably foolish since wit makes you foolish, what doth that argue but that there is a constancy in the everlasting Governor? Would you have an inconstant God; since we count a man foolish that is inconstant? He is not seen, you say; and would you think him a god who might be seen by so wicked eyes as yours? which yet might see enough if they were not like such who for sport's sake willingly hoodwink themselves to receive blows the easier. But, though I speak to you without any hope of fruit in so rotten a heart, and there be nobody else here to judge of my speeches, yet be thou my witness, O captivity, that my ears shall not be willingly guilty of my Creator's blasphemy. You say, because we know not the causes of things, therefore fear was the mother of superstition; nay, because we know that each effect hath a cause, that hath engendered a true and lively devotion. For this goodly work of which we are, and in which we live, hath not his being by chance; on which opinion it is beyond marvel by what chance any brain could stumble. For if it be eternal, as you would seem to conceive of it, eternity and chance are things unsufferable together. For that is chanceable which happeneth; and if it happen, there was a time before it happened when it might have not happened; or else it did not happen, and

so, if chanceable, not eternal. And as absurd it is to think that, if it had a beginning, his beginning was derived from chance; for chance could never make all things of nothing: and if there were substances before which by chance should meet to make up this work, thereon follows another bottomless pit of absurdities. For then those substances must needs have been from ever, and so eternal; and that eternal causes should bring forth chanceable effects is as sensible as that the sun should be the author of darkness. Again, if it were chanceable, then was it not necessary; whereby you take away all consequents. But we see in all things, in some respect or other, necessity of consequence; therefore, in reason, we must needs know that the causes were necessary. Lastly, chance is variable, or else it is not to be called chance; but we see this work is steady and permanent. If nothing but chance had glued those pieces of this All, the heavy parts would have gone infinitely downward, the light infinitely upward, and so never have met to have made up this goodly body. For, before there was a heaven or earth, there was neither a heaven to stay the height of the ring, or an earth which, in respect of the round walls of heaven, should become a centre. Lastly, perfect order, perfect beauty, perfect constancy,—if these be the children of chance, let wisdom be counted the root of wickedness.

But, you will say, it is so by nature; as much as if you said it is so because it is so. If you mean of many natures conspiring together, as in a popular government, to establish this fair estate, as if the elementish and ethereal parts should in their town-house set down the bounds of each one's office, then consider what follows: that there must needs have been a wisdom which made them concur. For their natures, being absolutely contrary, in nature rather would have sought each other's ruin than have served as well-consorted parts to such an unexpressible harmony. For that contrary things should meet to make up a perfection without force and wisdom above their powers is absolutely impossible; unless you will fly to that hissed-out opinion of chance again. But you may perhaps affirm that one universal nature, which hath been for ever, is the knitting-together of these many parts to such an excellent unity. If you mean a nature of wisdom, goodness, and providence, which knows what it doth, then say you that which I seek of you, and cannot conclude those blasphemies with which you defiled your mouth and mine ears.

But if you mean a nature, as we speak of the fire, which goeth upward it knows not why, and of the nature of the sea, which in ebbing and flowing seems to observe so just a dance and yet understands no music, it is but still the same absurdity superscribed with another title. For this word One being attributed to that which is All is but one mingling of many, and many ones; as in a less matter, when we say one kingdom which contains many cities, or one city which contains many persons; wherein the under-ones, if there be not a superior power and wisdom, cannot by nature regard any preservation but of themselves; no more we see they do, since the water willingly quenches the fire, and drowns the earth, so far are they from a conspired unity; but that a right heavenly nature indeed, as it were unnaturing them, doth so bridle them.

Again, it is as absurd in nature that from an unity many contraries should proceed, still kept in an unity, as that from the number of contrarieties an unity should arise. I say still, if you banish both a singularity and a plurality of judgment from among them, then, if so earthly a mind can lift itself up so high, do but conceive how a thing whereto you give the highest and most excellent kind of being, which is eternity, can be of a base and vilest degree of being, and next to a not-being, which is so to be as not to enjoy his own being. I will not here call all your senses to witness, which can hear nor see nothing which yields not most evident evidence of the unspeakableness of that wisdom, each thing being directed to an end of preservation; so proper effects of judgment as speaking and laughing are of mankind. But what mad fury can ever so inveigle any conceit as to see our mortal and corruptible selves to have a reason, and that this universality, whereof we are but the least pieces, should be utterly devoid thereof? As if one should say that one's foot might be wise, and himself foolish. This heard I once alleged against such a godless mind as yours, who, being driven to acknowledge this beastly absurdity, that our bodies should be better than the whole world if it had the knowledge whereof the other were void, he sought, not able to answer directly, to shift it off in this sort: that, if that reason were true, then must it follow also that the world must have in it a spirit that could write and read too, and be learned, since that was in us commendable. Wretched fool! not considering that books be but supplies of defects, and so are praised because they help our want, and therefore cannot be

incident to the Eternal Intelligence, which needs no recording of opinions to confirm His knowledge, no more than the sun wants wax to be the fuel of his glorious lightfulness.

This world, therefore, cannot otherwise consist but by a mind of wisdom which governs it, which whether you will allow to be the Creator thereof, as undoubtedly He is, or the soul and governor thereof, most certain it is that, whether He govern all, or make all, His power is above either His creatures or His government. And if His power be above all things, then, consequently, it must needs be infinite, since there is nothing above it to limit it; for that beyond which there is nothing must needs be boundless and infinite. If His power be infinite, then likewise must His knowledge be infinite; for else there should be an infinite proportion of power which He should not know how to use, the unsensibleness whereof I think even you can conceive; and if infinite, then must nothing, no, not the estate of flies, which you with so unsavoury scorn did jest at, be unknown to Him; for if there were, then were His knowledge bounded, and so not infinite. If His knowledge and power be infinite, then must needs His goodness and justice march in the same rank; for infiniteness of power and knowledge, without like measure of goodness, must necessarily bring forth destruction and ruin, and not ornament and preservation. Since, then, there is a God, and an all-knowing God, so as He seeth into the darkest of all natural secrets, which is the heart of man, and sees therein the deepest dissembled thoughts—nay, sees the thoughts before they be thought; since He is just to exercise His might, and mighty to perform His justice, assure thyself, most wicked woman, that hast so plaguily a corrupted mind as thou canst not keep thy sickness to thyself, but must most wickedly infect others—assure thyself, I say, for what I say depends of everlasting and unremovable causes, that the time will come when thou shalt know that power by feeling it, when thou shalt see His wisdom in the manifesting thy ugly shamefulness, and shalt only perceive Him to have been a Creator in thy destruction.

(From the Same, Book III.)

PARTHENIA'S RETURN TO ARGALUS

BUT the headpiece was no sooner off but that there fell about the shoulders of the overcome knight the treasure of fair golden hair, which, with the face, soon known by the badge of excellency, witnessed that it was Parthenia, the unfortunately virtuous wife of Argalus; her beauty then, even in despite of the passed sorrow, or coming death, assuring all beholders that it was nothing short of perfection. For her exceeding fair eyes having with continual weeping gotten a little redness about them; her round, sweetly-swelling lips a little trembling, as though they kissed their neighbour death; in her cheeks, the whiteness striving by little and little to get upon the rosiness of them; her neck—a neck indeed of alabaster—displaying the wound which with most dainty blood laboured to drown his own beauties; so as here was a river of purest red, there an island of perfectest white, each giving lustre to the other, with the sweet countenance, God knows, full of unaffected languishing: though these things, to a grossly conceiving sense, might seem disgraces, yet indeed were they but apparelling beauty in a new fashion, which all looking upon through the spectacles of pity, did even increase the lines of her natural fairness, so as Amphialus was astonished with grief, compassion, and shame, detesting his fortune that made him unfortunate in victory.

Therefore, putting off his headpiece and gauntlet, kneeling down unto her, and with tears testifying his sorrow, he offered his, by himself accursed, hands to help her, protesting his life and power to be ready to do her honour. But Parthenia, who had inward messengers of the desired death's approach, looking upon him, and straight turning away her feeble sight, as from a delightless object, drawing out her words, which her breath, loth to depart from so sweet a body, did faintly deliver, "Sir," said she, "I pray you, if prayers have place in enemies, to let my maids take my body untouched by you: the only honour I now desire by your means is, that I have no honour of you. Argalus made no such bargain with you: that the hands which killed him should help me. I have of them—and I do not only pardon you, but thank you for it—the service which I desired. There rests nothing now but that I go and live with him since whose death I have done nothing but die." Then pausing, and a little fainting,

and again coming to herself, "O, sweet life, welcome," said she; "now feel I the bands untied of the cruel death which so long hath held me. And, O life, O death, answer for me, that my thoughts have, not so much as in a dream, tasted any comfort since they were deprived of Argalus. I come, my Argalus, I come! And, O God, hide my faults in thy mercies, and grant, as I feel Thou dost grant, that in Thy eternal love we may love each other eternally. And this, O Lord——" but there Atropos cut off her sentence; for with that, casting up both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble soul departed, one might well assure himself, to heaven, which left the body in so heavenly a demeanour.

But Amphialus, with a heart oppressed with grief, because of her request, withdrew himself; but the judges, as full of pity, had been all this while disarming her, and her gentlewomen with lamentable cries labouring to stanch the remediless wounds; and a while she was dead before they perceived it, death being able to divide the soul, but not the beauty, from the body. But when the infallible tokens of death assured them of their loss, one of the women would have killed herself, but that the squire of Amphialus, perceiving, by force held her. Others that had as strong passion, though weaker resolution, fell to cast dust upon their heads, to tear their garments, all falling upon the earth and crying upon their sweet mistress, as if their cries could persuade the soul to leave the celestial happiness, to come again into the elements of sorrow; one time calling to remembrance her virtue, chasteness, sweetness, goodness to them; another time accursing themselves, that they had obeyed her, being deceived by her words, who assured them that it was revealed unto her that she should have her heart's desire in the battle against Amphialus, which they wrongly understood. Then kissing her cold hands and feet, weary of the world since she was gone who was their world, the very heavens seemed with a cloudy countenance to lower at the loss, and fame itself, though by nature glad to tell such rare accidents, yet could not choose but deliver it in lamentable accents, and in such sort went it quickly all over the camp; and, as if the air had been infected with sorrow, no heart was so hard but was subject to that contagion; the rareness of the accident matching together the rarely matched together—pity with admiration. Basilius himself came forth, and brought the fair Gynecia with him, who was come into the camp under colour

of visiting her husband and hearing of her daughters; but indeed Zelmane was the saint to which her pilgrimage was intended; cursing, envying, blessing, and, in her heart, kissing the walls which imprisoned her. But both they, with Philanax and the rest of the principal nobility, went out to make honour triumph over death, conveying that excellent body, whereto Basilius himself would needs lend his shoulder, to a church a mile from the camp, where the valiant Argalus lay entombed, recommending to that sepulchre the blessed relics of a faithful and virtuous love, giving order for the making of two marble images to represent them, and each way enriching the tomb; upon which Basilius himself caused this epitaph to be written:—

THE EPITAPH.

His being was in her alone;
And he not being, she was none.
They joy'd one joy, one grief they griev'd,
One love they lov'd, one life they liv'd.
The hand was one, one was the sword
That did his death, her death afford.
As all the rest, so now the stone
That tombs the two is justly one.
ARGALUS and PARTHENIA.

(From the Same, Book III.)

LYRIC AND HEROIC POETRY

Is it the lyric that most displeaseth, who with his tuned lyre, and well-accorded voice, giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts? who giveth moral precepts, and natural problems? who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God? Certainly, I must confess my own barbarousness, I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet: and yet is it sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style: which being so evil-apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all feasts, and other such meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valour; which

that right soldier-like nation think the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable Lacedæmonians did not only carry that kind of music ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be the singers of them, when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young men what they would do. And where a man may say, that Pindar many times praiseth highly victories of small moment, matters rather of sport than virtue; as it may be answered, it was the fault of the poet, and not of the poetry: so indeed, the chief fault was in the time and custom of the Greeks, who set those toys at so high a price, that Philip of Macedon reckoned a horse-race won at Olympus, among his three fearful felicities. But as the inimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honourable enterprises.

There rests the Heroical, whose very name (I think) should daunt all back-biters; for by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speak evil of that which draweth with it no less champions than Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas, Turnus, Tydeus, and Rinaldo? Who doth not only teach and move to a truth, but teacheth and moveth to the most high and excellent truth. Who maketh magnanimity and justice shine throughout all misty fearfulness and foggy desires. Who, if the saying of Plato and Tully be true, that who could see virtue, would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty: this man sets her out to make her more lovely in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain, until they understand. But if anything be already said in the defence of sweet poetry, all concurreth to the maintaining the Heroical, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind of poetry. For as the image of each action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies, most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy, and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let Æneas be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himself in the ruin of his country, in the preserving his old father and carrying away his religious ceremonies, in obeying the gods' commandment to leave Dido, though not only all passionate kindness, but even the humane consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him. How in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious,

how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own; lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward government. And I think, in a mind not prejudiced with a prejudicating humour, he will be found in excellency fruitful; yea even as Horace saith,

Melius Chrysippo et Crantore.

But truly I imagine, it falleth out with these poet-whippers, as with some good women, who often are sick, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of poetry is odious to them, but neither his cause, nor effects, neither the sum that contains him, nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise.

(From *The Defence of Poësy.*)

THE HONOUR OF POESY

So that sith the ever praise-worthy poesy, is full of virtue-breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; sith the blames laid against it, are either false, or feeble; sith the cause why it is not esteemed in England, is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; sith lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour poesy, and to be honoured by poesy: I conjure you all, that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy; no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jest at the reverent title of a rhymer: but to believe with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecians' divinity. To believe with Bembus, that they were first bringers in of all civility. To believe with Scaliger, that no philosophers' precepts can sooner make you an honest man, than the reading of Virgil. To believe with Clauserus, the translator of Cornutus, that it pleased the heavenly Deity, by Hesiod and Homer, under the veil of fables to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric, philosophy, natural and moral, and *quid non?* To believe with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused. To believe with Landin, that they are so

beloved of the gods, that whatsoever they write, proceeds of a divine fury. Lastly, to believe themselves, when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses.

Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the printers' shops; thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface; thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all, you shall dwell upon superlatives. Thus doing, though you be *libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles*,

si quid mea carmina possunt.

Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrix, or Virgil's Anchises. But if (fie of such a but!) you be born so near the dull making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry, if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry; or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome, as to be a Momus of poetry: then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses (as Bubonax was), to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland: yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a sonnet, and when you die, your memory die from the earth, for want of an epitaph.

(From the Same.)

LORD BROOKE

[Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, was the son of Sir Fulke Greville of Beauchamp Hall, Warwickshire, and his immediate ancestry connected him with the houses of Beauchamp, Neville, and Willoughby. He was born in 1554, and educated at Shrewsbury School (with Sir Philip Sidney whose friend he was till death). He then, it would seem, went to Jesus College, Cambridge, not, as was formerly thought, to Trinity. He was afterwards admitted a Master of Arts at Oxford, and may have been in even a fuller sense *utriusque academiæ*, as so many men were then. He shared Sidney's court favour, and standing—with the usual vicissitudes—high in Elizabeth's good graces, was appointed to valuable offices in Wales. He had also lavish grants in Warwickshire, was knighted in 1597, sat pretty constantly in Parliament for his native county, and founded a historical lectureship, the lapse of which is unexplained, at Cambridge. For some time after Elizabeth's death (though it was at James's coronation that he received Warwick Castle, the most memorable of royal bounties to him) he lived in retirement. He emerged therefrom and became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1614, and was, in 1620, raised to the peerage as Lord Brooke of Beauchamp, with remainder, as he was not married, to a cousin. In his old age Sir William Davenant was a member of his household. His end was strange and tragic, it being asserted that he was stabbed in the back by an old servant named Heywood, who was enraged at not finding himself named in his master's will. This happened in Brooke House, Holborn, on the first or thirtieth of September 1628. The story seems to have been somewhat hushed up, and there is evidence (of no very trustworthy character) that Brooke was not personally popular. His extremely remarkable poems do not form part of our subject. They were, with a few insignificant exceptions, not published till after his death, and his prose appeared still later. The first complete edition of his works was that of Dr. Grosart, privately printed, 4 vols, 1870.]

AN unseasonable wit, yet one not wholly alien from the Elizabethan spirit, might say that before discussing Fulke Greville as a prose writer, it ought to be settled whether the subject is limited to his writings in prose. Certain it is that much of his singular work in verse—poems of monarchy, treatises on religion, tracts on human learning and what not—is by subject always, and by treatment sometimes, rather prosaic, despite the extraordinary

flashes, the black lightning, as it has been fancifully called, of poetry with which Lord Brooke everywhere illuminates his subjects. But his actual work in prose, though not extensive, is interesting enough. Of the four pieces of which it nominally consists, one, the letter to Greville Varney, is brief and (as far as it was possible for Greville ever to be so) common-place: another, the "short speech for Bacon," is a mere fragment. The remaining two, the so-called "Life of Sir Philip Sidney," and the "Letter to an Honourable Lady," are of infinitely more importance. The surprising nature of the contents of the first is sufficiently accounted for when it is remembered that Greville neither called it by its present title, nor regarded it as any such thing. It was avowedly meant as an autobiographic preface to his own works, in which he endeavoured to illustrate what later phrase-mongers would call his soul-history by elaborate panegyric of Sir Philip Sidney and Queen Elizabeth, the two persons who had exercised most influence on his character and career. As for the "Letter to an Honourable Lady," I am absolutely unable to perceive the slightest ground for identifying the lady with Penelope Devereux, as Dr. Grosart and others have done. Scarcely one single point of the problem which Greville outlines—the falling out of a married pair who had married for love and had become sundered by the preference of the husband for a mistress—agrees with what we know of the relations of Lord and Lady Rich, while the general picture of husband and wife given here is as unlike as possible to what is known both of "Stella" and her husband. But here again the ostensible subject of the "Letter" (which it seems was a mere literary exercise and was never sent) is but distantly related to its actual contents. These consist of divers cogitations on love-marriage, now, as is Greville's wont, of an astonishing profundity and suggestiveness, now, as is too often the case with him, pervaded by an obscurity which affects equally the drift of particular passages and the connection of those passages one with the other.

Brief as these two books or pieces are (for they do not together fill three hundred pages, each of which has not half the capacity of this present) they are among the most remarkable minor works in Elizabethan prose: and they may perhaps be said to exhibit the chief characteristics of that prose in such a way as to escape altogether the reproach of minority. Here are the special defects of the time—the want of fluency and ease natural

to a language which was hardly yet out of leading-strings, but endeavouring at independence, the apparent pedantry, the unusual use of words, the inexpert arrangement of sentences and clauses, the obscurity which comes, not of imperfect but of over elaborate and pregnant thought. Here also are the noble and profound reflections, the views of life which consider its miseries steadily and yet not unhopefully, the high and chivalrous fancy, the conception at once of duty and of romance, the full and sonorous style, the apt presentation of objective fact, the constant flashes of illustration by happy and unexpected use of word and phrase. Let not any one be so rash as to assert that the seventeenth century had nearly to pass before cadence was introduced into English prose, while he is still ignorant of the beautiful close of the last extract given below. Let no one reproach Greville with being too allegorical and figurative, when he finds allegory and figure put to such use as this, "Dotage is an inscrutable depth, it sets seals to blanks, makes contradictories true, and sees all things in the superlative degree. In short it is a prospect into the land of Ignorance which, they say, no man can describe but he that is past it." Or this, "He is by laws above you: the words of your contract obedience, of his love; the revenue his, Liberty his friend, Honour scarce indifferent, Fame against you, protesting ever on the side of strength not right." These brief books are full of equally vivid things, from the few strong touches which describe the Prince of Orange to such a single phrase as "casting a grey-headed cloud of fear over them." Nor perhaps is it easy to find in all that generation of high-thinking and brilliantly-writing men any one who combines vivid expression with weighty thought more notably than Brooke does.

Against this there is, no doubt, to be set a double portion of the great literary vice of the time, the want of clearness and simplicity. I know that some people think Brooke's obscurity exaggerated; and it is no doubt a rather subtle temptation to assert clearness in what others find obscure. But I do not feel disposed to pay any such compliment to my own acuteness in this case. Indirectness of speech can hardly go further than in the case of Greville's accounts of Sidney's quarrel with Lord Oxford, and of his dealings with Sir Francis Drake—indeed, from these accounts by themselves, it is almost impossible to discover what actually happened. Not a few passages in the encomium of Elizabeth are so involved and periphrastic that a hasty reader

might set them down as mere *galimatias*, and it is really surprising that no Shakespearian commentator has detected (perhaps some one has) in Greville the original of Polonius. In him appears the beginning of that strange inability to construct and confine oneself to a simple sentence which, not apparent at all in much earlier work, seems to have come upon Englishmen in the reign of Elizabeth, and from which they hardly got free till the reign of William the Third. Whether these defects of manner prove efficient stumbling-blocks in the way of those who would come at the matter will depend very much, if not entirely, on the mental temper of each reader. But hardly any one who surmounts them will, I think, quarrel with Brooke's thought as poor, or deny that his style, however stiff and cumbrous, is costly in substance and magnificent in ornament.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE

HERE I am still enforced to bring pregnant evidence from the dead, amongst whom I have found far more liberal contribution to the honour of true worth, than amongst those which now live; and in the markets of *selfnesse*, traffic new interest by the discredit of old friends: that ancient wisdom of righting enemies, being utterly worn out of date in our modern discipline.

My first instance must come from that worthy Prince of Orange, William of Nassau, with whom this young gentleman having long kept intelligence by word and letters, and in affairs of the highest nature that then passed current upon the stages of England, France, Germany, Italy, the Low Countries, or Spain, it seems, I say, that this young gentleman had, by this mutual freedom so imprinted the extraordinary merit of his young years into the large wisdom and experience of that excellent prince, as I, passing out of Germany into England, and having the unexpected honour to find this prince in the town of Delph, cannot think it unwelcome to describe the clothes of this prince; his posture of body and mind, familiarity and reservedness, to the ingenuous reader, that he may see what divers characters princes please and govern cities, towns, and peoples.

His uppermost garment was a gown, yet such as—I dare confidently affirm—a mean-born student in our Inns of Court would not have been well-pleased to walk the streets in. Unbuttoned his doublet was, and of like precious matter and form to the other. His waist-coat—which showed it self under it—not unlike the best sort of those woollen knit ones, which our ordinary watermen row us in. His company about him the burgesses of that beer-brewing town: and he so fellow-like encompassed with them, as—had I not known his face—no exterior sign of degree or reservedness could have discovered the inequality of his worth or estate from that multitude. Notwithstanding I no sooner came to his presence, but it pleased him to

take knowledge of me. And even upon that—as if it had been a signal to make a change—his respect of a stranger instantly begot respect to himself in all about him: an outward passage of inward greatness, which in a popular estate I thought worth the observing. Because there, no pedigree but worth could possibly make a man prince, and no prince, in a moment, at his own pleasure.

(From the *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*.)

SIDNEY'S RELIGION

ABOVE all, he made the Religion he professed, the firm basis of his life: for this was his judgement—as he often told me—that our true-heartedness to the Reformed Religion in the beginning, brought peace and safety and freedom to us; concluding, that the wisest and best way, was that of the famous William Prince of Orange, who never divided the consideration of Estate from the consideration of Religion, nor gave that sound party occasion to be jealous, or distracted, upon any appearance of safety whatsoever; prudently resolving, that to temporize with the enemies of our Faith, was but—as among sea-gulls—a strife, not to keep upright, but aloft upon the top of every billow: which false-heartedness to God and man, would in the end find it self forsaken of both; as Sir Philip conceived. For to this active spirit of his, all depths of the devil proved but shallow fords; he piercing into men's counsels and ends, not by their words, oaths, or compliments, all barren in that age, but by fathoming their hearts and powers, by their deeds, and found no wisdom where he found no courage, nor courage without wisdom, nor either without honesty and truth. With which solid and active reaches of his, I am persuaded, he would have found, or made a way through all the traverses, even of the most weak and irregular times. But it pleased God in this decrepit age of the world, not to restore the image of her ancient vigour in him, otherwise than as in a lightning before death.

(From the Same.)

OF ENGLAND AND SPAIN

AND the rather, because her long custom in governing would quickly have made her discern, that it had been impossible, by force or any human wisdom to have qualified those overgrown combinations of Spain; but only by a countermining of party with party, and a distracting of exorbitant desires, by casting a gray-headed cloud of fear over them; thereby manifesting the well disguised yokes of bondage, under which our modern conquerors would craftily entice the noun-adjective-natured princes and subjects of this time to submit their necks. A map—as it pleased her to say—of his secrets, in which she confessed herself to be the more ripe, because under the like false ensigns, though perchance better masked, she had seen Philip the Second after the same measure, or with little difference, to Henry the Third of France, a principal fellow-member in that earthly founded, though heavenly seeming Church of Rome, when he redelivered Amiens, Abbeville, etc., together with that soldier-like passage made by the Duke of Parma through France to the relief of Roan; yet whether this provident Philip did frame these specious charities of a conqueror, Augustus-like aspiring to live after death greater than his successor; or providently foreseeing that the divers humours in succeeding princes, would prove unable to maintain such green usurpations, in the heart of a kingdom competitor with his seven-headed Hydra kept together only by a constant and unnatural wheel of fortune, till some new child of hers, like Henry the Fourth, should take his turn in restoring all unjust combinations or encroachments; or lastly, whether like a true cutter of cumine seeds, he did not craftily lay those hypocritical sacrifices upon the altar of death, as peace-offerings from pride to the temple of fear, as smokes of a dying diseased conscience choked up with innocent blood: of all which perplexed pedigrees, I know not what to determine otherwise; than that these tyrannical encroachments do carry the images of Hell, and her thunder-workers, in their own breasts, as fortune doth misfortunes in that wind-blown, vast, and various womb of hers.

(From the Same.)

A HONEYMOON

WHEN you married him, I know for your part, he was your first love; and I judge the like of him. What the freedom and simplicity of those humours were, every man is a witness, that hath not forgotten his own youth. And though it be rather a counsel of remorse than help, to lay before you your errors past; yet because they teach you to know, that time is it which maketh the same thing easy and impossible, leaving withal an experience for things to come; I must in a word lay occasion past before you.

Madame, in those near conjunctions of society, wherein death is the only honourable divorce, there is but one end, which is mutual joy; and to that end two assured ways: the one, by cherishing affection with affection: the other, by working affection, while she is yet in her pride, to a reverence, which hath more power than it self. To which are required advantage, or at least equality: art, as well as nature. For contempt is else as near as respect; the lovingest mind being not ever the most lovely. Now though it be true that affections are relatives, and love the surest adamant of love; yet must it not be measured by the untemperate *elne* of it self, since prodigality yields fulness, satiety a desire of change, and change repentance: but so tempered even in trust, enjoying, and all other familiarities, that the appetites of them we would please may still be covetous, and their strengths rich. Because the decay of either is a point of ill huswifery, and they that are first bankrupt shut up their doors.

In this estate of minds, only governed by the unwritten laws of Nature, you did at the beginning live happily together. Wherein there is a lively image of that Golden Age, which the allegories of the poets figure unto us. For there Equality guided without absoluteness, Earth yielded fruit without labour, Desert perished in reward, the names of Wealth and Poverty were strange, no owing in particular, no private improving of humours, the traffic being love for love; and the exchange all for all: exorbitant abundance being never curious in those self-seeking arts, which tear up the bowels of the Earth for the private use of more than milk and honey. Notwithstanding, since in the vicissitude of things and times, there must of necessity follow a Brazen Age, there ought to be a discreet care in love; in respect the

advantage will prove theirs that first usurp, and breaking through the laws of Nature, strive to set down their own reaches of will.

Here Madame, had it been in your power, you should have framed that second way of peace, studying to keep him from evil, whose corruption could not be without misfortune to you. For there is no man, but doth first fall from his duties to himself, before he can fall away from his duty to others. This second way is, that where affection is made but the gold, to hold a jewel far more precious than it self: I mean respect and reverence; which two powers, well mixed, have exceeding strong and strange variety of working. For instance, take Coriolanus, who — Plutarch saith—loved worthiness for his mother's sake. And though true love contain them both, yet because our corruption hath, by want of differences, both confounded words and beings, I must vulgarly distinguish names, as they are current.

(From a *Letter sent to an honourable Lady.*)

THE EXCELLENCE OF DUTY

THEREFORE noble Lady, as the straight line shews both it self and the crooked: so doth an upright course of life, yield all true ways of advantage, and by mastering our own affections, anatomizeth all inferior passions, making known the distinct branches out of which the higher powers of kindness, respect, and admiration do arise. A map, wherein we may by the same wisdom of moderation, choose for ourselves that which is least in the power of others. Besides, it plainly discovers that jealousy acknowledgeth advantage of worth, and so becomes the triumph of libertines; that grief is the punishment of wrong, or right ill-used. Curiosity ever returns ill news; anger, how great soever it seems, is but a little humour, springing from opinion of contempt; her causes less than vices, and so not worthy to be loved or hated; but viewed, as lively images to shew the strength and yet frailty of all passions—which passions being but diseases of the mind, do so disease—like thirst after false remedies and deceiving visions; as the weak become terrified with those glow-worm lights, out of which wise subjects often fashion arts to govern absolute monarchs by. For Madame, as nourishment which feeds and maintains our life, is yet the perfect pledge of our

mortality: so are these light-moved passions true and assured notes of little natures, placed in what great estates soever. Besides, by this practice of obedience, there grow many more commodities. Since first, there is no loss in duty; so as you must at the least win of your self by it, and either make it easy for you to become unfortunate, or at least find an easy and honourable passage out of her intricate lines and circles. Again, if it be true, which the philosophers hold, that virtues and vices, disagreeing in all things else, yet agree in this; that where there is one *in esse*, *in posse* there are all: then cannot any excellent faculty of the mind be alone, but it must needs have wisdom, patience, piety, and all other enemies of Chance to accompany it; as against and amongst all storms, a calmed and calming *Mens adepta*.

(From the Same.)

WILLIAM WEBBE

[*A Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586) was written by William Webbe, a Cambridge scholar, while tutor to the sons of Mr. Edward Sulyard at the manor-house of Flemyngs in Essex. Little is known of Webbe apart from his treatise. He was a friend of Robert Wilmot, one of the authors of the "sententiously composed" tragedy of *Tancred and Gismunda*, and wrote a letter to him, printed in Wilmot's revised version of the tragedy in 1592.]

LITERARY criticism was not to be found in England, except in an occasional and parenthetical form, till the time of Queen Elizabeth. In other countries there had been earlier essays in this field, of which Dante's treatise *de Vulgari Eloquio* is the chief, while there are others, the Provençal *Rasos de Trobar*, the *Art de dictier et faire balades* of Eustache Deschamps, and the letter of the Marquis of Santillana to the Constable of Portugal, in which various portions of the subject are dealt with, from the elements of grammar to the universal history of the poetic art.

In few of the earlier pieces of criticism in English is there much breadth of view; none, except Sidney's *Apology*, goes much beyond the rudiments of verse on the one hand, or commonplace disquisitions on the utility of poetry on the other. Prosody was one of the principal objects of attention; the literature dealing with it ranges from Gascoigne's *Notes of Instruction* to the various documents in favour of the classical forms of verse, and from these to Campion's advocacy of rhymeless but not classical forms, and Daniel's *Defence of Rhyme*. The debate on the value of poetry, which called out Sidney's *Apology*, is mainly connected with the Puritan assault on the theatres, but goes on independently. The fullest Elizabethan summary of all the popular hypocrisies about poetry is Harington's introduction to his *Orlando Furioso*, taken along with his moral and edifying applications of each canto of that poem.

Webbe's essay refers directly to Gascoigne's *Notes of Instruc-*

tion concerning the making of verse or rhyme in English, published in 1575; it does not improve on them. Gascoigne's advice to poets is a plain statement of elementary rules; a sensible explanation of English metre and English forms of stanza, the Rime Royal, the Sonnet, and others. Such doctrine was not superfluous at that time; and it came none too soon, to help to drill the shambling and self-satisfied doggerel of the common rhymers into something like humanity. There is nothing very complicated or subtle in Gascoigne's notes; they fall in with the Provençal grammarian, in recognising the practical advantages of a rhyming dictionary:—"To help you a little with rhyme (which is also a plain young scholar's lesson) work thus: when you have set down your first verse, take the last word thereof, and count over all the words of the selfsame sound by order of the alphabets; as for example the last word of your first line is *care;* to rhyme therewith you have *bare*, *clare*, *dare*, *fare*, *gare*, *hare*, and *share*, *mare*, *snare*, *rare*, *stare*, and *ware*, etc. Of all these take that which best may serve your purpose, carrying reason with rhyme; and if none of them will serve so, then alter the last word of your former verse, but yet do not willingly alter the meaning of your invention." Gascoigne's sound judgment is shown in his regret that all English verse should be reduced to the iambic, whereas "we have used in times past other kinds of metres," and also in his remarks on that dull fashion of poetry common in his time, which made couplets of an Alexandrine and a fourteen-syllable line alternately. Gascoigne calls this "poulter's measure, which giveth xii. for one dozen, and xiv. for another," and dismisses it to the hymn-books, where it may still be found: "The long verse of twelve and fouretene syllables, although it be nowadayes vsed in all Theames, yet in my iudgment it would serve best for Psalmes and Himpnes."

Webbe founds his discourse on Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, especially in the theory that rhyme was brought first into Italy by the "Hunnes and Gothians." He does not quite share Ascham's contempt for "our rude and beggarly rhyming": he admires Phaer's "famous translation" of Virgil into the eights and sixes which Ascham slighted. But he also, though somewhat "in the rearward of the fashion," attaches himself to Gabriel Harvey, and contributes some arguments in favour of the "reformed kind of English verse"; he offers with much satisfaction some of his own hexameters, to the extent of two Eclogues of Virgil—

"Tityrus happily thou li'st tumbling under a beech-tree,"

and so forth; and a version of Hobbinol's praise of Eliza in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, done into Sapphics.

The *Discourse* is full of interest, as an example of average literary opinions of a certain type. Webbe's appreciation of the "new poet" of the *Shepherd's Calendar* is sincere; his learning is rather casual, his judgment rather wavering and apt to be controlled by other people's opinion. But his *Discourse* is published as a "small trauell," "not as an exquisite censure concerning this matter."

W. P. KER.

AN ACCOUNT OF ENGLISH POETS

THE first of our English poets that I have heard of was John Gower, about the time of King Richard the second, as it should seem by certain conjectures both a knight, and questionless a singular well learned man: whose works I could wish they were all whole and perfect among us, for no doubt they contained very much deep knowledge and delight: which may be gathered by his friend Chaucer, who speaketh of him oftentimes, in divers places of his works. Chaucer, who for that excellent fame which he obtained in his poetry, was always accounted the god of English poets (such a title for honour's sake hath been given him) was next after, if not equal in time to Gower, and hath left many works, both for delight and profitable knowledge, far exceeding any other that as yet ever since his time directed their studies that way. Though the manner of his style may seem blunt and coarse to many fine English ears at these days, yet in truth, if it be equally pondered, and with good judgment advised, and confirmed with the time wherein he wrote, a man shall perceive thereby even a true picture or perfect shape of a right poet. He, by his delightsome vein, so gulled the ears of men with his devices, that, although corruption bare such sway in most matters, that learning and truth might scant be admitted to shew it self, yet without controlment, might he gird at the vices and abuses of all states, and gall with very sharp and eager inventions, which he did so learnedly and pleasantly, that none therefore would call him into question. For such was his bold spirit, that what enormities he saw in any, he would not spare to pay them home, either in plain words, or else in some pretty and pleasant covert, that the simplest might espy him.

Near in time unto him was Lydgate, a poet, surely, for good proportion of his verse, and meetly current style, as the time afforded, comparable with Chaucer, yet more occupied in super-

stitious and odd matters than was requisite in so good a wit: which, though he handled them commendably, yet the matters themselves being not so commendable, his estimation hath been the less. The next of our ancient poets, that I can tell of, I suppose to be *Piers Ploughman*, who in his doings is somewhat harsh and obscure, but indeed a very pithy writer, and (to his commendation I speak it) was the first that I have seen, that observed the quantity of our verse without the curiosity of rhyme.

Since these I know none other till the time of Skelton, who writ in the time of King Henry the eighth, who as indeed he obtained the laurel garland, so may I with good right yield him the title of a poet: he was doubtless a pleasant conceited fellow, and of a very sharp wit, exceeding bold, and would nip to the very quick where he once set hold. Next him I think I may place Master George Gascoyne, as painful a soldier in the affairs of his prince and country, as he was a witty poet in his writing: whose commendations, because I found in one of better judgment than my self, I will set down his words, and suppress mine own: of him thus writeth *E. K.* upon the ninth *Æglogue* of the new poet:—[1]

"Master George Gascoyne, a witty gentleman and the very chief of our late rhymers, who, and if some parts of learning wanted not (albeit it is well known he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would have attained to the excellency of those famous poets. For gifts of wit and natural promptness appear in him abundantly."

I might next speak of the divers works of the old Earl of Surrey: of the Lord Vaux of Norton, of Bristow, Edwardes, Tusser, Churchyard, Will Hunnis, Heywood, Sand, Hyll, S. Y., M. D., and many others, but to speak of their several gifts, and abundant skill shewed forth by them in many pretty and learned works, would make my discourse much more tedious.

I may not omit the deserved commendations of many honourable and noble lords and gentlemen, in her majesty's court, which in the rare devices of poetry, have been and yet are most excellent skilful, among whom, the right honourable Earl of Oxford may challenge to him self the title of the most excellent among the rest. I can no longer forget those learned gentlemen which took such profitable pains in translating the Latin poets into our English tongue, whose deserts in that behalf are more than I can utter. Among these, I ever esteemed, and while I

[1] Spenser's *Shepheard's Calendar, November;* Gloss by E. K.

live, in my conceit I shall account Master D. Phaer without doubt the best: who as indeed he had the best piece of poetry whereon to set a most gallant verse, so performed he it accordingly, and in such sort, as in my conscience I think would scarcely be done again, if it were to do again. Notwithstanding, I speak it but as mine own fancy, not prejudicial to those that list to think otherwise. His work whereof I speak, is the enlightening of *Æneidos* of Virgil, so far forth as it pleased God to spare him life, which was to the half part of the tenth book, the rest being since with no less commendations finished, by that worthy scholar and famous physician Master Thomas Twyne.

Equally with him may I well adjoin Master Arthur Golding, for his labour in Englishing Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, for which gentleman, surely our country hath for many respects greatly to give God thanks, as for him which hath taken infinite pains without ceasing, travaileth as yet indefatigably, and is addicted without society, by his continual labour, to profit this nation and speech in all kind of good learning. The next, very well deserveth Master Barnaby Googe to be placed, as a painful furtherer of learning, his help to poetry besides his own devices, as the translating of Palingenius' *Zodiac.* Abraham Flemming as in many pretty poesies of his own, so in translating hath done to his commendations. To whom I would here adjoin one of his name, whom I know to have excelled, as well in all kinds of learning as in poetry most especially, and would appear so, if the dainty morsels, and fine poetical inventions of his, were as common abroad as I know they be among some of his friends. I will crave leave of the laudable authors of Seneca in English, of the other parts of Ovid, of Horace, of Mantuan, and divers other, because I would hasten to end this rehearsal, perhaps offensive to some, whom either by forgetfulness or want of knowledge, I must needs over pass.

And once again, I am humbly to desire pardon of the learned company of gentlemen scholars, and students of the universities, and Inns of Court, if I omit their several commendations in this place, which I know a great number of them have worthily deserved, in many rare devices, and singular inventions of poetry: for neither hath it been my good hap to have seen all which I have heard of, neither is my abiding in such place, where I can with facility get knowledge of their works.

One gentleman notwithstanding among them may I not over-

slip, so far reacheth his fame, and so worthy is he, if he have not already, to wear the laurel wreath, Master George Whetstone, a man singularly well skilled in this faculty of poetry: to him I will join Anthony Munday, an earnest travailer in this art, and in whose name I have seen very excellent works, among which surely, the most exquisite vein of a witty poetical head is shewed in the sweet sobs of shepherds and nymphs, a work well worthy to be viewed, and to be esteemed as very rare poetry. With these I may place John Graunge, Knight, Wilmot, Darrell, F. C., F. K., G. B., and many other, whose names come not now to my remembrance.

This place have I purposely reserved for one, who if not only, yet in my judgment principally deserveth the title of the rightest English poet, that ever I read: that is, the author of the *Shepheard's Calendar*, intituled to the worthy gentleman Master Philip Sydney, whether it was Master Sp. or what rare Scholar in Pembroke Hall soever, because himself and his friends, for what respect I know not, would not reveal it, I force not greatly to set down: sorry I am that I can not find none other with whom I might couple him in this catalogue, in his rare gift of poetry: although one there is, though now long since seriously occupied in graver studies (Master Gabriel Harvey), yet, as he was once his most special friend and fellow poet, so because he hath taken such pains, not only in his Latin poetry (for which he enjoyed great commendations of the best both in judgment and dignity in this realm) but also to reform our English verse, and to beautify the same with brave devices, of which I think the chief lie hid in hateful obscurity; therefore will I adventure to set them together, as two of the rarest wits, and learnedst masters of poetry in England. Whose worthy and notable skill in this faculty, I would wish if their high dignities and serious businesses would permit, they would still grant to be a furtherance to that reformed kind of poetry, which Master Harvey did once begin to ratify: and surely in mine opinion, if he had chosen some graver matter, and handled but with half that skill, which I know he could have done, and not poured it forth at a venture, as a thing between jest and earnest, it had taken greater effect than it did.

As for the other gentleman, if it would please him or his friends to let those excellent poems, whereof I know he hath plenty, come abroad, as his Dreams, his Legends, his Court of Cupid, his English Poet, with other: he should not only stay the rude pens of myself and others, but also satisfy the thirsty desires

of many which desire nothing more, than to see more of his rare inventions. If I join to Master Harvey his two brethren, I am assured, though they be both busied with great and weighty callings (the one a godly and learned divine, the other a famous and skilful physician) yet if they listed to set to their helping hands to poetry, they would as much beautify and adorn it as any others.

If I let pass the uncountable rabble of rhyming ballad makers and compilers of senseless sonnets, who be most busy to stuff every stall full of gross devices and unlearned pamphlets, I trust I shall with the best sort be held excused. Nor though many such can frame an alehouse song of five or six score verses, hobbling upon some tune of a Northern jig or *Robin Hood*, or *La lubber*, etc., and perhaps observe just number of syllables, eight in one line, six in an other, and there withal an A to make a jerk in the end: yet if these might be accounted poets (as it is said some of them make means to be promoted to the laurel) surely we shall shortly have whole swarms of poets, and every one that can frame a book in rhyme, though for want of matter it be but in commendations of copper noses or bottle ale, will catch at the garland due to poets: those potticall poetical (I should say) heads, I would wish, at their worshipful commencements might in stead of laurel be gorgeously garnished with fair green barley, in token of their good affection to our English malt. One[1] speaketh thus homely of them, with whose words I will content myself for this time, because I would not be too broad with them in mine own speech:—

"In regard (he meaneth of the learned framing [of] the new poet's works which writ the *Shepheard's Calendar*) I scorn and spue out the rakehelly rout of our ragged rhymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without judgment jangle, without reason rage and fume, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly ravished them above the meanest of common capacity. And being in the midst of all their bravery, suddenly for want of matter, or of rhyme, or having forgotten their former conceit, they seem to be so pained and travailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that same Pythia when the trance came upon her, *os rabidum fera corda domans, etc.*"

(From *A Discourse of English Poetry.*)

[1] *Shepheard's Calendar*, Epistle to Gabriel Harvey by E. K.

GEORGE PUTTENHAM

[*The Art of English Poesie* is ascribed by Edmund Bolton, in the reign of James I., to Puttenham, one of Queen Elizabeth's gentlemen pensioners. It is probable that George Puttenham was the author. Of the author's life and other works (most of them lost) there are many particulars in the book itself, which have been brought together by Mr. Arber in his edition (1869). The *Partheniades*, poems presented by the author as a New Year's gift to the Queen in 1579, are printed in Mr. Haslewood's edition (*Ancient Critical Essays*, 1811).]

"THE elegant, witty, and artificial book of *The Art of English Poetry*," as it is called by the first and chief witness who ascribes it to Puttenham, appeared anonymously in 1589, addressed to the Queen, with a publisher's dedication to Lord Burghley. It is a systematic work, different in scale from Webbe's *Discourse*, and still more from Gascoigne's informal *Notes*. The author was himself a poet of some experience, having at the age of eighteen written an *Eclogue to King Edward VI.*, and followed that with a variety of other works—comedies and interludes, a "Romance or historical ditty of the Isle of Great Britain," "an Hympne to the Queenes Maiestie," besides the *Partheniades*. His essay is brisk and confident, as becomes the work of a man who has lived in Courts, and bestowed some of his time upon the tongues. The author, whoever he may have been, is certainly convinced that there never was a time that he has "positively said, 'Tis so,' when it proved otherwise." He talks of all poetry as if it belonged to him, and deals out condescendingly "your iambus," "your trocheus," "your polysyllable." His purpose is to instruct "our courtly maker," as well as to delight all who have any interest in "courtly ditties." That ladies in Court will read him is not beyond his hopes. The first chapter and the first book, alike, end with a decided opinion that the Queen is the best poet of the time: "Be it in Ode, Elegie, Epigram, or

any other kind of poeme, Heroick or Lyricke, wherein it shall please her Majestie to employ her penne."

There are three books: the first dealing with poetry in general, and discussing the different kinds, mainly in a pleasant easy way, which professes to be historical, and to show how the different kinds arose, but without any distressful anxiety about names and dates. The last chapter gives an account of the English poets, and acknowledges Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, and Henry, Earl of Surrey, as "the first reformers of our English metre and style." It naturally covers much the same ground as Webbe's historical summary; it is much less free in its praises, and less tolerant.

The second book is "Of Proportion Poetical," that is, of prosody. It may be gauged by two remarks: one, that "the meeter of ten sillables . . . must have his *Cesure* fall upon the fourth sillable, and leave sixe behind him;" the other, that while the verse—

"Solomon, David's sonne, King of Jerusalem,"

is a very good Alexandrine, it would have been better if it had not begun with a dactyl, "which oddness is nothing pleasant to the ear." This book contains full receipts for poetical lozenges and eggs, "the Fuzie or Spindle," and other devices.

The third book, "Of Ornament," deals with figures of speech, and is as long as the other two, with elaborate illustrations, chiefly from the author's own poems. Not the worst part of it is the careful rendering of all the Greek rhetorical terms into English. "*Ironia*, or the dry mock, *Sarcasmus*, or the bitter taunt," followed by the "fleering frump," "the broad flout," and "the privy nip." The concluding chapters on *Decorum*, with their anecdotes of witty speeches and repartees, give evidence of much the same standard of wit as is observed by the company in Swift's *Polite Conversation*.

W. P. KER.

ENGLISH POETS

IT appeareth by sundry records of books both printed and written, that many of our countrymen have painfully travailed in this part: of whose works some appear to be but bare translations, other some matters of their own invention and very commendable, whereof some recital shall be made in this place, to the intent chiefly that their names should not be defrauded of such honour as seemeth due to them for having, by their thankful studies, so much beautified our English tongue, as at this day it will be found our nation is in nothing inferior to the French or Italian for *copie* of language, subtilty of device, good method and proportion in any form of poem, but that they may compare with the most, and perchance pass a great many of them. And I will not reach above the time of king Edward the third, and Richard the second for any that wrote in English metre: because before their times by reason of the late Norman conquest, which had brought into this realm much alteration both of our language and laws, and therewithal a certain martial barbarousness, whereby the study of all good learning was so much decayed, as long time after no man or very few *entended* to write in any laudable science: so as beyond that time there is little or nothing worth commendation to be found written in this art. And those of the first age were Chaucer and Gower, both of them, as I suppose, knights. After whom followed John Lydgate, the monk of Bury, and that nameless who wrote the satire called *Piers Plowman;* next him followed Harding the chronicler, then in king Henry VIII.'s times Skelton, (I wot not for what great worthiness) surnamed the poet laureate. In the latter end of the same king's reign sprang up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyat the elder and Henry Earl of Surrey were the two chieftains; who, having travelled into Italy and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesy, as novices newly crept

out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesy, from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be said the first reformers of our English metre and style. In the same time or not long after was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facility in vulgar makings. Afterward, in King Edward the sixth's time, came to be in reputation for the same faculty Thomas Sternhold, who first translated into English certain Psalms of David, and John Heywood the epigrammatist who, for the mirth and quickness of his conceits more than for any good learning was in him, came to be well benefited by the king. But the principal man in this profession at the same time was Master Edward Ferrys, a man of no less mirth and felicity that way, but of much more skill and magnificence in his metre, and therefore wrote for the most part to the stage, in tragedy and sometimes in comedy or interlude, wherein he gave the king so much good recreation, as he had thereby many good rewards. In Queen Mary's time flourished, above any other, Doctor Phaer, one that was well learned, and excellently well translated into English verse heroical certain books of Virgil's *Æneidos*. Since him followed Master Arthur Golding, who with no less commendation turned into English metre the *Metamorphosis* of Ovid, and that other Doctor, who made the supplement to those books of *Virgil's Æneidos*, which Master Phaer left undone. And, in her Majesty's time that now is, are sprung up another crew of courtly makers, noblemen and gentlemen of her Majesty's own servants, who have written excellently well as it would appear if their doings could be found out and made publick with the rest, of which number is first that noble gentleman Edward Earl of Oxford, Thomas Lord of Buckhurst, when he was young, Henry Lord Paget, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Master Edward Dyar, Master Fulke Greville, Gascon, Britton, Turberville, and a great many other learned gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for envy, but to avoid tediousness, and who have deserved no little commendation. But of them all particularly this is mine opinion, that Chaucer, with Gower, Lydgate, and Harding, for their antiquity ought to have the first place, and Chaucer as the most renowned of them all, for the much learning appeareth to be in him above any of the rest. And though many of his books be but bare translations out of the Latin and French, yet are they well handled, as his books of *Troilus and Cressida*;

and the *Romaunt of the Rose*, whereof he translated but one half, the device was John de Mehune's, a French Poet; the *Canterbury Tales* were Chaucer's own invention as I suppose, and where he sheweth more the natural of his pleasant wit, than in any other of his works, his similitudes, comparisons, and all other descriptions are such as can not be amended. His metre heroical of *Troilus and Cressida* is very grave and stately, keeping the staff of seven, and the verse of ten, his other verses of the Canterbury tales be but riding rhyme, nevertheless very well becoming the matter of that pleasant pilgrimage in which every man's part is played with much decency. Gower, saving for his good and grave moralities, had nothing in him highly to be commended, for his verse was homely and without good measure, his words strained much deal out of the French writers, his rhyme wrested, and in his inventions small subtilty: the applications of his moralities are the best in him, and yet those many times very grossly bestowed, neither doth the substance of his works sufficiently answer the subtilty of his titles. Lydgate, a translator only and no deviser of that which he wrote, but one that wrote in good verse. Harding, a poet epic or historical, handled himself well according to the time and manner of his subject. He that wrote the satire of *Piers Plowman* seemed to have been a malcontent of that time, and therefore bent himself wholly to tax the disorders of that age, and specially the pride of the Roman clergy, of whose fall he seemeth to be a very true prophet; his verse is but loose metre, and his terms hard and obscure, so as in them is little pleasure to be taken. Skelton, a sharp satirist, but with more railing and scoffery than became a poet laureate; such among the Greeks were called *pantomimi*, with us buffoons, altogether applying their wits to scurrilities and other ridiculous matters. Henry Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat, between whom I find very little difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanterns of light to all others that have since employed their pens upon English poesy; their conceits were lofty, their styles stately, their conveyance cleanly, their terms proper, their metre sweet and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously their master Francis Petrarch. The Lord Vaux his commendation lieth chiefly in the facility of his metre, and the aptness of his descriptions, such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his songs, wherein he sheweth the counterfeit action very lively and pleasantly. Of the later sort I think thus. That for tragedy,

the Lord of Buckhurst, and Master Edward Ferrys, for such doings as I have seen of theirs do deserve the highest price. The Earl of Oxford and Master Edwards of her Majesty's Chapel for comedy and interlude. For eclogue and pastoral poesy, Sir Philip Sidney and Master Challenner, and that other gentleman who wrote the late *Shepherd's Calendar*. For ditty and amorous ode I find Sir Walter Raleigh's vein most lofty, insolent, and passionate. Master Edward Dyar, for elegy most sweet, solemn and of high conceit. Gascon for a good metre and for a plentiful vein. Phaer and Golding for a learned and well corrected verse, specially in translation clear and very faithfully answering their author's intent. Others have also written with much facility, but more commendably perchance if they had not written so much nor so popularly. But last in recital and first in degree is the Queen our sovereign Lady, whose learned, delicate, noble muse easily surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since, for sense, sweetness and subtilty, be it in ode, elegy, epigram, or any other kind of poem heroic or lyric, wherein it shall please her Majesty to employ her pen, even by as much odds as her own excellent estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassals.

(From *The Art of English Poesy*.)

WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH

[The life of Queen Elizabeth's great treasurer belongs, in Horace Walpole's phrase, to "the annals of his country." Born in 1520, he held office in the reign of Edward VI., retired into private life during the reign of Mary, and was Elizabeth's prime minister for forty years, till his death in 1598. The suspicion—it is no more—that he defeated his thrifty Mistress's generous intentions to the poet Spenser has rather prejudiced him with men of letters. Against this may be set his early friendship with Ascham, who gives a pleasing report of his hospitality to men of learning. His own contribution to letters is the brief *Ten Precepts to his Son*, first published in 1637, and since then often reprinted.]

THE clue to the character of Burleigh's prose, and perhaps also to his indifference to Spenser, is to be found in one of his precepts—"Suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps." He abhorred Italian influence in every shape and form, on literature as much as on morals and manners. He was already an old man, near sixty, when the tendency to "Italianate terms" culminated in Lyly's Euphues, but the influence had been at work for many years before. There is not a trace of it in Burleigh's prose. In this respect it is distinguished from the prose of his nephew Bacon, who was affected not a little by the fashion of the new generation. Burleigh belongs emphatically to the old school. His is the prose of a man of affairs, concerned chiefly to convey his meaning clearly and forcibly, terse, pithy, compact, disdainful of far-fetched graces, but not insensible to the effect of a biting epigram. Such illustrations as he uses are homely and apt. Not till we come down to Temple and Dryden, do we find a diction equal to Burleigh's in simplicity of structure and in the homelier virtues of good prose.

W. MINTO.

TEN PRECEPTS

SON ROBERT—The virtuous inclinations of thy matchless mother, by whose tender and godly care thy infancy was governed, together with thy education under so zealous and excellent a tutor, puts me in rather assurance than hope, that thou art not ignorant of that *summum bonum*, which is only able to make thee happy as well in thy death as life; I mean the true knowledge and worship of thy Creator and Redeemer; without which all other things are vain and miserable: so that thy youth being guided by so sufficient a teacher, I make no doubt but he will furnish thy life with divine and moral documents; yet that I may not cast off the care beseeming a parent towards his child; or that you should have cause to derive thy whole felicity and welfare rather from others than from whence thou receivedst thy breath and being; I think it fit and agreeable to the affection I bear thee, to help thee with such rules and advertisements for the squaring of thy life, as are rather gained by experience, than much reading; to the end that entering into this exorbitant age, thou mayest be the better prepared to shun those scandalous courses whereunto the world and the lack of experience may easily draw thee. And because I will not confound thy memory, I have reduced them into ten precepts; and next unto Moses' tables, if thou imprint them in thy mind, thou shalt reap the benefit, and I the content; and they are these following:—

I

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil; and it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at

leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Enquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth; let her not be poor, how generous soever; for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility; nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others and loathing in thee; neither make choice of a dwarf, or a fool; for by the one you shall beget a race of pigmies, the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *yirke* thee to hear her talk; for thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and according to the means of thy estate; rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly; for I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table; but some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame; but banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well bearing of his drink, which is better commendation for a brewer's horse or a dray man, than for either a gentleman, or a serving man. Beware thou spend not above three or four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third part of that in thy house; for the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much: otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want: and the needy man can never live happily or contentedly; for every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell; and that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit, for gentility is nothing else but ancient riches; so that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must need follow. So much for the first precept.

II

Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the overstern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own

vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. And suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. And if by travel they get a few broken languages, that shall profit them nothing more than to have one meat served in divers dishes. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars; for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession, can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian; besides it is a science no longer in request than use; for soldiers in peace, are like chimneys in summer.

III

Live not in the country without corn and cattle about thee; for he that putteth his hand to the purse for every expense of household, is like him that putteth water in a sieve. And what provision thou shalt want, learn to buy it at the best hand; for there is one penny saved in four, betwixt buying in thy need, and when the markets and seasons serve fittest for it. Be not served with kinsmen, or friends, or men intreated to stay; for they expect much and do little; nor with such as are amorous, for their heads are intoxicated. And keep rather two too few, than one too many. Feed them well, and pay them with the most; and then thou mayest boldly require service at their hands.

IV

Let thy kindred and allies be welcome to thy house and table; grace them with thy countenance, and farther them in all honest actions; for by this means, thou shalt so double the bond of nature, as thou shalt find them so many advocates to plead an apology for thee behind thy back; but shake off those glow-worms, I mean parasites and sycophants, who will feed and fawn upon thee in the summer of prosperity, but in adverse storm, they will shelter thee no more than an harbour in winter.

V

Beware of suretyship for thy best friends; he that payeth another man's debts, seeketh his own decay; but if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it; so shalt thou secure thyself, and

pleasure thy friend; neither borrow money of a neighbour or a friend, but of a stranger, where paying it, thou shalt hear no more of it, otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing of money be precious of thy word, for he that hath care of keeping days of payment, is lord of another man's purse.

VI

Undertake no suit against a poor man without receiving much wrong; for besides that thou makest him thy compeer, it is a base conquest to triumph where there is small resistance; neither attempt law against any man before thou be fully resolved that thou hast right on thy side; and then spare not for either money or pains; for a cause or two so followed and obtained, will free thee from suits a great part of thy life.

VII

Be sure to keep some great man thy friend, but trouble him not with trifles; compliment him often with many, yet small gifts, and of little charge; and if thou hast cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be something which may be daily in sight; otherwise in this ambitious age, thou shalt remain like a hop without a pole; live in obscurity, and be made a football for every insulting companion to spurn at.

VIII

Towards thy superiors be humble, yet generous; with thine equals familiar, yet respective; towards thine inferiors show much humanity, and some familiarity; as to bow the body, stretch forth the hand, and to uncover the head, with such like popular compliments. The first prepares thy way to advancement, the second makes thee known for a man well bred, the third gains a good report, which once got is easily kept; for right humanity takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are easilier gained by unprofitable courtesies, than by churlish benefits; yet I advise thee not to affect or neglect popularity too much; seek not to be Essex; shun to be Raleigh.

IX

Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate; for it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himself to his friend, as though, occasion being offered, he should not dare to become his enemy.

X

Be not scurrilous in conversation nor satirical in thy jests; the one will make thee unwelcome to all company, the other pull on quarrels, and get thee hatred of thy best friends; for suspicious jests, when any of them savour of truth, leave a bitterness in the minds of those which are touched; and, albeit, I have already pointed at this inclusively, yet I think it necessary to leave it to thee as a special caution; because I have seen many so prone to quip and gird, as they would rather *leese* their friend than their jest; and if, perchance, their boiling brain yield a quaint scoff, they will travail to be delivered of it as a woman with child. These nimble fancies are but the froth of wit.

SPENSER

[We have Spenser's own authority for stating that he was born in London (see *Prothalamion*),

> Though from another place I take my name,
> An house of ancient fame.

He claimed relationship with the Spencers of Althorpe, Northants (see *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, 1537-72, and the dedications of *The Tears of the Muses*, of *Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubbard's Tale*, of *Muiopotmos*), and the claim was allowed. But the connection must have been distant. His own branch of the family seems to have belonged to Lancashire, to the neighbourhood of Burnley; and there are several signs that his father, who by the time of Edmund's birth had migrated south, was not in prosperous circumstances. Of his mother we know nothing but her Christian name, which was Elizabeth (see *Amoretti*, lxxiv.) From *Amoretti*, lx., written it is fairly certain in 1593, it is plausibly concluded he was born in 1552.

He was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, then recently founded; and with the help of a Lancashire gentleman, Mr. Robert Nowell, went as a sizar to Pembroke College, Cambridge. After seven years at the University, where, though he gathered much sound learning, he did not academically distinguish himself, he probably passed some time with his family, or family connections, in Lancashire. But he was soon called back to London. The Earl of Leicester and his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, now became his patrons; and with Sidney, at least, he formed a cordial and lasting friendship. Probably through their influence he at last, in 1580, obtained some preferment; he was appointed secretary to Lord Arthur Grey of Wilton, who was then proceeding to Ireland as Lord Deputy. He had already made his mark as a poet by the publication of *The Shepherd's Calendar*; and had already begun to compose *The Faery Queen* (see his friend Gabriel Harvey's letter, dated April 7, 1580, and his own to Harvey of April 10).

Lord Arthur Grey, after suppressing the current insurrection (that of Shan O'Neal and the Earl of Desmond) with an iron hand, was recalled in 1582. But it seems clear Spenser did not return with him. In fact Ireland was to be his home for the rest of his life, though there are several indications that he was far from content with such a lot; nor, the state of Ireland at that time considered, is his dissatisfaction to be wondered at. However, he held successively the clerkship of Degrees and Recognisances in the Irish Court of Chancery, and that to the Council of Munster; and after some years of service he received a grant of land in Cork county—of some 3000 acres, out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond. Certainly by the year 1589 he was

settled in the old castle that will always be associated with his memory—Kilcolman Castle.

In that year Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he had known personally since 1580, if not earlier, and whom a grant from those same forfeited estates as he himself was sharing brought again across St. George's Channel, visited him at Kilcolman, and read the first three books of *The Faery Queen*. The result was a visit to England and their publication in 1590, and the establishment of Spenser's fame as the chief poet of the day. See *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, a poem written on Spenser's return, and giving a full account of that famous expedition. The following years, to say nothing of his official duties, were occupied in the composition of the next three books of *The Faery Queen*; and also in paying his addresses to a certain lady whose name has at last been ascertained to be Elizabeth Boyle. Of this courtship and its hopes and fears he, after his manner, furnishes a complete record in the sequence of sonnets entitled *Amoretti*. In the *Epithalamion* he celebrates his own marriage. He paid another visit to England in 1596, to publish the second instalment of his great work, and probably also to make suit for some more congenial appointment, or an appointment amongst more congenial surroundings (see *Prothalamion*, stanzas 1 and 9). As a poet, he was greeted with enthusiasm; but the Court did nothing for him, or nothing of importance and of the kind he wished. Lord Burleigh, there is reason to believe, was not disposed in his favour. And so, perforce, he betook himself back to Ireland.

But in that ill-governed and unhappy country a fresh insurrection was being fiercely plotted and organised. In 1598 it broke out with fury. Spenser, whose possession of a part of Desmond's forfeited estates had all along made him detestable to the natives, and whose attitude and conduct seem indeed to have been by no means conciliatory, was one of its first victims. His house was burnt over his head, and he had to fly for life. He reached London in extreme poverty and distress. And there, in King Street, Westminster, he died January 13, 1599. He was buried by the side of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.]

SPENSER'S one important prose writing is *The View of the Present State of Ireland*; but we have also some *Letters*, and some *Dedications*. *The View of the Present State of Ireland* was, it seems fairly certain, written during his stay in England in 1596. In the Lambeth Library is extant the copy sent in to the Archbishop of Canterbury along with the application for a licence to publish the work. It is initialled E. S. and dated by the author, as Dr. Grosart reports; and the date given is 1596. Again, in one passage in the text the year 1595 is referred to as "this last year." Several phrases in the work indicate that Irenæus, the chief speaker, who is Spenser himself, was at the time in England. Thus, on p. 61 of Dr. Grosart's edition we read: "And this right well I wot that *even here in England* there are in many places as strange customs as Coigny and Livery."

Certainly the work is the result of long experience and a

matured study of the country of which it treats. As we have pointed out in the sketch of his life just given, Spenser was resident in Ireland for some eighteen years, with probably not more than two short intermissions. And, though this residence was far from congenial to him, yet he by no means wasted the opportunity of thoroughly acquainting himself with manners and customs and a general condition of things that were so strange and also often so picturesque and fascinating, however wild and perilous. The political problem, too, seriously occupied Spenser's attention; and his work aims at being not only scholarly and descriptive but effective and practical. The power and vigour of his mind is illustrated in every part. Those who think of the author of *The Faery Queen* as a mere dreamer of dreams will find him here presenting himself in a very different aspect. He is here a man of business—a most careful collector of facts, and an eager deducer and resolute advocate of certain definite conclusions. He is both an ardent and an intelligent archæologist and historian, and also a vigorous and peremptory statesman. The policy he advocates is one of the severest repression and suppression; he has no sympathy with the cause of the nation; perhaps we might say he has no understanding or even apprehension of it; but what else could be expected from the intimate friend of Sir Walter Raleigh and the faithful admirer of "the good Lord Gray"? We do not now turn to Spenser's treatise for political guidance, and it would be absurd to blame him because of his Elizabethanism in this or any other respect. *The Faery Queen* not less than *The View* breathes throughout the spirit of the age that produced it.

With scarcely an exception—perhaps Pope is one—all our great poets have also been great prose-writers; and naturally so, for the mastery of rhythm and language which distinguishes the poet must inevitably display itself in whatever literary form he adopts. Indeed it may be urged that one of the best ways of learning to write prose is to practise verse-writing; and it will be found that almost all great prose-writers have so trained and disciplined themselves. However this may be, the author of *The Faery Queen* writes an excellent prose style. It is unaffected, clear, vigorous, straightforward. It exactly suits and serves its purpose. It does not play with words, or cultivate any verbal artifices. It is perfectly simple, and by its very simplicity impressive and forcible. Spenser "only speaks right on." He is too

much in earnest to be decorative or florid. He wishes to definitely instruct, and to move in a special direction those whom he addresses, not merely to entertain and please them. But being a great master of expression he accomplishes this latter end also, though it is not his prime object. His well-formed sentences and his trenchant phrases continually remind us that we are listening to an artist born and bred.

JOHN W. HALES.

Irenæus. They have another custom from the Scythians, that is, the wearing of mantles and long *glibbes*, which is a thick curled bush of hair, hanging down over their eyes, and monstrously disguising them, which are both very bad and hurtful.

Eudoxus. Do you think that the mantle came from the Scythians? I would surely think otherwise, for by that which I have read, it appeareth that most nations in the world anciently used the mantle. For the Jews used it, as you may read of Elias' mantle. The Chaldæans also used it, as you may read in Diodorus. The Ægyptians likewise used it, as ye may read in Herodotus, and may be gathered by the description of Berenice, in the Greek Commentaries upon Callimachus. The Greeks also used it anciently, as appeareth by Venus's mantle lined with stars, though afterwards they changed the form thereof into their cloaks, called Pallia, as some of the Irish also do. And the ancient Latins and Romans used it, as ye may read in Virgil, who was a very ancient antiquary,—that Evander, when Ænæas came unto him at his feast, did entertain and feast him, sitting on the ground, and lying on mantles. Insomuch as he useth this very word MANTILE for a mantle.

'Mantilia humi sternunt.'

So as it seemeth that the mantle was a general habit to most nations, and not proper to the Scythians only, as you suppose.

Iren. I cannot deny but that anciently it was common to most, and yet since disused and laid away. But in this later age of the world, since the decay of the Roman Empire, it was renewed and brought in again by those Northern nations when, breaking out of their cold caves and frozen habitations into the sweet soil of Europe, they brought with them their usual weeds, fit to shield the cold, and that continual frost to which they had

at home been inured: the which yet they left not off, by reason that they were in perpetual wars with the nations whom they had invaded, but, still removing from place to place, carried always with them that weed, as their house, their bed, and their garment; and, coming lastly into Ireland, they found there more special use thereof, by reason of the raw cold climate, from whence it is now grown into that general use in which that people now have it. After whom the Gauls succeeding, yet finding the like necessity for that garment, continued the like use thereof.

Eudox. Sith then the necessity thereof is so commodious, as ye allege, that it is instead of housing, bedding, and clothing, what reason have ye then to wish so necessary a thing cast off?

Iren. Because the commodity doth not countervail the discommodity for the inconveniences that thereby do arise are much more many; for it is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief. First the outlaw being for his many crimes and villanies banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places, far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth it is his pent-house; when it blows it is his tent; when it freezeth it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wear it close; at all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable; for in his war that he maketh (if at least it beseemeth the name of war) when he still flieth from his foe, and lurketh in the thick woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his cave to sleep in. Therein he wrappeth himself round, and encloseth himself strongly against the gnats, which in that country do more annoy the naked rebels, whilst they keep the woods, and do more sharply wound them than all their enemies' swords or spears, which can come seldom nigh them: yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them when they are near driven, being wrapt about their left arm instead of a target, for it is as hard to cut through it with a sword; besides it is light to bear, light to throw away, and, being (as they then commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thief it is so handsome, as it may seem it was first invented for him; for under it he can cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and

when he goeth abroad in the night on free-booting, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush or bank's side, till they may conveniently do their errand: and when all is done, he can in his mantle pass through any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endangered. Besides all this, if he be disposed to do mischief or villany to any man, he may under his mantle go privily armed without suspicion of any, carrying his head-piece, his skean, or pistol if he please, to be alway in readiness. Thus necessary and fitting is a mantle for a bad man, and surely for a bad housewife it is no less convenient. These be some of the abuses for which I would think it meet to forbid all mantles.

Eudox. O evil-minded man that having reckoned up so many uses of a mantle, will yet wish it to be abandoned! Sure I think Diogenes' dish did never serve his master more turns, notwithstanding that he made it his dish, his cup, his measure, his water-pot, than a mantle doth an Irish man. But I see they be all to bad intents, and therefore I will join with you in abolishing it. But what blame lay you to the *glibbe?* Take heed (I pray you) that you be not too busy therewith for fear of your own blame, seeing our Englishmen take it up in such a general fashion to wear their hair so unmeasurably long, that some of them exceed the longest Irish *glibbes.*

Iren. I fear not the blame of any undeserved dislikes; but for the Irish *glibbes,* I say that, besides their savage brutishness and loathsome filthiness which is not to be named, they are as fit masks as a mantle is for a thief. For whensoever he hath run himself into that peril of law that he will not be known, he either cutteth off his *glibbe* quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it so low down over his eyes, that it is very hard to discern his thievish countenance; and therefore fit to be trussed up with the mantle.

Eudox. Truly these three Scythian abuses, I hold most fit to be taken away with sharp penalties; and surely I wonder how they have been kept thus long, notwithstanding so many good provisions and orders as have been devised for the reformation of that people.

(From *A View of the Present State of Ireland.*)

IRISH BARDS

Irenæus. There is amongst the Irish a certain kind of people called Bards, which are to them instead of poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises and dispraises of men in their poems and rhymes; the which are had in so high request and estimation amongst them, that none dare to displease them for fear of running into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men. For their verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings, by certain other persons, whose proper function that is, which also receive for the same great rewards and reputation besides.

Eudoxus. Do you blame this in them, which I would otherwise have thought to have been worthy of good account, and rather to have been maintained and augmented amongst them, than to have been misliked? For I have read that in all ages poets have been had in special reputation, and that (me seems) not without great cause; for besides their sweet inventions, and most witty lays, they have always used to set forth the praises of the good and virtuous, and to beat down and disgrace the bad and vicious. So that many brave young minds have oftentimes, through hearing of the praises and famous eulogies of worthy men sung and reported unto them, been stirred up to affect like commendations, and so to strive to like deserts. So they say the Lacedæmonians were more inclined to desire of honour with the excellent verses of the poet Tirtæus, than with all the exhortations of their captains, or authority of their rulers and magistrates.

Iren. It is most true that such poets, as in their writings do labour to better the manners of men, and through the sweet bait of their numbers, to steal into young spirits a desire of honour and virtue, are worthy to be had in great respect. But these Irish bards are for the most part of another mind, and so far from instructing young men in moral discipline, that they themselves do more deserve to be sharply disciplined; for they seldom use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the ornaments of their poems, but whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rhymes, him

they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow

Eudox. I marvel what kind of speeches they can find, or what face they can put on, to praise such lewd persons as live so lawlessly and licentiously upon stealths and spoils, as most of them do; or how can they think that any good mind will applaud or approve the same?

Iren. There is none so bad, Eudoxus, but shall find some to favour his doings; but such licentious parts as these, tending for the most part to the hurt of the English, or maintenance of their own lewd liberty, they themselves, being most desirous thereof, do most allow. Besides this, evil things being decked and suborned with the gay attire of goodly words, may easily deceive and carry away the affection of a young mind that is not well stayed, but desirous by some bold adventure to make proof of himself; for being (as they all be) brought up idlely without awe of parents, without precepts of masters, without fear of offence, not being directed or employed in any course of life, which may carry them to virtue, will easily be drawn to follow such as any shall set before them; for a young mind cannot rest; and if he be not still busied in some goodness, he will find himself such business as shall soon busy all about him. In which if he shall find any to praise him, and to give him encouragement, as those bards and rhymers do for a little reward, or a share of a stolen cow, then waxeth he most insolent and half mad with the love of himself, and his own lewd deeds. And as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly glose and painted show thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself. As of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his lifetime of spoils and robberies, one of these bards in his praise said, That he was none of those idle milk-sops that was brought up by the fire side, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises; that he never did eat his meat before he had won it with his sword; that he was not slugging all night in a cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to lie long wooing of wenches to yield unto him, but where he came he took by force the spoil of other men's love, and left but lamentations to their lovers;

the English pale, think you not that there were many more guilty than they that felt the punishment, or was there any almost clear from the same? yet he touched only a few of special note; and in the trial of them also even to prevent the blame of cruelty and partial dealing, as seeking their blood, which he, in his great wisdom (as it seemeth) did foresee would be objected against him; he, for the avoiding thereof did use a singular discretion and regard. For the jury that went upon their trial he made to be chosen out of their nearest kinsmen, and their judges he made of some of their own fathers, of others their uncles and dearest friends, who, when they could not but justly condemn them, yet uttered their judgment in abundance of tears, and yet he even herein was counted bloody and cruel.

Eudox. Indeed so have I heard it often here spoken, and I perceive (as I always verily thought) that it was most unjustly; for he was always known to be a most just, sincere, godly, and right noble man, far from such sternness, far from such unrighteousness. But in that sharp execution of the Spaniards at the Fort of Smerwick, I heard it specially noted, and, if it were true as some reported, surely it was a great touch to him in honour, for some say that he promised them life; others that at least he did put them in hope thereof.

Iren. Both the one and the other is most untrue; for this I can assure you, myself being as near them as any, that he was so far from either promising, or putting them in hope, that when first their secretary, called, as I remember, Jacques Geffray, an Italian, being sent to treat with the Lord Deputy for grace, was flatly denied; and afterwards their *coronel*, named Don Sebastian, came forth to intreat that they might part with their arms like soldiers, at least with their lives, according to the custom of war and law of nations, it was strongly denied him, and told him by the Lord Deputy himself, that they could not justly plead either custom of war, or law of nations, for that they were not any lawful enemies; and if they were, he willed them to show by what commission they came thither into another prince's dominions to war, whether from the Pope or the King of Spain, or any other; the which when they said they had not, but were only adventurers that came to seek fortune abroad, and serve in wars amongst the Irish, who desired to entertain them, it was then told them that the Irish themselves, as the earl and John of Desmond with the rest, were no lawful enemies, but rebels and traitors; and there-

fore they that came to succour them no better than rogues and runnagates, specially coming with no licence nor commission from their own king: so as it should be dishonourable for him in the name of his Queen to condition or make any terms with such rascals, but left them to their choice, to yield and submit themselves or no. Whereupon the said *coronel* did absolutely yield himself and the fort, with all therein, and craved only mercy, which it being not thought good to show them, both for danger of themselves, if being saved, they should afterwards join with the Irish, and also for terror to the Irish, who were much emboldened by those foreign succours, and also put in hope of more ere long; there was no other way but to make that short end of them which was made. Therefore most untruly and maliciously do these evil tongues backbite and slander the sacred ashes of that most just and honourable personage, whose least virtue, of many most excellent which abounded in his heroical spirit, they were never able to aspire unto.

(From the Same.)

RICHARD HOOKER

[Richard Hooker, as we learn from Izaak Walton in his famous *Life*, was born near Exeter about the year 1553. About the year 1567 he went to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where in 1573 he was admitted as one of the twenty scholars of the foundation, and where, in 1577, he was elected fellow. About 1582 he was ordained and was presently appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross. A little later he married a lady who seems to have proved to him a singularly unpleasant wife. In 1585 he was made Master of the Temple. In 1595 he was appointed to the parsonage of Bishopsbourne in Kent. In the year previous his "first four Books and large Epistle" were published; and the fifth Book (*On the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*) was published in 1597. He died at the early age of forty-six in the autumn of 1600. His literary works other than the above were published posthumously.]

IT may at once be said of Hooker's work that his quality, his accomplishment (though of a high order in rhetoric, in composition governed by certain stately and scholastic laws) cannot rank him among the great creative writers of the world. As a man of thought, and as a man who set serious value by his thought: as a man who perpended every paragraph, and who carefully elaborated every parenthesis: as a man whose conscientious labour must ever be among the influences that drive the frivolous to despair, his superior or even his rival would not be easy to find. His workmanship, too, is very cunningly equipoised. He had an ear for the balance of parts, and for sonorousness of diction. He is never irresponsible, never gay, never passionate, never free from his own personal control. But for the artificial quality of his art he takes an exceptional eminence. There is something peculiarly satisfactory about all his writing; it is thorough. The extreme labour which he devoted to it sometimes indeed gives to it an excessive cast; he thinks his thoughts out to so wire-drawn a completeness that he not infrequently irritates by his persistent digressions and his unashamed length of sentence. "It may be," he once wrote, in perhaps the most heated docu-

ment he ever composed—singularly temperate though it be—"I have talked or walked or eaten or interchangeably used the duties of common humanity with some such as he is hardly persuaded of. For I know no law of God or man, by force whereof they should be as heathens and publicans unto me that are not gracious in the eyes of another man." An ordinary thinker accustomed to pursue his thoughts with average fury would there have ceased; but Hooker is content to mar the whole passage by the clumsy addition of a fresh clause, which is the merest elucidation, unessential to his contention, yet irresistible to his refining mind. After the interval of a comma he continues, "perhaps without cause, or, if with cause, yet with such cause as he is privy unto and not I." These are the natural faults of excessive laboriousness. One who presses his eyes too closely to a picture loses its perspective unity; the writer who can never leave his thought alone inclines to the same bemusement; he sometimes—as in this instance—surrenders the very achievement upon which his heart is customarily set; he loses his balance, and gains nothing for his pains.

Let this suffice for a brief general review of Hooker's literary style. To come to detail, the first thing to note is the academical quality of every sentence he ever wrote—a quality so academical, so purely the outcome of studiousness that you begin presently to wonder whether the man had a pair of eyes at all. It would perhaps be rash to say that there is not a single passage in all his works dealing with the commonest matters of natural observation; but such passages are certainly of extreme infrequency. To compare him to Taylor in this respect is to step from the close atmosphere of a sealed library into the flowers of the springtime. Recall, for example, two passages, one from each writer, in which each deals with his subject through the medium of some objective phenomena. "So have I seen a rose," says Jeremy, "newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stalk, and, at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces." The passage, full of exquisitely personal observation, may be left to sing its

own song. Take in comparison to it this fine passage from a sermon by Hooker. "The judgments of God do not always follow crimes as thunder doth lightning, but sometimes the space of many ages coming between. When the sun hath shined fair the space of six days upon the tabernacle, we know not what clouds the seventh may bring. . . . If they chance to escape clearly in this world, which they seldom do; in the day when the heavens shall shrivel as a scroll and the mountains move as frighted men out of their places, what cave shall receive them? What mountain or rock shall they get by entreaty to fall upon them? what covert to hide them from that wrath, which they shall be neither able to abide nor to avoid?" Every allusion in this second passage is perfectly academical. The sentences roll majestically, they prove a nice sense of words, a rhythmical command of speech. But when this writer speaks of the shining of the sun upon the tabernacle he has no visual sense, it is clear, of his metaphor; the shrivelling of the heavens and the moving of the mountains in their second-hand application, are the purest figures of rhetoric; there is an intellectual impressiveness in that comparison of the moving mountains to "frighted men"; but the conception has no real analogies to anything in nature: indeed, any attempt to make such an analogy would involve the whole image in grotesqueness. The academic mind is incapable of literal imagery, if such imagery is to be evolved from the sights and sounds and scents of the objective world. Hooker's fancy is a quality entirely dormant; he has a certain intellectual imagination, but this is mostly derivative. The Old Testament supplied him with what splendour of illustration he chanced to need.

To bring the matter down to narrower issues: it is to be noted how deeply Hooker was affected by Latin writers and Latin construction in his literary style, although it cannot truthfully be said that this was to the disadvantage of his literature. He discovers the strength of such an influence, partly in his deliberate massiveness of construction, partly in the obvious impatience he displays towards the Teutonic prepositional substitutes for inflected speech, and partly in his repetition of an idea in words of slightly different shades of meaning—"without any qualifications, cautions, ifs and ands," he writes in one place, obviously induced thereto by some Ciceronian reminiscence. Sometimes, too, he will omit an auxiliary verb, will give to his principal words a Latinised importance of position, yet—with some fine insight into the

quicker movement of the English tongue—preserve a strong idiomatic flavour of the language through which he is commercing. A pat instance is to hand: "One of the town ministers," he writes somewhere, "that saw in what manner the people were bent for the revocation of Calvin, gave him notice of their affection in this sort: 'The Senate of two hundred being assembled, they all crave Calvin. The next day a general convocation. They cry in like sort again all, we will have Calvin, that good and learned man, Christ's minister.'" The words within quotation marks have the savour of a literal translation from the Latin. "They cry in like sort again all:" *Clamant similiter rursus omnes*—the words require no transposition, no manipulation; yet the general trend of the passage is certainly towards an English or Teutonic, rather than towards a classical spirit; and, indeed, despite his love of these alien speeches, despite his submission to their dictation, their imperial authority, he none the less clearly for that makes ample show of a complete equipment in a native idiom and a native manner of language.

He is a little austere. That may have been already gathered from preceding words, but let it here be stated explicitly. He lacks all (or nearly all) the endearing qualities of literature. You admire the ample and even splendid furniture of his mind; you appraise at their high and full value his powers of abstract—if not always perfectly logical or coherent—reasoning, but he seldom stirs the elemental emotions that are deepset far beneath the intellectual emotions of knowledge and culture. Of old, men had the comparison between Cicero and Demosthenes which may well stand as between Hooker and Taylor. When Cicero spoke the world wondered over the marvellous artist, the refined rhetorician, the eloquent philosopher, the skilful musician in words, the silver-tongued and persuasive advocate; so has the world wondered, in a somewhat lesser degree, over Hooker. But when Demosthenes spoke, an excited audience of Athenians sprang to foot crying, "Let us go forth to fight Philip." The parallel is complete. Yet there are infrequent passages in Hooker's work that move the deeper emotions. "The best things we do," he says sorrowfully in one of his finest passages, to be quoted later, "have somewhat in them to be pardoned;" and it is a sentiment that has in it some of the piercing quality of essential truth. Again, in a funeral sermon which he preached over the coffin of a religious lady, he struck out occasional passages of pathetic

beauty which is elsewhere rarely to be found in his work. Yet even here one finds the emotion unsustained. It quickly leaves him, and, thrown upon the unfelt sentiments derived from more poignant literature, he falls into an absolute bathos. "Concerning this virtuous gentlewoman only this little I speak," he says at the conclusion of a nobly pathetic passage, "and that of knowledge, '*She lived a dove and died a lamb.*'"

We come finally to consider Hooker as a master—or otherwise—of controversy. "I take no joy," he once wrote, "in striving; I have not been nuzzled or trained up in it. I would to Christ they which have at this present forced me hereunto had so ruled their hands in any reasonable time that I might never have been constrained to strike so much as in mine own defence." For this very reason he was so much the better controversialist. Never losing his head, he always retained the full power of his hand; never excited, he always detected a weak joint; always meek, he never lost sight of his advantages in the anger of another. And where the clear justice of his cause supplied to him any personal deficiency of logic, he is not easily to be surpassed in quiet overbearing, in gentle persuasiveness. For this reason his answer to Travers must be reckoned among the strongest pieces of controversial work which his times produced. Travers, it is to be premised, committed the initial blunder of violence and anger—defects which, as has been seen, were absolutely alien to the mild and melancholy Hooker. Hooker accordingly makes a quiet meal of Travers, already simmering in the sauce of his own fury. He does it, too, with that admirable reluctance, that unwilling appetite, that patient depreciation which —if writers of controversy only knew it—have an infinitely more damnatory effect than outrageous home-thrusts or tedious satire. His final apologies, too—doubtless sincere, but none the less mischievously effective—for showing fight, his gentle hint that Travers has proved an indigestible dish, his concluding expressions of amity and goodwill, prove, as it seems—and quite apart from the reasonableness of his case—the justice of his standpoint. It is scarce to be wondered at that Archbishop Whitgift began, from the time of its publication, "to have Hooker in admiration," as Walton records, "and to rejoice that he had appeared in his cause." As to his general controversy—with Rome, or with heresy, as he conceived it—his best qualities are those already named, his worst a certain looseness of logical instinct. No

work of a lifetime could have been more appropriate to any writer than was *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* to Hooker. The thing was reserved for him to accomplish by some Providence. Its controversy did not clamour for too close an application of absolute reasoning—and so far he is a master in controversy; its scope afforded him a field for all those errant speculations, academic analogies, historic and learned allusions, comparative judgments, and hesitant conclusions for which he was admirably fitted.

Enough, then, has been said to show Hooker as a writer of English; though, by reason of certain defects, he cannot be said to take supreme rank among the literary creators of the world, he has all the qualities, all the greatnesses, that allow him to rank among the most scholarly, conscientious, and learned writers upon whom the English language has conferred its ultimate honours.

VERNON BLACKBURN.

CALVIN'S RETURN TO GENEVA

HE ripely considered how gross a thing it were for men of his quality, wise and grave men, to live with such a multitude, and to be tenants at will under them, as their ministers, both himself and others, had been. For the remedy of which inconvenience, he gave them plainly to understand, that if he did become their teacher again, they must be content to admit a complete form of discipline, which both they and also their pastors should now be solemnly sworn to observe for ever after. Of which discipline the main and principal parts were these: A standing ecclesiastical court to be established; perpetual judges in that court to be their ministers; others of the people to be annually chosen (twice so many in number as they) to be judges together with them in the same court: these two sorts to have the care of all men's manners, power of determining all kind of ecclesiastical causes, and authority to convent, to control, to punish, as far as with excommunication, whomsoever they should think worthy, none either small or great excepted.

This device I see not how the wisest at that time living could have bettered, if we duly consider what the present estate of Geneva did then require. For their bishop and his clergy being (as it is said) departed from them by moonlight, or howsoever, being departed; to choose in his room any other bishop, had been a thing altogether impossible. And for their ministers to seek that themselves alone might have coercive power over the whole church, would perhaps have been hardly construed at that time. But when so frank an offer was made, that for every one minister there should be two of the people to sit and give voice in the ecclesiastical consistory, what inconvenience could they easily find which themselves might not be able always to remedy?

Howbeit (as evermore the simpler sort are, even when they

see no apparent cause, jealous notwithstanding over the secret intents and purposes of wiser men) this proposition of his did somewhat trouble them. Of the ministers themselves which had stayed behind in the city when Calvin was gone, some, upon knowledge of the people's earnest intent to recall him to his place again, had beforehand written their letters of submission, and assured him of their allegiance for ever after, if it should like him to hearken unto that public suit. But yet misdoubting what might happen, if this discipline did go forward, they objected against it the example of other reformed churches living quietly and orderly without it. Some of chiefest place and countenance amongst the laity professed with greater stomach their judgments, that such a discipline was little better than Popish tyranny disguised and tendered unto them under a new form. This sort, it may be, had some fear that the filling up of the seats in the consistory with so great a number of laymen was but to please the minds of the people, to the end they might think their own sway somewhat; but when things came to trial of practice their pastors' learning would be at all times of force to over-persuade simple men, who knowing the time of their own presidentship to be but short would always stand in fear of their ministers' perpetual authority: and among the ministers themselves, one being so far in estimation above the rest, the voices of the rest were likely to be given for the most part respectively, with a kind of secret dependency and awe: so that in show a marvellous indifferently composed senate ecclesiastical was to govern, but in effect one only man should, as the spirit and soul of the residue, do all in all. But what did these vain surmises boot? Brought they were now to so strait an issue, that of two things they must choose one: namely, whether they would to their endless disgrace, with ridiculous lightness dismiss him whose restitution they had in so impotent manner desired; or else condescend unto that demand wherein he was resolute either to have it, or to leave them. They thought it better to be somewhat hardly yoked at home, than for ever abroad discredited. Wherefore in the end those orders were on all sides assented unto: with no less alacrity of mind than cities unable to hold out longer are wont to show, when they take conditions such as it liketh him to offer them which hath them in the narrow straits of advantage.

(From the *Preface to the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity.*)

CHRISTIAN UNITY COUNSELLED

THE best and safest way for you therefore, my dear brethren, is to call your deeds past to a new reckoning, to re-examine the cause ye have taken in hand, and to try it even point by point, argument by argument, with all the diligent exactness ye can; to lay aside the gall of that bitterness wherein your minds have hitherto over-abounded, and with meekness to search the truth. Think ye are men, deem it not impossible for you to err; sift unpartially your own hearts, whether it be force of reason or vehemency of affection, which hath bred and still doth feed these opinions in you. If truth do any where manifest itself, seek not to smother it with glosing delusions, acknowledge the greatness thereof, and think it your best victory when the same doth prevail over you.

That ye have been earnest in speaking or writing again and again the contrary way, shall be no blemish or discredit at all unto you. Amongst so many so huge volumes as the infinite pains of St. Augustine have brought forth, what one hath gotten him greater love, commendation, and honour, than the book wherein he carefully collecteth his own oversights, and sincerely condemneth them? Many speeches there are of Job's whereby his wisdom and other virtues may appear; but the glory of an ingenuous mind he hath purchased by these words only, "Behold, I will lay mine hand on my mouth; I have spoken once, yet will I not therefore maintain argument; yea twice, howbeit for that cause further I will not proceed."

Far more comfort it were for us (so small is the joy we take in these strifes) to labour under the same yoke, as men that look for the same eternal reward of their labours, to be joined with you in bands of indissoluble love and amity, to live as if our persons being many our souls were but one, rather than in such dismembered sort to spend our few and wretched days in a tedious prosecuting of wearisome contentions; the end whereof, if they have not some speedy end, will be heavy even on both sides. Brought already we are even to that estate which Gregory Nazianzen mournfully describeth, saying, "My mind leadeth me" (sith there is no other remedy) "to fly and to convey myself into some corner out of sight, where I may scape from this cloudy tempest of maliciousness, whereby all parts are entered into a deadly war

amongst themselves, and that little remnant of love which was, is now consumed to nothing. The only godliness we glory in, is to find out somewhat whereby we may judge others to be ungodly. Each other's faults we observe as matter of exprobration and not of grief. By these means we are grown hateful in the eyes of the heathens themselves, and (which woundeth us the more deeply) able we are not to deny but that we have deserved their hatred. With the better sort of our own our fame and credit is clean lost. The less we are to marvel if they judge vilely of us, who although we did well would hardly allow thereof. On our backs they also build that are lewd, and what we object one against another, the same they use to the utter scorn and disgrace of us all. This we have gained by our mutual home-dissensions. This we are worthily rewarded with, which are more forward to strive than becometh men of virtuous and mild disposition."

But our trust in the Almighty is, that with us contentions are now at their highest float, and that the day will come (for what cause of despair is there?) when the passions of former enmity being allayed, we shall with ten times redoubled tokens of our unfeignedly reconciled love, show ourselves each towards other the same which Joseph and the brethren of Joseph were at the time of their interview in Egypt. Our comfortable expectation and most thirsty desire whereof what man soever amongst you shall any way help to satisfy (as we truly hope there is no one amongst you but some way or other will), the blessings of the God of peace, both in this world and in the world to come, be upon him more than the stars of the firmament in number.

(From the Same.)

MAN'S DESIRE FOR HAPPINESS

Now if men had not naturally this desire to be happy how were it possible that all men should have it? All men have. Therefore this desire in man is natural. It is not in our power not to do the same; how should it then be in our power to do it coldly or remissly? So that our desire being natural is also in that degree of earnestness whereunto nothing can be added. And is it probable that God should frame the hearts of all men so desirous of that which no man may obtain? It is an axiom of Nature

that natural desire cannot utterly be frustrate. This desire of ours being natural should be frustrate, if that which may satisfy the same were a thing impossible for man to aspire unto. Man doth seek a triple perfection: first a sensual, consisting in those things which very life itself requireth either as necessary supplements, or as beauties and ornaments thereof; then an intellectual, consisting in those things which none underneath man is either capable of or acquainted with; lastly a spiritual and divine, consisting in those things whereunto we tend by supernatural means here, but cannot here attain unto them. They who make the first of these three the scope of their whole life, are said by the Apostle to have no god but only their belly, to be earthly-minded men. Unto the second they bend themselves, who seek especially to excel in all such knowledge and virtue as doth most commend men. To this branch belongeth the law of moral and civil perfection. That there is somewhat higher than either of these two, no other proof doth need than the very process of man's desire, which being natural should be frustrate, if there were not some farther thing wherein it might rest at the length contented, which in the former it cannot do. For man doth not seem to rest satisfied, either with fruition of that wherewith his life is preserved, or with performance of such actions as advance him most deservedly in estimation; but doth further covet, yea oftentimes manifestly pursue with great sedulity and earnestness, that which cannot stand him in any stead for vital use; that which exceedeth the reach of sense; yea somewhat above capacity of reason, somewhat divine and heavenly, which with hidden exultation it rather surmiseth than conceiveth; somewhat it seeketh, and what that is directly it knoweth not, yet very intentive desire thereof doth so incite it, that all other known delights and pleasures are laid aside, they give place to the search of this but only suspected desire. If the soul of man did serve only to give him being in this life, then things appertaining unto this life would content him, as we see they do other creatures; which creatures enjoying what they live by seek no further, but in this contentation do show a kind of acknowledgement that there is no higher good which doth any way belong unto them. With us it is otherwise. For although the beauties, riches, honours, sciences, virtues, and perfections of all men living, were in the present possession of one; yet somewhat beyond and above all this there would still be sought and earnestly thirsted for. So that Nature even in this

life doth plainly claim and call for a more divine perfection than either of these two that have been mentioned.

(From the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity.*)

DEFENCE OF CHURCH CEREMONIAL

SUCH was the ancient simplicity and softness of spirit which sometimes prevailed in the world, that they whose words were even as oracles amongst men seemed evermore loth to give sentence against any thing publicly received in the Church of God, except it were wonderful apparently evil; for that they did not so much incline to that severity which delighteth to reprove the least things it seeth amiss, as to that charity which is unwilling to behold any thing that duty bindeth it to reprove. The state of this present age, wherein zeal hath drowned charity, and skill meekness, will not now suffer any man to marvel, whatsoever he shall hear reproved by whomsoever. Those rites and ceremonies of the Church therefore, which are the self-same now that they were when holy and virtuous men maintained them against profane and deriding adversaries, her own children have at this day in derision. Whether justly or no, it shall then appear, when all things are heard which they have to allege against the outward received orders of this church. Which inasmuch as themselves do compare unto "mint and cummin," granting them to be no part of those things which in the matter of polity are weightier, we hope that for small things their strife will neither be earnest nor long.

The sifting of that which is objected against the orders of the Church in particular, doth not belong unto this place. Here we are to discuss only those general exceptions, which have been taken at any time against them.

First therefore to the end that their nature and the use whereunto they serve may plainly appear, and so afterwards their quality the better be discerned; we are to note, that in every grand or main public duty which God requireth at the hands of his Church, there is, besides that matter and form wherein the essence thereof consisteth, a certain outward fashion whereby the same is in decent sort administered. The substance of all religious actions is delivered from God himself in few words.

For example's sake, in the sacraments "Unto the element let the word be added, and they both do make a sacrament," saith St. Augustine. Baptism is given by the element of water, and that prescript form of words which the Church of Christ doth use; the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ is administered in the elements of bread and wine, if those mystical words be added thereunto. But the due and decent form of administering those holy sacraments doth require a great deal more.

The end which is aimed at in setting down the outward form of all religious actions is the edification of the Church. Now men are edified, when either their understanding is taught somewhat whereof in such actions it behoveth all men to consider, or when their hearts are moved with any affection suitable thereunto; when their minds are in any sort stirred up unto that reverence, devotion, attention, and due regard, which in those cases seemeth requisite. Because therefore unto this purpose not only speech but sundry sensible means besides have always been thought necessary, and especially those means which being object to the eye, the liveliest and the most apprehensive sense of all other, have in that respect seemed the fittest to make a deep and a strong impression; from hence have risen not only a number of prayers, readings, questionings, exhortings, but even of visible signs also; which being used in performance of holy actions, are undoubtedly most effectual to open such matter, as men when they know and remember carefully, must needs be a great deal the better informed to what effect such duties serve. We must not think but that there is some ground of reason even in nature, whereby it cometh to pass that no nation under heaven either doth or ever did suffer public actions which are of weight, whether they be civil and temporal or else spiritual and sacred, to pass without some visible solemnity: the very strangeness whereof and difference from that which is common, doth cause popular eyes to observe and to mark the same. Words, both because they are common, and do not so strongly move the fancy of man, are for the most part but slightly heard: and therefore with singular wisdom it hath been provided, that the deeds of men which are made in the presence of witnesses should pass not only with words, but also with certain sensible actions, the memory whereof is far more easy and durable than the memory of speech can be.

(From the Same.)

THE DOCTRINE OF GRACE

WHEREIN then, do we disagree? We disagree about the nature of the very essence of the medicine whereby Christ cureth our disease; about the manner of applying it; about the number and the power of means, which God requireth in us for the effectual applying thereof to our soul's comfort. When they are required to show, what the righteousness is whereby a Christian man is justified, they answer, that it is a divine spiritual quality; which quality received into the soul, doth first make it to be one of them who are born of God; and secondly, endue it with power to bring forth such works, as they do that are born of Him; even as the soul of man being joined unto his body, doth first make him to be in the number of reasonable creatures, and secondly enable him to perform the natural functions which are proper to his kind; that it maketh the soul gracious and amiable in the sight of God, in regard whereof it is termed Grace; that it purgeth, purifieth, washeth out, all the stains and pollutions of sin; that by it, through the merits of Christ we are delivered, as from sin, so from eternal death and condemnation, the reward of sin. This grace they will have to be applied by infusion; to the end, that as the body is warm by the heat which is in the body, so the soul might be righteous by inherent grace; which grace they make capable of increase; as the body may be more and more warm, so the soul more and more justified, according as grace shall be augmented; the augmentation whereof is merited by good works, as good works are made meritorious by it. Wherefore the first receipt of grace is in their divinity the first justification; the increase thereof, the second justification. As grace may be increased by the merit of good works; so it may be diminished by the demerit of sins venial; it may be lost by mortal sin. Inasmuch, therefore, as it is needful in the one case to repair, in the other to recover, the loss which is made; the infusion of grace hath her sundry after-meals; for which cause they make many ways to apply the infusion of grace. It is applied unto infants through baptism, without either faith or works, and in them it really taketh away original sin, and the punishment due unto it; it is applied unto infidels and wicked men in their first justification through baptism, without works, yet not without faith; and it taketh away both sin actual and

original, together with all whatsoever punishment eternal or temporal thereby deserved. Unto such as have attained the first justification, that is to say, the first receipt of grace, it is applied further by good works to the increase of former grace, which is the second justification. If they work more and more, grace doth more and more increase, and they are more and more justified. To such as have diminished it by venial sins, it is applied by holy water, Ave Marias, crossings, papal salutations, and such like, which serve for reparations of grace decayed. To such as have lost it through mortal sin, it is applied by the sacrament (as they term it) of penance; which sacrament hath force to confer grace anew, yet in such sort, that being so conferred, it hath not altogether so much power as at the first. For it only cleanseth out the stain or guilt of sin committed, and changeth the punishment eternal into a temporal satisfactory punishment, here, if time do serve, if not, hereafter to be endured, except it be either lightened by masses, works of charity, pilgrimages, fasts and such like; or else shortened by pardon for term, or by plenary pardon quite removed and taken away. This is the mystery of the man of sin. This maze the Church of Rome doth cause her followers to tread, when they ask her the way of justification. I cannot stand now to unrip this building and to sift it piece by piece; only I will set a frame of apostolical erection by it in few words, that it may befall Babylon, in presence of that which God hath builded, as it happened unto Dagon before the ark.

(From the *Sermon on Justification.*)

MAN'S SINFULNESS

WE are but upbraided, when we are honoured with names and titles whereunto our lives and manners are not suitable. If we have indeed our fruit in holiness, notwithstanding we must note, that the more we abound therein, the more need we have to crave that we may be strengthened and supported. Our very virtues may be snares unto us. The enemy that waiteth for all occasions to work our ruin, hath ever found it harder to overthrow an humble sinner than a proud saint. There is no man's case so dangerous as his, whom Satan hath persuaded that his own righteousness shall present him pure and blameless in the sight

of God. If we could say, "we are not guilty of any thing at all in our own consciences" (we know ourselves far from this innocency, we cannot say, we know nothing by ourselves; but if we could), should we therefore plead not guilty in the presence of our Judge, that sees further into our hearts than we ourselves are able to see? If our hands did never offer violence to our brethren, a bloody thought doth prove us murderers before Him; if we had never opened our mouths to utter any scandalous, offensive, or hurtful word, the cry of our secret cogitations is heard in the ears of God. If we did not commit the evils which we do daily and hourly, either in deeds, words, or thoughts, yet in the good things which we do, how many defects are there intermingled! God, in that which is done, respecteth specially the mind and intention of the doer. Cut off then all those things wherein we have regarded our own glory, those things which we do to please men, or to satisfy our own liking, those things which we do with any by-respect, not sincerely and purely for the love of God; and a small score will serve for the number of our righteous deeds. Let the holiest and best thing we do be considered. We are never better affected unto God than when we pray; yet when we pray, how are our affections many times distracted! How little reverence do we show to the grand majesty of that God unto Whom we speak! How little remorse of our own miseries! How little taste of the sweet influence of His tender mercy do we feel! Are we not as unwilling many times to begin, and as glad to make an end, as if God, in saying "Call upon me," had set us a very burdensome task?

It may seem somewhat extreme, which I will speak; therefore let every man judge of it even as his own heart shall tell him, and no otherwise; I will but only make a demand; If God should yield to us, not as unto Abraham, if fifty, forty, thirty, twenty, yea, or if ten good persons could be found in a city, for their sakes that city should not be destroyed; but, if God should make us an offer thus large, Search all the generations of men sithence the fall of your father Adam, find one man, that hath done any one action, which hath past from him pure, without any stain or blemish at all; and for that one man's one only action, neither man nor angel shall feel the torments which are prepared for both; do you think that this ransom, to deliver men and angels, would be found among the sons of men? The best things we do have somewhat in them to be pardoned. How then can

we do any thing meritorious, and worthy to be rewarded? Indeed, God doth liberally promise whatsoever appertaineth to a blessed life, unto as many as sincerely keep His law, though they be not able exactly to keep it. Wherefore, we acknowledge a dutiful necessity of doing well, but the meritorious dignity of well doing we utterly renounce. We see how far we are from the perfect righteousness of the law; the little fruit which we have in holiness, it is, God knoweth, corrupt and unsound; we put no confidence at all in it, we challenge nothing in the world for it, we dare not call God to a reckoning, as if we had Him in our debt-books; our continual suit to Him is, and must be, to bear with our infirmities, to pardon our offences.

(From the Same.)

HOOKER'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF

TOUCHING the first point of his discovery, which is about the matter of predestination, to set down that I spake (for I have it written), to declare and confirm the several branches thereof, would be tedious now in this writing, where I have so many things to touch that I can but touch them only. Neither is it herein so needful for me to justify my speech, when the very place and presence where I spake, doth itself speak sufficiently for my clearing. This matter was not broached in a blind alley, or uttered where none was to hear it, that had skill with authority to control, or covertly insinuated by some gliding sentence.

That which I taught was at Paul's Cross; it was not huddled in amongst other matters, in such sort that it could pass without noting; it was opened, it was proved, it was some reasonable time stood upon. I see not which way my Lord of London, who was present and heard it, can excuse so great a fault, as patiently, without rebuke or controlment afterwards, to hear any man there teach otherwise than "the Word of God doth," not as it is understood by the private interpretation of some one or two men, or by a special construction received in some few books, but as it is understood "by all the churches professing the gospel"; by them all, and therefore even by our own also amongst others. A man that did mean to prove that he speaketh, would surely take the measure of his words shorter.

The next thing discovered is an opinion about the assurance

of men's persuasion in matters of faith. I have taught, he saith, "That the assurance of things which we believe by the word, is not so certain as of that we perceive by sense." And is it as certain? Yea, I taught, as he himself I trust will not deny, that the things which God doth promise in His word, are surer unto us than any thing we touch, handle, or see; but are we so sure and certain of them? If we be, why doth God so often prove His promises unto us, as He doth, by arguments taken from our sensible experience? We must be surer of the proof than of the thing proved, otherwise it is no proof. How is it, that if ten men do all look upon the moon, every one of them knoweth it as certainly to be the moon as another; but many believing one and the same promise, all have not one and the same fulness of persuasion? How falleth it out that men being assured of any thing by sense, can be no surer of it than they are? whereas the strongest in faith that liveth upon the earth, hath always need to labour, and strive, and pray, that his assurance concerning heavenly and spiritual things may grow, increase, and be augmented?

(From the *Answer to Travers.*)

JUSTICE AND THE HARMONY OF CREATION

JUSTICE, that which flourishing upholdeth, and not prevailing disturbeth, shaketh, threateneth with utter desolation and ruin the whole world: justice, that whereby the poor have their succour, the rich their ease, the potent their honour, the living their peace, the souls of the righteous departed their endless rest and quietness: justice, that which God and angels and men are principally exalted by: justice, the chiefest matter contended for at this day in the Christian world: in a word, justice, that whereon not only all our present happiness, but in the kingdom of God our future joy dependeth. So that, whether we be in love with the one or with the other, with things present or things to come, with earth or with heaven; in that which is so greatly available to both, none can but wish to be instructed. Wherein the first thing to be inquired of is, the nature of justice in general: the second, that justice which is in God; the last, that whereby we ourselves being just are in expectancy of life here promised in this sentence of the prophet, "By faith the just shall live."

God hath created nothing simply for itself: but each thing in all things, and of every thing each part in other hath such interest, that in the whole world nothing is found whereunto anything created can say, "I need thee not." The prophet Hosea, to express this, maketh by a singular grace of speech the people of Israel suitors unto corn and wine and oil, as men are unto men which have power to do them good; corn and wine and oil supplicants unto the earth; the earth to the heavens; the heavens to God. "In that day, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and the heavens shall hear the earth, and the earth shall hear the corn and wine and oil, and the corn and wine and oil shall hear Israel." They are said to hear that which we ask; and we to ask the thing which we want, and wish to have. So hath that supreme commander disposed it, that each creature should have some peculiar task and charge, reaching further than only unto its own preservation. What good the sun doth, by heat and light; the moon and stars, by their secret influence; the air, and wind, and water, by every their several qualities: what commodity the earth, receiving their services, yieldeth again unto her inhabitants: how beneficial by nature the operations of all things are; how far the use and profit of them is extended; somewhat the greatness of the works of God, but much more our own inadvertency and carelessness, doth disable us to conceive. Only this, because we see, we cannot be ignorant of, that whatsoever doth in dignity and pre-eminence of nature most excel, by it other things receive most benefit and commodity.

(From the *Sermon on the Nature of Pride.*)

A VIRTUOUS WOMAN

THE death of the saints of God is precious in His sight. And shall it seem unto us superfluous at such times as these are to hear in what manner they have ended their lives? The Lord Himself hath not disdained so exactly to register in the book of life after what sort His servants have closed up their days on earth, that He descendeth even to their very meanest actions, what meat they have longed for in their sickness, what they have spoken unto their children, kinsfolk, and friends, where they have willed their dead carcasses to be laid, how they have framed their

wills and testaments, yea the very turning of their faces to this side or that, the setting of their eyes, the degrees whereby their natural heat hath departed from them, their cries, their groans, their pantings, breathings, and last gaspings, He hath most solemnly commended unto the memory of all generations. The care of the living both to live and to die well must needs be somewhat increased, when they know that their departure shall not be folded up in silence, but the ears of many be made acquainted with it. Again when they hear how mercifully God hath dealt with others in the hour of their last need, besides the praise which they give to God, and the joy which they have or should have by reason of their fellowship and communion of saints, is not their hope also much confirmed against the day of their own dissolution? Finally, the sound of these things doth not so pass the ears of them that are most loose and dissolute of life, but it causeth them some time or other to wish in their hearts, "Oh that we might die the death of the righteous, and that our end may be like his!" Howbeit because to spend herein many words would be to strike even as many wounds into their minds whom I rather wish to comfort: therefore concerning this virtuous gentlewoman only this little I speak, and that of knowledge, "She lived a dove, and died a lamb." And if amongst so many virtues, hearty devotion towards God, towards poverty tender compassion, motherly affection towards servants, towards friends even serviceable kindness, mild behaviour and harmless meaning towards all; if, where so many virtues were eminent, any be worthy of special mention, I wish her dearest friends of that sex to be her nearest followers in two things: Silence, saving only where duty did exact speech; and Patience, even then when extremity of pains did enforce grief. "Blessed are they which die in the Lord." And concerning the dead which are blessed, let not the hearts of any living be overcharged, with grief overtroubled.

(From a *Funeral Sermon.*)

AN APPEAL

I APPEAL to the conscience of every soul, that hath been truly converted by us, Whether his heart were never raised up to God

by our preaching; whether the words of our exhortation never wrung any tear of a penitent heart from his eyes; whether his soul never reaped any joy, any comfort, any consolation in Christ Jesus, by our sacraments, and prayers, and psalms, and thanksgiving; whether he were never bettered, but always worsed by us.

O merciful God! If heaven and earth in this case do not witness with us, and against them, let us be razed out from the land of the living! Let the earth on which we stand swallow us quick, as it hath done Corah, Dathan, and Abiram! But if we belong unto the Lord our God, and have not forsaken Him; if our priests, the sons of Aaron, minister unto the Lord, and the Levites in their office; if we offer unto the Lord every morning and every evening the burnt-offerings and sweet incense of prayers and thanksgivings; if the bread be set in order upon the pure table, and the candlestick of gold, with the lamps thereof, to burn every morning; that is to say, if amongst us God's blessed sacraments be duly administered, His holy Word sincerely and daily preached; if we keep the watch of the Lord our God, and if ye have forsaken Him: then doubt ye not, this God is with us as a captain, His priests with sounding trumpets must cry alarm against you; "O ye children of Israel, fight not against the Lord God of your fathers, for ye shall not prosper."

(From a *Sermon on St. Jude's Epistles.*)

RICHARD KNOLLES

[Richard Knolles, who was of a good Northamptonshire family, was born at Cold Ashby—one of the numerous Ashbys of that county, between Naseby and Crick—in an uncertain year. He took his degree at Oxford in 1564, and was elected to a fellowship in Lincoln College. Sir Roger Manwood, the well-known Kentish lawyer, installed Knolles as master of a free grammar school which he had founded at Sandwich, and in this office the historian of the Turks spent by far the greater part of his life. The huge and remarkable book which made him well known in his own time, and has gained him a posthumous fame secure, though somewhat second-hand, must have occupied him, in point of preparation, for many years. But it does not seem to have been formally begun till after the death in 1592 of Sir Roger Manwood, when his son Peter, afterwards Sir Peter, as Knolles records in his first preface, "moved him" to it. It was published in 1603, the second edition appearing in 1610, and the third in 1621, details not discreditable to the book-buying habits of our ancestors, for the volume, though very handsome and illustrated with delightful portraits of Sultans, contains more than fourteen hundred closely packed folio pages. Knolles died in the year of the publication of the second edition.]

FOR one person to whom Knolles is known in his own work, he is probably known to hundreds by the panegyric, a little exaggerated perhaps, of Johnson in the *Rambler*, by the affectionate notices of Byron, and by the reference in Thackeray's *Virginians*. He has been decried by other authorities of less importance and less judgment, and it may be admitted that to have a thorough appreciation of him, it is perhaps necessary to have read him, as Byron certainly and Johnson probably did, in early youth. Not that both his matter and his style do not deserve praise from the sanest judgment; but his immense volume, bestowed upon subjects of inferior interest and importance, may give a little pause to the critic and very much to the idle or the busy reader. The main body of Knolles's book covers a period of not much more than two hundred years, and at a rough estimate this part is by

itself as bulky as the whole of Gibbon's *History*. This immense space, given to what Johnson himself calls "a remote and barbarous people, to enterprises and revolutions of which none desire to be informed," does not invite the explorer. Yet Knolles has very great merits. It must be remembered, of course, that when Johnson said that "none of our writers can justly contest his superiority," the number of "our writers" who had with great literary power undertaken history on the large scale was very small. Raleigh and Clarendon were about the only authors who could contest the primacy with Knolles, and though to us it may seem that the former in parts, and the latter as a whole, is far above the historian of the Turks, some fight may be made for Johnson's view. Knolles has not the magnificent purple patches of the *History of the World*, nor the monumental description of incident and character to be found in the *History of the Rebellion*, but he is much less unequal than Raleigh, and his sentences are almost entirely free from the labyrinthine intricacies of Clarendon. He belongs, indeed, to (and with his greater contemporary Hooker is nearly the last of) those writers of English prose who, modelling themselves chiefly on Latin, achieved between the middle and the end of the sixteenth century a style far less full of movement and colour than the styles of their immediate successors, but also free from some technical blemishes and extravagances into which those successors frequently fell. And, besides this merit as a mere writer, he has a greater and rarer merit as a writer of history. He has his obscure and complicated matter perfectly in hand, he has evidently digested it in his own mind before attempting to present it to the reader, and there is consequently about his book a sense of order, ease, and proportion which is often wanting in the work of far more brilliant pens, of deeper scholars, of men of wider and more original historic view. He has also very considerable narrative power, and knows how to keep the reader's interest up—a gift not so common in the historian as it should be. He belongs, from his period, almost inevitably to what may be called the "speech" school of history, and his speeches are naturally among his most laboured passages. But this was the trick of his authorities and of the time, and it is not unsuitable to his general style of dealing. And the same may be said of his set pieces of moralising (such as that on the death of Amurath given below), inferior as they are to the great "patches" alluded to above, which we have of a similar kind

from the hand of Raleigh or his coadjutors. Altogether Knolles may be pronounced, according to the standards and requirements of his time, a singularly complete historian, and a great craftsman, if not exactly a great artist, in literature.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

AMURATH, AN EXAMPLE OF THE VANITY OF WORLDLY HONOUR

THUS lieth great Amurath, erst not inferior unto the greatest monarchs of that age, dead almost in despair: a worthy mirror of honour's frailty; yielding unto the worldly man in the end, neither comfort nor relief. Who had fought greater battles? who had gained greater victories, or obtained more glorious triumphs than had Amurath? Who by the spoils of so many mighty kings and princes, and by the conquest of so many proud and warlike nations, again restored and established the Turk's kingdom, before by Tamerlane and the Tartars in a manner clean defaced. He it was that burst the heart of the proud Grecians, establishing his empire at Hadrianople, even in the centre of their bowels: from whence have proceeded so many miseries and calamities into the greatest part of Christendom, as no tongue is able to express. He it was that first brake down the Hexamile or wall of separation on the Strait of Corinth, and conquered the greater part of Peloponesus. He it was that subdued unto the Turks so many great countries and provinces in Asia; that in plain field and set battle overthrew many puissant kings and princes, and brought them under his subjection; who having slain Vladislaus the King of Polonia and Hungary, and more than once chased out of the field Huniades, that famous and redoubted warrior, had in his proud and ambitious heart, promised unto himself the conquest of a great part of Christendom. But O how far was he now changed from the man he then was! how far did these his last speeches differ from the course of his forepassed life! full of such base passionate complaints and lamentations, as beseemed not a man of his place and spirit; but some vile wretch overtaken with despair, and yet afraid to die. Where were now those haughty thoughts, those lofty looks, those thundering and commanding speeches, whereat so many great commanders, so many troops and legions, so many thousands of

armed soldiers were wont to tremble and quake? Where is that head, before adorned with so many trophies and triumphs? Where is that victorious hand that swayed so many sceptres? Where is the majesty of his power and strength, that commanded over so many nations and kingdoms? O how is the case now altered! He lieth now dead, a ghastly carcase, a clod of clay unregarded, his hands closed, his eyes shut, and his feet stretched out, which erst proudly traced the countries by him subdued and conquered. And now of such infinite riches, such unmeasurable wealth, such huge treasures, such stately honours and vain-glorious praises as he in his lifetime enjoyed; his frail body enjoyeth nothing, but left all behind it. O the weak condition of man's nature! O the vain glory of mortal creatures! O the blind and perverse thoughts of foolish men! Why do we so magnify ourselves? Why are we so puffed up with pride? Why do we so much set our minds upon riches, authority, and other vanities of this life? Whereof never man had yet one day's assurance, and at our most need and when we least think, quite forsake us; leaving even them that most sought after them, and most abounded in them, shrouded oftentimes in the sheet of dishonour and shame.

(From the *Generall Historie of the Turkes.*)

MAHOMET AND IRENE

NOW amongst many fair virgins taken prisoners by the Turks at the winning of Constantinople, was one Irene, a Greek born, of such incomparable beauty and rare perfection, both of body and mind, as if nature had in her, to the admiration of the world, laboured to have shown her greatest skill; so prodigally she had bestowed upon her, all the graces that might beautify or commend that her so curious a work. This paragon was by him that by chance had taken her, presented unto the great sultan Mahomet himself, as a jewel so fit for no man's wearing as his own: by the beauty and secret virtues whereof, he found himself even upon the first view not a little moved. Nevertheless, having his head as then full of troubles, and above all things careful for the assuring of the imperial city of Constantinople, by him but even then won; he for the present committed her to the charge of his eunuch, and sent her away, so to be in safety kept until his better

leisure. But those his troubles overblown, and his new conquests well assured, he then began forthwith to think of the fair Irene: and for his pleasure sending for her, took in her perfections such delight and contentment, as that in short time he had changed state with her, she being become the mistress and commander of him so great a conqueror; and he in nothing more delighted, than in doing her the greatest honour and service he could. All the day he spent with her in discourse, and the night in dalliance: All time spent in her company, seemed unto him short, and without her nothing pleased: his fierce nature was now by her well tamed, and his wonted care of arms quite neglected: Mars slept in Venus' lap, and now the soldiers might go play. Yea the very government of his estate and empire seemed to be of him, in comparison of her, little or not at all regarded; the care thereof being by him carelessly committed to others, that so he might himself wholly attend upon her, in whom more than in himself, the people said he delighted. Such is the power of disordered affections, where reason ruleth not the rein. But whilst he thus, forgetful of himself, spendeth in pleasure not some few days or months, but even a whole year or two, to the lightening of his credit, and the great discontentment of his subjects in general: the Janizaries and other soldiers of the court (men desirous of employment, and grieved to see him so given over unto his affections, and to make no end thereof) began at first in secret to murmur thereat, and to speak hardly of him; and at length (after their insolent manner) spared not openly to say, That it were well done to deprive him of his government and estate, as unworthy thereof, and to set up one of his sons in his stead. Which speeches were now grown so rife, and the discontentment of the men of war so great, that it was not without cause by some of the great Bassaes feared, whereunto this their so great insolency would grow. But who should tell the tyrant thereof, whose frown was in itself death? or who durst take in hand to cure that his sick mind? which distraught with the sweet but poisoned potions of love, was not like to listen to any good counsel, were it never so wisely given: but as a man metamorphosed, to turn his fury upon him which should presume so wholesomely (but contrary to his good liking) to advise him. Unhappy man, whose great estate and fierce nature was not without danger to be meddled or tempered with, no, not by them who of all others ought in so great a peril to have been thereof most careful; but were now for fear all

become silent and dumb. Now amongst other great men in the Court, was one Mustapha Bassa, a man for his good service (for that he was of a child brought up with him) of Mahomet greatly favoured, and by him also highly promoted; and he again by him as his sovereign no less honoured than feared: who no less than the rest, grieved to see so great a change in the great Sultan, of whom they had conceived no small hope of greater matters than were by him as yet performed: and moved also with the danger threatened unto him by the discontented Janizaries and men of war: espying him at convenient leisure to be spoken unto, and presuming of the former credit he had with him, adventured thus to break with him, and to give him warning thereof.

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Having thus said, he fell down at his feet, as there to receive the heavy doom of his so free speech, if it should be otherwise than well taken of the angry Sultan: who all this while with great attention and many a stern look had hearkened unto all that the Bassa had said: for well he knew it to be all true; and that in so saying, he had but discharged the part of a trusty and faithful servant, careful of his master's honour. But yet the beauty of the Greek was still so fixed in his heart, and the pleasure he took in her so great, as that to think of the leaving of her bred in him many a troubled thought. He was at war with himself, as in his often changed countenance well appeared; reason calling upon him, for his honour; and his amorous affections still suggesting unto him new delights. Thus tossed to and fro (as a ship with contrary winds) and withal considering the danger threatened to his estate if he should longer follow those his pleasures so much displeasing unto his men of war, he resolved upon a strange point, whereby at once to cut off all those his troubled passions; and withal, to strike a terror even into the stoutest of them that had before condemned him, as unable to govern his own so passionate affections. Whereupon, with countenance well declaring his inward discontentment, he said unto the Bassa, yet prostrate at his feet:

"Although thou hast unreverently spoken, as a slave presuming to enter into the greatest secrets of thy sovereign (not without offence to be by thee once thought upon) and therefore deservest well to die; yet for that thou wast of a child brought up together with me, and hast ever been unto me faithful, I for this time pardon thee: and before to-morrow the sun go down, will make it

known both to thee, and others of the same opinion with thee, whether I be able to bridle mine affections or not. Take order in the meantime that all the Bassaes, and the chief commanders of my men of war be assembled together tomorrow, there to know my farther pleasure: whereof fail you not."

So the Bassa being departed, he after his wonted manner went in unto the Greek, and solacing himself all that day and the night following with her, made more of her than ever before: and the more to please her, dined with her; commanding, that after dinner she should be attired with more sumptuous apparel than ever she had before worn; and for the further gracing of her, to be deckt with many most precious jewels of inestimable value. Whereunto the poor soul gladly obeyed, little thinking that it was her funeral apparel. Now in the mean while, Mustapha (altogether ignorant of the Sultan's mind) had, as he was commanded, caused all the nobility, and commanders of the men of war, to be assembled into the great hall: every man much marvelling, what should be the Emperor's meaning therein, who had not of long so publicly shewed himself. But being thus together assembled, and every man according as their minds gave them, talking diversely of the matter: behold, the Sultan entered into the palace leading the fair Greek by the hand; who beside her incomparable beauty and other the greatest graces of nature, adorned also with all that curiosity could devise, seemed not now to the beholders a mortal wight, but some of the stately goddesses, whom the poets in their ecstasies describe. Thus coming together into the midst of the hall, and due reverence unto them done by all them there present; he stood still with the fair lady in his left hand, and so furiously looking round about him, said unto them: "I understand of your great discontentment, and that you all murmur and grudge, for that I, overcome with mine affection towards this so fair a paragon, cannot withdraw myself from her presence. But I would fain know which of you there is so temperate that if he had in his possession a thing so rare and precious, so lovely and so fair, would not be thrice advised before he would forego the same? Say what you think: in the word of a Prince I give you free liberty so to do." But they all, rapt with an incredible admiration to see so fair a thing, the like whereof they had never before beheld, said all with one consent, That he had with greater reason so passed the time with her, than any man had to find fault therewith. Whereunto the barbarous Prince answered:

"Well, but now I will make you to understand how far you have been deceived in me, and that there is no earthly thing that can so much blind my senses, or bereave me of reason, as not to see and understand what beseemeth my high place and calling; yea I would you should all know, that the honour and conquests of the Othoman kings my noble progenitors, is so fixed in my breast, with such a desire in myself to exceed the same, as that nothing but death is able to put it out of my remembrance." And having so said, presently with one of his hands catching the fair Greek by the hair of the head, and drawing his falchion with the other, at one blow struck off her head, to the great terror of them all. And having so done, said unto them: "Now by this judge whether your emperor is able to bridle his affections or not."

(From the Same.)

WILLIAM CAMDEN

[William Camden, son of Samson Camden, a paper-stainer, was born in London, 2nd May 1551. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and at St. Paul's School; and in 1566 proceeded to Magdalen College, Oxford. He successively removed to Broadgate Hall (Pembroke College) and Christ Church, was refused a bachelor's degree when he left the university in 1570, but took it on his return to Oxford in 1573. In 1575 he became second master of Westminster School. Soon after this Camden began to collect materials for a great work on the antiquities of England, which resulted, in 1586, in the publication of his *Britannia*. He became head-master of Westminster in March 1593, an office which he resigned in 1597 on being made Clarenceux King-at-Arms. In 1603 he published at Frankfort a collection of the works of the ancient English historians. In 1607 a fall from his horse invalided him for many months, and in 1609 his health was further impaired by a dangerous indisposition. In spite of these and successive severe illnesses, Camden continued his indefatigable labours. In 1622 he founded the Camden professorship of Ancient History at Oxford. He died in his house at Chiselhurst, in Kent, on 9th November 1623, and was buried with full heraldic honours in Westminster Abbey.]

IT would seem in the highest degree paradoxical to exclude from a historical collection of English prose-writers, the first great antiquary and historian of the Elizabethan age, that

> Camden, the nourice of antiquity
> And lantern unto late succeeding age,
> To see the light of simple verity
> Buried in ruins, through the great outrage
> Of her own people led with warlike rage.
> Camden! though Time all monuments obscure,
> Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

So Spenser wrote in 1591, and the consensus of critical opinion speaks not otherwise after three centuries. Yet although Camden is one of the glories of Oxford, of Westminster, and of all England, it does not appear that he can very safely be claimed as one of the glories of English prose. In a work like the present, which deals rather with the development of English prose style than with

anything else, it may indeed be doubtful whether an Englishman who wrote splendidly, but wrote almost exclusively in Latin, has any claim to appear at all. If we give him a small niche here, it is mainly complimentary, and to avoid the apparent solecism of entirely omitting him.

During the first fifty years of his life there is no evidence to show that Camden wrote at all in English. His *Britannia* of 1586, his *Annales* finished in 1589, his *Reges sepulti* of 1600, his *Diary*, long remained in their original form, in the Latin language, and were at length translated into English by various hands, but never by the author himself. By far the more substantial part of Camden's writings, therefore, cannot be taken into consideration in a work on English prose. The *Britannia*, for example, as we read it, illustrates the style of Philemon Holland or of Edmund Gibson, as the case may be, but not that of William Camden. Among his correspondence, too, so faithfully edited by Thomas Smith, we find no English letter from Camden earlier than 1618. He who would exchange opinions with Abrahamus Ortelius and Gerardus Mercator, he who would offer help to Paulus Merula and win the enthusiastic commendation of Joseph Scaliger, must not indite in the barbarous lingo of modern England. Elizabeth died, and Camden was still known to the world exclusively as a Latin author.

But in 1605 he entered in his *Memorabilia* the words "Λείψανα prodierunt primum." These "chips" from his workshop, these *Remains concerning Britain*, issued, half anonymously, as if their author were ashamed of them, were published in English, and the English was probably, though by no means certainly, Camden's own. Nearly one hundred years after the death of the celebrated antiquary, there was published by the industrious Thomas Hearne, a collection of short technical essays, contributed by a number of learned persons to the meetings of the Elizabethan Society of Antiquaries, held between 1600 and 1604. Three of these essays were by Camden, and a later editor, in 1771, unearthed seven more. These were probably written in English, and these ten dry posthumous essays, with the volume of *Remains* and a few letters, form the slender basis of whatever reputation Camden may possess as a writer of English prose.

Very little can be conjectured from the fragments of Camden as to the manner in which he would have used the English language if he had chosen to make it the habitual instrument for his thought.

The passages which we quote will be seen to be lucid and not inelegant, and they possess a simplicity of diction not to be passed by without praise. In the age of Euphuism and fashionable extravagance, Camden sets down his notes, arranges his quotations, and prosecutes his curious inquiries without any wish to astonish us by his manner of writing. He speaks, in the *Remains*, of many odd and conceited things,—of anagrams and coats of arms, of epitaphs and proverbs, of the rebus and the motto, of artillery and of apparel,—but he rarely spares himself a sentence for picturesque comment or for play of fancy. The collection of facts is what amuses him; the volume is his common-place book, and he will wait to be magnificent until he writes in Latin. The essay on praise of Britain, which reads like a first draft of an opening chapter to the *Britannia*, is an exception, and here for a moment we may listen to a writer of stately prose who, had he chosen to do so, might easily have stood with Hooker and with Bacon.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN

WHEREAS I have purposed in all this treatise to confine myself within the bounds of this Isle of Britain, it cannot be impertinent, at the very entrance, to say somewhat of Britain, which is the only subject of all that is to be said, and well known to be the most flourishing and excellent, most renowed and famous Isle of the whole world. So rich in commodities, so beautiful in situation, so resplendent in all glory, that if the most Omnipotent had fashioned the world round like a ring, as he did like a globe, it might have been most worthily the only gem therein.

For the air is most temperate and wholesome, sited in the middest of the temperate zone, subject to no storms and tempests as the more Southern and Northern are; but stored with infinite delicate fowl. For water, it is walled and guarded with the Ocean, most commodious for traffic to all parts of the world, and watered with pleasant fish-ful and navigable rivers, which yield safe havens and roads, and furnished with shipping and sailors, that it may rightly be termed the *Lady of the Sea*. That I may say nothing of healthful baths, and of meres stored both with fish and fowl, the earth fertile of all kind of grain, manured with good husbandry, rich in mineral of coals, tin, lead, copper, not without gold and silver, abundant in pasture, replenished with cattle both tame and wild (for it hath more parks than all Europe besides) plentifully wooded, provided with all complete provisions of war, beautified with many populous cities, fair boroughs, good towns, and well-built villages, strong munitions, magnificent palaces of the Prince, stately houses of the nobility, frequent hospitals, beautiful churches, fair colleges, as well in other places, as in the two Universities, which are comparable to all the rest in Christendom, not only in antiquity, but also in learning, buildings, and endowments. As for government ecclesiastical and civil, which is the very soul of a kingdom, I need to say nothing, when as I write to home-born, and not to strangers.

(From *Remains concerning Britain.*)

OF ITS INHABITANTS

THIS warlike, victorious, stiff, stout, and vigorous nation, after it had as it were taken root here about one hundred and sixty years, and spread his branches far and wide, being mellowed and mollified by the mildness of the soil and sweet air, was prepared in fulness of time for the first spiritual blessing of God, I mean our regeneration in Christ, and our ingrafting into His mystical body by holy baptism. Which Beda, our ecclesiastical historian, recounteth in this manner, and I hope you will give it the reading. Gregory the great bishop of Rome, on a time saw beautiful boys to be sold in the market at Rome, and demanded from whence they were; answer was made him, out of the Isle of Britain. Then asked he again, whether they were Christians or no? they said no. "Alas for pity," said Gregory, "that the foul fiend should be lord of such fair folks, and that they which carry such grace in their countenances, should be void of grace in their hearts." Then he would know of them by what name their nation was called, and they told him, *Angleshmen.* "And justly be they so called (quoth he) for they have angelic faces, and seem meet to be made coheirs with the angels in Heaven."

(From the Same.)

KING CANUTE

KING CANUTUS, commonly called Knute, walking on the sea-sands near to Southampton, was extolled by some of his flattering followers, and told that he was a King of Kings, the mightiest that reigned far or near; that both sea and land were at his command. But this speech did put the godly king in mind of the infinite power of God, by whom kings have and enjoy their power, and thereupon he made this demonstration to refell their flattery. He took off his cloak, and wrapping it round together, sate down upon it near to the sea, that then began to flow, saying "Sea, I command thee that thou touch not my feet!" But he had not so soon spoken the word but the surging wave dashed him. He then, rising up and going back, said: "Ye see now, my Lords, what good cause you have to call me a king, that am

not able by my commandment to stay one wave. No mortal man, doubtless, is worthy of such an high name, no man hath such command, but one King which ruleth all. Let us honour Him, let us call Him King of Kings and Lord of all Nations. Let us not only confess, but also profess Him to be Ruler of the Heavens, Sea and Land."

(From the Same.)

THE EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND

THERE is a treatise carried about the office of the earl marshal in the time of King Henry the second, and another of the time of Thomas of Brotherton, where I find confusedly what belonged to them in court and camp; as in court, that at the coronation the marshal should have the King's horse and harness, and the Queen's palfrey: that he should hold the crown at the coronation; that he should have upon high feasts, as the high usher, the table clothes and cloth of estate for that day: that he keep the hall in quiet; that he should bring offenders within the verge before the high steward; that he should assign lodgings, and when the King passed the seas, each man to his ship: that he shall have for his livery three winter robes at Christmas, and three summer robes at Whitsuntide: that he should have a deputy in the King's Bench: that he should keep vagabonds from the court: in camp that he should lead the fore-ward: that the constable with him should hold courts in the camp: that he should have certain special forfeitures, as armour and weapons of prisoners, to appoint lodgings, to be abroad till all be lodged, to have fees of armourers and victuallers of the camp, to have all the armour, and whole cloth of towns taken by composition, to have ransom of prisoners escaped, if they be taken again, with many such like, too long here to be specified.

(From *The Antiquity and Office of the Earl Marshall of England.*)

JAMES MELVILLE

[The Autobiography of James Melville (born 1556, died 1614), minister of Kilrenny in Fife, contains a great deal of the history of Scotland and the Scottish Church, told with great liveliness, many illustrations of the progress of learning in the time of the religious revolution, and a singularly interesting record of the author's life and character. James Melville was the nephew of Andrew Melville the scholar, and his fortunes were closely involved throughout with those of his uncle. He was educated at St. Leonard's College in the University of St. Andrews: in 1574 he went with his uncle to Glasgow, and lectured in Greek, Latin, Logic, Rhetoric, Mathematics, and Moral Philosophy as Regent there: in 1580, when Andrew Melville became Principal of St. Andrews University, James Melville returned also, and professed Hebrew and Oriental languages. In 1586 he was made minister of Anstruther-Wester and three neighbouring parishes, Pittenweem, Abercrombie, and Kilrenny; he exerted himself to be relieved of his pluralities, and in the end retained the charge of the parish of Kilrenny alone. He took considerable part in the debate concerning Church government which made up the sum of Scottish politics at that time, speaking no less boldly than Andrew Melville, but with a gentler manner. In 1606 he was, along with his uncle, one of the eight ministers summoned to a Conference with the King at Hampton Court, in respect of the crisis brought about by the trial for high treason of the six ministers who had denied the authority of the Council to interfere with the General Assembly. The Melvilles and their companions were detained in England; James Melville was sent first to Newcastle, then to Berwick-on-Tweed, where he died on the 19th of January 1614. The history of his life comes down to the year 1601; it is supplemented by his *True Narration of the Declining Age of the Kirk of Scotland from* MDXCVI. *to* MDCX.]

JAMES MELVILLE'S character, ingenuous and absolutely free from anything morose, gives at first a misleading impression to the reader, as apparently it sometimes did to his contemporaries, who mistook his quietness for softness, and undervalued his fortitude. He has the simplicity and the appreciation of small things which are among the qualifications of a writer of memoirs; his nature was not inclined to despise or renounce the lively and pleasant world; his education gave him an entrance to "the humanities,"

and included along with them a variety of pastimes, "the bow for archerie, the glub for goff, the batons for fencing, also to rin, to loope, to swoom, to warsell"; it was made easy for him to be an accomplished gentleman. That he was something more than a student, or a collector of reminiscences; that his life was more serious than that of the humorous commentator on the passing hour, is what one is compelled to recognise in reading his diary; and this brings with it an estimate of him which gives him a memorable place among the personages of that time. He was not a great writer, nor a great scholar, nor a statesman; but he is representative of the highest ideals of the time, the energy in learning and teaching, the devotion to high aims, the interest in all things human, the self-respect and self-sacrifice: the greater men of that age are in many ways less representative.

James Melville was tested on one occasion—in the encounter with Juan de Medina and the Spanish captains at Anstruther in 1588—when any weakness in his temper or breeding would have been brought out at once by contact with the Spanish dignity. This meeting shows the Scottish minister hardly surpassed in grace of bearing by the Spanish general: the record of it in a few pages contains what is missed in the other contemporary documents about the Armada, perfect justice to both sides, and what is rare in any contemporary history, an adequate rendering of the best qualities of both sides. It is a passage that may be dwelt on; it clears away the turbulent accidents of history, and leaves the characters by themselves, understanding one another as honourable men, in spite even of their religions, and with no unworthy condescension on either side.

There is a great deal of adventure in the history of James Melville's life, and the reader is carried into a number of exciting and interesting scenes, some of them tragic—like that in which the prophecy of John Knox is fulfilled, of the taking of Edinburgh Castle—some of them enlivened with comic humours. Andrew Melville is one of the most interesting personages in the memoirs from his early days as a wandering Master of Arts in France, to his later irreverent resistance of the King and the Scottish and English Bishops. James Melville's own life, though less varied than his uncle's, had many trials in it, with which he dealt stoutly enough, for all the gentleness and quietness of his manner.

His style has many excellences. In narrative, as is shown in

the year 1588, he is admirably clear and strong, and his vocabulary is unfailing. Scottish literature had always been rich in words, and peculiarly attracted by the pleasure of using them; adding the "aureate terms," derived from the learned languages, to its large vernacular stores. James Melville has no dislike to rhetorical figures, but the best part of his rhetoric is the liberality and eloquence of his phrasing. He describes the trail of a meteor, for instance; "*most lyk ane serpent in mony faulds and linkit wimples.*" His descriptive style is different from that used in his controversial papers and sermons. In these he uses all the licenses of florid rhetoric, and squanders his classical illustrations with great power of invective. In the sermon preached by him before the Assembly of 1590 he introduces "a poisonable and vennemus *Psyllus*, a warlow, I warrand yow, sa empoisoned be the vennome of that auld serpent, and sa altered in his substance and naturall, that the deadlie poisone of the vipere is his familiar fuid and nuriture, to wit, his falshode, malice, and knaverie, wha hes bein lurking a lang time hatching a cocatrice eagg, and sa fynlie instructed to handle the whissall of that auld inchantar, that na *Psyllus*, *Circe*, *Medea*, or *Pharmaceutrie*, could ever haiff done betere. This is Patrick Adamsone, fals Bishope of St. Androis," etc. Melville's official and controversial style has its points of analogy with the style of his ordinary narrative, and at any rate it is not tame; but the narrative is better.

W. P. KER.

SHIPWRECKED CAPTAINS OF THE ARMADA[1]

MDLXXXVIII

THAT winter the King was occupied in commenting of the Apocalypse, and in setting out of sermons thereupon against the Papists and Spaniards. And yet, by a piece of great oversight, the Papists practised never mair busily in this land, and made greater preparation for receiving of the Spaniards, nor that year. For a long time the news of a Spanish navy and army had been blasit abroad; and about the Lammas tide of the 1588, this Island had found a fearful effect thereof, to the utter subversion both of Kirk and Policy, if God had not wonderfully watched over the same, and mightily foughten and defeat that army by his soldiers, the elements, quhilk he made all four maist fiercely to afflict them till almost utter consumption. Terrible was the fear, piercing were the preachings, earnest, zealous, and fervent were the prayers, sounding were the sighs and sobs, and abounding were the tears at that Fast and General Assembly keipit at Edinburgh, when the news was credibly tauld, sometimes of their landing at Dunbar, sometimes at St. Andrews, and in Tay, and now and then at Aberdeen and Cromarty Firth. And in very deed, as we knew certainly soon after, the Lord of Armies, who rides upon the wings of the winds, the Keeper of his awin Israel, was in the mean time convoying that monstrous

[1] Juan Gomez de Medina sailed in the *Gran Grifon*, "Capitana de las urcas." He had 23 "urcas" or hulks when the Armada left Lisbon, and 19 after the first storm, when the fleet was reviewed at Corunna, July 13th. Patricio Antolinez and Esteban de Legorreta, captains of the *tercio* of Nicolas de Isla, sailed along with him in the "Captain of the Hulks." There is an anonymous narrative MS., Madrid, describing the voyage of the Armada, and the loss of the narrator's ship, a large "urca," on the "Faril," September 27th. Of 300 men disembarked there, 50 had died by November 14th. At this date the writer was waiting for the return of messengers sent to another island (Orkney?) to procure help.—Duro, *La Armada Invencible*, i. 279.

navy about our coasts, and directing their hulks and galiates to the islands, rocks, and sands, whereupon he had destined their wreck and destruction. For within twa or three month thereafter, early in the morning, by break of day, ane of our bailyies cam to my bedside, saying (but not with fear), "I have to tell you news, Sir. There is arrived within our harbour this morning a ship full of Spaniards, but not to give mercy but to ask!" And shows me that the Commanders had landit, and he had commandit them to their ship again till the Magistrates of the town had advised, and the Spaniards had humbly obeyit: therefor desired me to rise and hear their petition with them. Up I got with diligence, and assembling the honest men of the town, came to the Tolbuthe; and after consultation taken to hear them ,and what answer to make, there presents us a very reverend man of big stature, and grave and stout countenance, grey-haired, and very humble like, wha, after mickle and very low courtesy, bowing down with his face near the ground, and touching my shoe with his hand, began his harangue in the Spanish tongue, whereof I understood the substance; and being about to answer in Latin, he, having only a young man with him to be his interpreter, began and tauld over again to us in good English. The sum was, that King Philip, his master, had rigged out a navy and army to land in England, for just causes to be avengit of many intolerable wrongs quhilk he had receivit of that nation; but God for their sins had been against them, and by storm of weather had driven the navy by the coast of England, and him with a certain of Captains, being the General of twenty hulks, upon an isle of Scotland, called the Fair Isle, where they made shipwreck, and where sae many as had escapit the merciless seas and rocks, had mair nor sax or seven weeks suffered great hunger and cauld, till conducing that bark out of Orkney, they were come hither as to their special friends and confederates to kiss the King's Majestie's hands of Scotland (and therewith *bekkit* even to the earth), and to find relief and comfort thereby to him self, these gentlemen Captains, and the poor soldiers, whose condition was for the present most miserable and pitifull.

I answered this mickle, in sum: That howbeit neither our friendship, quhilk could not be great, seeing their King and they were friends to the greatest enemy of Christ, the Pope of Rome, and our King and we defied him, nor yet their cause against our neighbours and special friends of England could procure any

benefit at our hands for their relief and comfort; nevertheless, they should know by experience that we were men, and sa moved by human compassion, and Christians of better religion nor they, quhilk should *kythe*, in the fruits and effect, plain contrary to theirs. For whereas our people resorting among them in peaceable and lawful affairs of merchandise, were violently taken and cast in prison, their guids and gear confiscat, and their bodies committed to the cruel flaming fire for the cause of Religion, they should find na things among us but Christian pity and works of mercy and alms, leaving to God to work in their hearts concerning religion, as it pleased Him. This being truly reported again to him by his *trunshman*, with great reverence he gave thanks, and said he could not make answer for their Kirk and the laws and order thereof, only for himself, that there were divers Scotsmen who knew him, and to whom he had shown courtesy and favour at Cales,[1] and as he supposit, some of this same town of Anstruther. Sa showed him that the Bailies granted him licence with the Captains to go to their lodging for their refreshment, but to none of their men to land, till the overlord of the town were advertised, and understand the King's Majestie's mind anent them. Thus with great courtesy he departed. That night, the Laird being advertised, came, and on the morn, accompanied with a guid number of the gentlemen of the country round about, gave the said General and the Captains presence, and after the same speeches, in effect, as before, receivit them in his house, and entertained them humanely, and sufferit the soldiers to come-a-land, and lie all together, to the number of thirteen score, for the maist part young beardless men, silly, *trauchled*, and hungered, to the quhilk a day or twa, kail, pottage, and fish was given; for my advice was conform to the Prophet Elizeus his to the King of Israel, in Samaria, "Give them bread and water," etc. The names of the commanders were Jan Gomes de Medina, General of twenty hulks; Capitan Patricio, Capitan de Legoretto, Capitan de Luffera, Capitan Mauritio, and Seingour Serrano.

But verily all the while my heart melted within me for desire of thankfulness to God, when I rememberit the pridefull and cruel natural of they people, and how they would have used us in case they had landit with their forces among us; and saw the wonderfull work of God's mercy and justice in making us see

[1] Cadiz.

them, the chief commanders of them to make sic *dewgard* and courtesy to poor seamen, and their soldiers so abjectly to beg alms at our doors and in our streets.

In the meantime, they knew naught of the wreck of the rest, but supposed that the rest of the army was safely returned, till a day I got in St. Androis in print the wreck of the galliates in particular, with the names of the principal men, and how they were used in Ireland and our Highlands, in Wales, and other parts of England; the quhilk when I recorded to Jan Gomes, by particular and special names, O then he cried out for grief, bursted and grat. This Jan Gomes showed great kindness to a ship of our town, quhilk he found arrested at Cales at his home-coming, rode to court for her, and made great *rus* of Scotland to his King, took the honest men to his house, and inquirit for the Laird of Anstruther, for the Minister, and his host, and sent home many commendations. But we thanked God with our hearts, that we had seen them among us in that form.

RICHARD HAKLUYT

[Richard Hakluyt (*c.* 1553—1616) was educated at Westminster as a Queen's scholar; he was admitted a student of Christ Church in 1570. Before he had left school he was drawn to geography. He describes in one of his dedications the visit to his cousin in his chambers in the Temple, which gave him his first decided bent, and led to the resolve to "prosecute that knowledge and kind of literature." His first publication was a collection of *Divers voyages touching the discouerie of America and the Ilands adiacent vnto the same* (1582), dedicated to "Master Philip Sydney, Esquire." His *Discourse concerning Westerne discoueries* (1584) was left unprinted. In 1586 he edited Laudonnière's voyages to Florida, and published in the following year his own translation of the same, dedicating both books to Sir Walter Raleigh. He also dedicated to Raleigh in 1587 his revised edition of the *De Orbe Novo* of Peter Martyr Anghiera. In 1589 he brought out in one volume the first edition of his great work, *The principall navigations, voiages, and discoueries of the English nation*, dedicated to Sir Francis Walsingham. The three volumes of the second and greatly enlarged edition were published in 1598, 1599, and 1600, and dedicated, the first to the Lord Admiral, the other two to Sir Robert Cecil. To the end of his life Hakluyt encouraged and aided the publication of travels. The manuscripts left by him were edited by Purchas in his *Pilgrimes.*]

LITERARY fame was the last in importance of Hakluyt's motives. There is not very much in all his volumes of his own original writing. What he desired most was increase of knowledge, and of the dominion and wealth of England. The "special commodities" and "particular wants" of different countries formed part of the lesson in geography given by Mr. Richard Hakluyt of the Middle Temple to his young cousin and namesake, the Westminster scholar, who in all his later work among the papers of travellers kept in mind the practical and mercantile utility of the notes he collected. In the dedication of his second volume (1599) to Sir Robert Cecil he calls attention to new openings for trade in Eastern Asia, in "the manifold Islands of Japan, and the Northern parts of China"; "because our chief desire is to find

out ample vent of our woollen cloth, the natural commodity of this our realm." He is alert to pick up and make use of all the enemies' documents; he calls attention particularly to a discourse "which was printed in Latin in Macao, a city of China, on China paper, in the year a thousand five hundred and ninety, and was intercepted in the great carack called *Madre de Dios* two years after, inclosed in a case of sweet cedar wood, and lapped up almost an hundred-fold in fine calicut-cloth, as though it had been some incomparable jewel." He gathers from the enemies' freights every possible hint that can be turned to profit by English merchants. About the development of trade he has wider views than are represented by his notes, still extant, of "commodities in good request." He kept on urging with all his might the advantage of colonies in America. This is the first topic of his letter to Sidney, the dedication of his first book:—

"I marvel not a little (right worshipful) that since the first discovery of America (which is now full fourscore and ten years) after so great conquests and plantings of the Spaniards and Portingals there, that we of England could never have the grace to set fast footing in such fertile and temperate places as are left as yet unpossessed of them. But again, when I consider that there is a time for all men, and see the Portingals' time to be out of date, and that the nakedness of the Spaniards and their long hidden secrets are now at length espied whereby they went about to delude the world, I conceive great hope that the time approacheth and now is, that we of England may share and part stakes (if we will ourselves) both with the Spaniard and the Portingal, in part of America and other regions, as yet undiscovered. And surely if there were in us that desire to advance the honour of our country which ought to be in every good man, we could not all this while have forslown the possessing of these lands which of equity and right appertain unto us, as by the discourses that follow shall appear most plainly. Yea, if we would behold with the eye of pity how all our prisons are pestered and filled with able men to serve their country, which for small robberies are daily hanged up in great numbers, even twenty at a clap, out of one jail (as was seen at the last assizes at Rochester) we would hasten and further every man to his power the deducting of some colonies of our superfluous people into those temperate and fertile parts of America, which being within six weeks' sailing of England, are yet unpossessed by any Christians, and seem to

offer themselves unto us, stretching nearer unto her Majesty's dominions than to any other part of Europe."

This was the argument, also in 1584, of his *Particular discourse concerning Westerne discoueries*, written "at the request and direction of the righte worshipfull Mr. Walter Raghly."

Hakluyt's book has been called an epic; it is an epic of the artless kind, consisting of several independent adventures, of various authorship, strung together without any attempt at fusion. Hakluyt, except in his introductions, scarcely reveals himself at all. He collects narratives and illustrative documents; he arranges them according to time and place, and that is his work. He does not interrupt or interfere with his authors.

It takes three or four ordinary pages merely to reproduce Hakluyt's titles; to give any succinct account of his vast work is not easy. In three great divisions it contains the voyages towards the north and north-east, to the south and south-east parts of the world, and "to all parts of the Newfound world of America and the West Indies"; "my Western Atlantis," he calls this third division of his book. It contains, besides much antiquarian matter, the record, generally ample and detailed, of all the great English voyages of Hakluyt's own time and of the preceding generation. Hakluyt has brought together into one collection the voyages, to name no more than the most famous, of Sir Hugh Willoughby and Anthony Jenkinson, of Martin Frobisher and John Davys, of Gilbert, Hawkins, Drake, and Raleigh. There are some omissions; one of the most adventurous of all the Western expeditions is passed over with scant notice by Hakluyt; Drake's voyage to Nombre de Dios in 1572 did not get its due from him. But not much is left out in comparison with the profusion of magnificent things here treasured up and saved from neglect.

Hakluyt's own writing is spirited and energetic; some of it is splendid, especially the summary of the English travels in the north-east and in the Arctic ocean, set off against the supposed more comfortable explorations of the Spaniards and Portuguese in the south. "But besides the foresaid uncertainty, into what dangers and difficulties they plunged themselves, *animus meminisse horret*, I tremble to recount. For first they were to expose themselves unto the rigour of the stern and uncouth northern seas, and to make trial of the swelling waves and boisterous winds which there commonly do surge and blow; then were they

to sail by the ragged and perilous coast of *Norway*, to frequent the unhaunted shores of *Finmark*, to double the dreadful and misty North Cape, to bear with *Willoughbie's* land, to run along within kenning of the countries of *Lapland* and *Corelia*, and as it were to open and unlock the sevenfold mouth of *Duina*."

The poets are indebted to the voyagers for sonorous names. The influence of names was strongly felt by Hakluyt; they set the rhythm of his periods, as they control his thoughts and imagination. Passages like this may serve to show, if that be necessary, how far removed the industry of Hakluyt was from the dull ways of "continual plodders." He might easily have made a name for himself as a writer, as an essayist or commentator, if he had not sacrificed this prospect for the sake of his lifelong work of research.

W. P. KER.

PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS, VOYAGES, TRAFFIQUES, AND DISCOVERIES OF THE ENGLISH NATION

By Richard Hakluyt,
Preacher, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford (1598).

¶ A preface to the Reader as touching the principal Voyages and discourses in this first part.

Having for the benefit and honour of my country zealously bestowed so many years, so much travail and cost, to bring antiquities smothered and buried in dark silence, to light, and to preserve certain memorable exploits of late years by our English nation achieved, from the greedy and devouring jaws of oblivion; to gather likewise, and as it were to incorporate into one body the torn and scattered limbs of our ancient and late navigations by sea, our voyages by land, and traffiques of merchandise by both; and having (so much as in me lieth) restored each particular member, being before displaced, to their true joints and ligaments; I mean, by the help of Geography and Chronology (which I may call the Sun and the Moon, the right eye and the left of all history) referred each particular relation to the due time and place; I do this second time (friendly Reader, if not to satisfy, yet at least for the present, to allay and hold in suspense thine expectation) presume to offer unto thy view this first part of my threefold discourse. For the bringing of which into homely and rough-hewen shape, which here thou seest; what restless nights, what painful days, what heat, what cold I have endured; how many long and chargeable journeys I have travelled; how many famous libraries I have searched into; what variety of ancient and modern writers I have perused; what a number of old records, patents, privileges, letters, &c., I have redeemed from obscurity and perishing; into how manifold acquaintance I have entered; what expenses I

have not spared; and yet what fair opportunities of private gain, preferment, and ease I have neglected; albeit thyself canst hardly imagine, yet I by daily experience do find and feel, and some of my entire friends can sufficiently testify. Howbeit (as I told thee at the first) the honour and benefit of this common weal wherein I live and breathe, hath made all difficulties seem easy, all pains and industry pleasant, and all expenses of light value and moment unto me.

For (to contain myself only within the bounds of this present discourse, and in the midst thereof to begin) will it not in all posterity be as great a renown unto our English nation, to have been the first discoverers of a sea beyond the North cape (never certainly known before) and of a convenient passage into the huge Empire of Russia by the bay of S. Nicholas and the river Duina; as for the Portugales to have found a sea beyond the cape of Buona Esperanza, and so consequently a passage by sea into the East Indies; or for the Italians and Spaniards to have discovered unknown lands so many hundred leagues westward and southwestward of the Straits of Gibraltar, and of the pillars of Hercules? Be it granted that the renowned Portugale Vasques de Gama traversed the main ocean southward of Africk; did not Richard Chanceler and his mates perform the like northward of Europe? Suppose that Columbus, that noble and high-spirited Genuois, escried unknown lands to the westward of Europe and Africk; did not the valiant English knight Sir Hugh Willoughby, did not the famous pilots Stephen Burrough, Arthur Pet, and Charles Jackman, accost Nova Zembla, Colgoieve, and Vaigatz to the north of Europe and Asia? Howbeit you will say perhaps, not with the like golden success, not with such deductions of colonies, nor attaining of conquests. True it is that our success hath not been correspondent unto theirs: yet in this our attempt the uncertainty of finding was far greater, and the difficulty and danger of searching was no whit less. For hath not Herodotus (a man for his time, most skilful and judicial in cosmography, who writ above 2000 years ago) in his 4th book called Melpomene, signified unto the Portugales in plain terms; that Africk, except the small Isthmus between the Arabian gulf and the Mediterran sea, was on all sides environed with the Ocean? And for the further confirmation thereof, doth he not make mention of one Neco an Ægyptian King, who (for trial's sake) sent a fleet of Phœnicians down the Red Sea; who

setting forth in Autumn and sailing southward till they had the Sun at noontide upon their starboard (that is to say, having crossed the Æquinoctial and the southern tropic) after a long navigation, directed their course to the north, and in the space of three years environed all Africk, passing home through the Gaditan straits, and arriving in Ægypt? And doth not Pliny tell them that noble Hanno, in the flourishing time and estate of Carthage, sailed from Gades in Spain to the coast of Arabia Felix, and put down his whole journal in writing? Doth he not make mention that in the time of Augustus Cæsar, the wrack of certain Spanish ships was found floating in the Arabian gulf? And, not to be over tedious in alleging of testimonies, doth not Strabo in the second book of his geography, together with Cornelius Nepos and Pliny in the place before-named, agree all in one, that one Eudoxius, fleeing from king Lathyrus, and *valing* down the Arabian bay, sailed along, doubled the southern point of Africk, and at length arrived at Gades? And what should I speak of the Spaniards? Was not divine Plato (who lived so many ages ago, and plainly described their West Indies under the name of Atlantis) was not he (I say) instead of a Cosmographer unto them? Were not those Carthaginians mentioned by Aristotle *lib. de admirabil. auscult.* their forerunners? And had they not Columbus to stir them up, and prick them forward unto their Western discoveries; yea, to be their chief loads-man and pilot? Sithens therefore these two worthy nations had those bright lamps of learning (I mean the most ancient and best philosophers, historiographers and geographers) to shew them light; and the load-star of experience (to wit those great exploits and voyages laid up in store and recorded) whereby to shape their course: what great attempt might they not presume to undertake? But alas! our English nation, at the first setting forth for their north-eastern discovery, were either altogether destitute of such clear lights and inducements, or if they had any inkling at all, it was as misty as they found the northern seas, and so obscure and ambiguous, that it was meet rather to deter them, than to give them encouragement.

But besides the foresaid uncertainty, into what dangers and difficulties they plunged themselves, *Animus meminisse horret*, I tremble to recount. For first they were to expose themselves unto the rigour of the stern and uncouth northern seas, and to make trial of the swelling waves and boisterous winds which there

commonly do surge and blow: then were they to sail by the ragged and perilous coast of Norway, to frequent the unhaunted shores of Finmark, to double the dreadful and misty North cape, to bear with Willoughbie's land, to run along within kenning of the countries of Lapland and Corelia, and as it were to open and unlock the sevenfold mouth of Duina. Moreover, in their north-easterly navigations, upon the seas and by the coasts of Condora, Colgoieve, Petzora, Joughoria, Samoedia, Nova Zembla, etc., and their passing and return through the straits of Vaigatz, unto what drifts of snow and mountains of ice even in June, July, and August, unto what hideous overfalls, uncertain currents, dark mists and fogs, and divers other feareful inconveniences they were subject and in danger of, I wish you rather to learn out of the voyages of Sir Hugh Willoughbie, Stephen Burrough, Arthur Pet and the rest, than to expect in this place an endless catalogue thereof. And here by the way I cannot but highly commend the great industry and magnanimity of the Hollanders, who within these few years have discovered to 78. yea (as themselves affirm) to 81. degrees of northerly latitude: yet with this proviso; that our English nation led them the dance, brake the ice before them, and gave them good leave to light their candle at our torch. But now it is high time for us to weigh our anchor, to hoise up our sails, to get clear of these boisterous, frosty, and misty seas, and with all speed to direct our course for the mild, lightsome, temperate, and warm Atlantic Ocean, over which the Spaniards and Portugales have made so many pleasant, prosperous, and golden voyages. And albeit I cannot deny, that both of them in their East and West Indian navigations have endured many tempests, dangers, and shipwracks: yet this dare I boldly affirm; first that a great number of them have satisfied their fame-thirsty and gold-thirsty minds with that reputation and wealth, which made all perils and misadventures seem tolerable unto them; and secondly, that their first attempts (which in this comparison I do only stand upon) were no whit more difficult and dangerous, then ours to the northeast. For admit that the way was much longer, yet was it never barred with ice, mist, or darkness, but was at all seasons of the year open and navigable; yea and that for the most part with fortunate and fit gales of wind. Moreover they had no foreign prince to intercept or molest them, but their own towns, islands, and main lands to succour them. The Spaniards had the Canary Isles; and so

had the Portugales the Isles of Açores, of Porto santo, of Madera, of Cape verd, the castle of Mina, the fruitful and profitable Isle of S. Thomas, being all of them conveniently situated, and well fraught with commodities. And had they not continual and yearly trade in some one part or other of Africa, for getting of slaves, for sugar, for elephants' teeth, grains, silver, gold, and other precious wares, which served as allurements to draw them on by little and little, and as props to stay them from giving over their attempts? But now let us leave them and return home unto ourselves.

DRAKE AT NOMBRE DE DIOS, JULY 1572

[Drake sailed along with Hawkins in the "troublesome voyage" which led to the misadventure at S. Juan de Ulloa in 1568, and escaped in his bark the *Judith* from the Spanish attack on Hawkins's ships. In each of the three years that followed his return, Drake sailed out "to get some amends for his loss." His attack on Nombre de Dios, "the mouth of the treasure of the whole world," the port on the Isthmus for the treasure convoys from Panama and the South Sea, was an incident in the third of these voyages. It is only touched on casually by Hakluyt; the full narrative, one of the liveliest in all that part of history, was published in 1626 by Drake's nephew, and is described as "faithfully taken out of the report of Master *Christopher Ceely*, *Ellis Hixom*, and others who were in the same voyage with him, by *Philip Nichols*, preacher; reviewed also by *Sir Francis Drake* himself before his death; and much holpen and enlarged by divers notes, with his own hand, here and there inserted." This account "Sir Francis Drake revived" is reprinted in Mr. Arber's *English Garner*, vol. v. pp. 487-560.]

THEN we weighed again, and set sail, rowing hard aboard the shore, with as much silence as we could, till we recovered the point of the harbour under the high land. There we stayed, all silent, purposing to attempt the town in the dawning of the day, after that we had reposed ourselves for a while.

But our captain with some other of his best men, finding that our people were talking of the greatness of the town, and what their strength might be, especially by the report of the Negroes that we took at the Isle of Pinos, thought it best to put these conceits out of their heads, and therefore to take the opportunity of the rising of the moon that night, persuading them that it was the day dawning. By this occasion we were at the town a large hour sooner than first was purposed. For we arrived there by

three of the clock after midnight. At what time it fortuned that a ship of Spain, of 60 tons, laden with Canary wines and other commodities, which had but lately come into the bay and had not yet furled her sprit-sail (espying our four pinnaces, being an extraordinary number, and those rowing with many oars) sent away her gundeloe towards the town, to give warning. But our Captain, perceiving it, cut betwixt her and the town, forcing her to go to the other side of the bay: whereby we landed without impeachment, although we found one gunner upon the platform in the very place where we landed; being a sandy place and no quay at all, not past twenty yards from the houses. There we found six great pieces of brass ordnance, mounted upon their carriages, some demy, some whole-culvering. We presently dismounted them. The gunner fled. The town took alarm (being very ready thereto, by reason of their often disquieting by their near neighbours the Cimaroons); as we perceived, not only by the noise and cries of the people, but by the bell ringing out, and drums running up and down the town.

Our Captain, according to the directions which he had given over night, to such as he had made choice of for the purpose, left twelve to keep the pinnaces; that we might be sure of a safe retreat, if the worst befell. And having made sure work of the platform before he would enter the town, he thought best, first to view the Mount on the east side of the town: where he was informed, by sundry intelligences the year before, they had an intent to plant ordnance, which might scour round about the town.

Therefore, leaving one half of his company to make a stand at the foot of the Mount, he marched up presently unto the top of it, with all speed to try the truth of the report, for the more safety. There we found no piece of ordnance, but only a very fit place prepared for such use, and therefore we left it without any of our men, and with all celerity returned now down the Mount.

Then our Captain appointed his brother, with John Oxenham and sixteen other of his men, to go about behind the King's Treasure House, and enter near the eastern end of the Market Place: himself, with the rest, would pass up the broad street into the Market Place, with sound of drum and trumpet. The fire-pikes, divided half to the one, and half to the other company, served no less for fright to the enemy than light of our men, who by this means might discern every place very well, as if it were near day: whereas the inhabitants stood amazed at so strange a

sight, marvelling what the matter might be, and imagining, by reason of our drums and trumpets sounding in so sundry places, that we had been a far greater number than we were.

Yet, by means of the soldiers which were in the town, and by reason of the time which we spent in marching up and down the Mount, the soldiers and inhabitants had put themselves in arms, and brought their companies in some order, at the south-east end of the Market Place, near the Governor's House, and not far from the gate of the town, which is the only one, leading towards Panama: having (as it seems) gathered themselves thither, either that in the Governor's sight they might shew their valour, if it might prevail; or else, that by the gate, they might best take their *Vale*, and escape readiest.

And to make a shew of far greater numbers of shot, or else of a custom they had, by the like device to terrify the Cimaroons; they had hung lines with matches lighted, overthwart the wester end of the Market Place, between the Church and the Cross; as though there had been in a readiness some company of shot, whereas indeed there were not past two or three that taught these lines to dance, till they themselves ran away, as soon as they perceived they were discovered.

But the soldiers and such as were joined with them, presented us with a jolly hot volley of shot, beating full upon the egress of that street in which we marched; and levelling very low, so as their bullets ofttimes grazed on the sand.

We stood not to answer them in like terms; but having discharged our first volley of shot, and feathered them with our arrows (which our Captain had caused to be made of purpose in England; not great sheaf arrows, but fine roving shafts, very carefully reserved for the service) we came to the push of pike, so that our firepikes being well armed and made of purpose, did us very great service.

For our men with their pikes and short weapons, in short time took such order among these gallants (some using the butt-end of their pieces instead of other weapons), that partly by reason of our arrows which did us there notable service, partly by occasion of this strange and sudden closing with them in this manner unlooked for, and the rather for that at the very instant, our Captain's brother, with the other company, with their firepikes, entered the Market Place by the easter street; they, casting down their weapons, fled all out of the town by the gate aforesaid, which had

been built for a bar to keep out of the town the Cimaroons, who had often assailed it; but now served for a gap for the Spaniards to fly at.

In following and returning divers of our men were hurt with the weapons which the enemy had let fall as he fled; somewhat, for that we marched with such speed, but more for that they lay so thick and cross one on the other.

Being returned, we made our stand near the midst of the Market Place, where a tree groweth hard by the Cross; whence our Captain sent some of our men to stay the ringing of the alarm bell, which had continued all this while; but the church being very strongly built and fast shut, they could not without firing (which our Captain forbade) get into the steeple where the bell rung.

In the meantime, our Captain, having taken two or three Spaniards in their flight, commanded them to shew him the Governor's House, where he understood was the ordinary place of unlading the mules of all the treasure which came from Panama by the King's appointment. Although the silver only was kept there; the gold, pearl, and jewels (being there once entered by the King's officer) was carried from thence to the King's Treasure House not far off, being a house very strongly built of lime and stone, for the safe keeping thereof.

At our coming to the Governor's House, we found the great door where the mules do usually unlade, even then opened, a candle lighted upon the top of the stairs; and a fair gennet ready saddled, either for the Governor himself, or some other of his household to carry it after him. By means of this light we saw a huge heap of silver in that nether room; being a pile of bars of silver of, as near as we could guess, seventy feet in length, of ten feet in breadth, and twelve feet in height, piled up against the wall, each bar was between thirty-five and forty pounds in weight.

At sight hereof, our Captain commanded straitly that none of us should touch a bar of silver; but stand upon our weapons, because the town was full of people, and there was in the King's Treasure House near the water side, more gold and jewels than all our four pinnaces could carry: which we would presently set some in hand to break open, notwithstanding the Spaniards' report of the strength of it.

We were no sooner returned to our strength, but there was a report brought by some of our men that our pinnaces were in danger to be taken; and that if we ourselves got not aboard

before day, we should be oppressed with multitude both of soldiers and townspeople. This report had his ground from one Diego a negro, who, in the time of the first conflict, came and called to our pinnaces, to know "whether they were Captain Drake's?" And upon answer received, continued entreating to be taken aboard, though he had first three or four shot made at him, until at length they fetched him; and learned by him, that, not past eight days before our arrival, the King had sent thither some 150 soldiers to guard the town against the Cimaroons, and the town at this time was full of people beside; which all the rather believed, because it agreed with the report of the Negroes which we took before at the Isle of Pinos. And therefore our Captain sent his brother and John Oxenham to understand the truth thereof.

They found our men which we left in our pinnaces much frightened, by reason that they saw great troops and companies running up and down, with matches lighted, some with other weapons, crying *Que gente? que gente?* which not having been at the first conflict, but coming from the utter ends of the town (being at least as big as Plymouth), came many times near us; and understanding that we were English, discharged their pieces and ran away.

Presently after this, a mighty shower of rain, with a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, fell, which poured down so vehemently (as it usually doth in those countries) that before we could recover the shelter of a certain shade or pent-house at the western end of the King's Treasure House (which seemeth to have been built there of purpose to avoid sun and rain) some of our bowstrings were wet, and some of our match and powder hurt. Which while we were careful of, to refurnish and supply, divers of our men harping on the reports lately brought us, were muttering of the forces of the town, which our Captain perceiving, told them that "he had brought them to the mouth of the Treasure of the World: if they would want it, they might henceforth blame nobody but themselves!"

And therefore as soon as the storm began to assuage of his fury (which was a long half-hour) willing to give his men no longer leisure to demur of those doubts, nor yet allow the enemy farther respite to gather themselves together, he stept forward commanding his brother, with John Oxenham and the company appointed them, to break the King's Treasure House; the rest to

follow him to keep the strength of the Market Place, till they had despatched the business for which they came.

But as he stepped forward, his strength and speech failed him, and he began to faint for want of blood, which, as then we perceived, had, in great quantity, issued upon the sand, out of a wound received in his leg in the first encounter, whereby though he felt some pain, yet (for that he perceived divers of the company, having already gotten many good things, to be very ready to take all occasions of winding themselves out of that conceited danger) would he not have it known to any, till this his fainting, against his will, bewrayed it; the blood having first filled the very prints which our footsteps made, to the greater dismay of all our company, who thought it not credible that one man should be able to spare so much blood and live.

And therefore, even they which were willing to have adventured the most for so fair a booty, would in no case hazard their Captain's life; but (having given him somewhat to drink wherewith he recovered himself, and having bound his scarf about his leg for the stopping of the blood) entreated him to be content to go with them aboard, there to have his wound searched and dressed, and then to return on shore again if he thought good.

This, when they could not persuade him unto (as who knew it to be utterly impossible, at least very unlikely, that ever they should, for that time, return again, to recover the state in which they now were: and was of opinion, that it were more honourable for himself, to jeopard his life for so great a benefit, than to leave off so high an enterprise unperformed), they joined altogether and with force mingled with fair entreaty, they bare him aboard his pinnace, and so abandoned a most rich spoil for the present, only to preserve their Captain's life: and being resolved of him, that while they enjoyed his presence, and had him to command them, they might recover wealth sufficient; but if once they lost him, they should hardly be able to recover home, no, not with that which they had gotten already.

Thus we embarked by break of the day, having beside our Captain, many of our men wounded, though none slain but one Trumpeter.

(From *Sir Francis Drake revived*, 1626.)

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

[Walter Raleigh, the second son of Walter Raleigh of Hayes Barton, was born in 1552 at East Budleigh, Devonshire. He was educated at Christ Church and Oriel College, Oxford. At the close of 1579 he joined the expedition to defend Ireland against Catholic invasion. He became a courtier of Elizabeth, and in 1585 was knighted. Early in 1595 he started on an expedition to explore Guiana. Next year he took part in the attack on Cadiz from the sea, and later on, in 1596, in the "Island Voyage" to the Azores. In 1600 Raleigh was made Governor of Jersey. With the accession of James I. the fortunes of this picturesque favourite of Elizabeth were reversed. On the 17th of July 1603 Raleigh was arrested at Windsor. Tried at Winchester for "rebellion," and condemned, he was thrown into the Tower of London, where he remained until 1616. Early in 1617 he started again for Guiana, was arrested on his return to England in June 1618, and was beheaded in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, on the 29th of October of the same year. His head was embalmed, and his body buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster.]

UNTIL his fortieth year Sir Walter Raleigh, whose ambition to be a poet was but a vacillating one, showed no desire at all to express himself in deliberate prose. In 1591 he published anonymously the little pamphlet called *A Report of the Fight in the Azores*, which defended the reputation and celebrated the courage of Sir Richard Grenville. It is an admirable piece of succinct and manly narrative, without extrinsic adornment, conceived in the manner of the Hakluyts and Frobishers, whose rude sea-chronicles are still such delightful reading. The *Report* has the faults of its age; it is not a merit that the opening sentence contains one hundred and thirty-three words; and where the writer would be eloquent, he is apt to be lumbering. But when he describes direct occurrences, and marshals recollections in his burning way, his glow of patriotism shortens his phrases and divides his clauses. The tract is one which no Englishman can read without being stirred by it "as by the sound of a trumpet."

Raleigh's next performance was a much more elaborate one.

In 1596 (December 1595) he published *The Discovery of Guiana*, a record of the author's romantic expedition to El Dorado, and the great and golden city of Manoa. This was a work of high importance in the development of English prose, the most brilliant and original contribution to the literature of travel which had been made during the reign of Elizabeth, rich as that had been in work of the same class. Hume, who spurned the *Discovery* from him as "full of the grossest and most palpable lies," showed an eighteenth-century blindness to the truth which lay under the magnificent diction of Raleigh's narrative, but it is strange that the conduct of that narrative itself could win no word of praise from such a critic. The story of the advance upon South America, the curious little prologue in Trinidad, the romantic voyage to the Orinoco, the gorgeous denizens of the river-banks, the dreary and mysterious country into which the bewildered explorers penetrated, all these are described in language the peculiar charm of which is its simplicity, laced or embroidered at successive moments by phrases of extreme magnificence. We are not dazzled and wearied by the cumulative richness of diction, as is the case in those tracts of the Euphuists which were at this very time being produced, but the sobriety of the general texture justly relieves the occasional splendour of embroidery. It would not be uninstructive to compare a page of *The Discovery of Guiana* with one from another famous South American volume of the same year, 1596, the *Margarite of America* of Lodge. The studied mellifluous harmony of the latter seems very fine, until we are sated with its sumptuousness; but Raleigh's stronger and simpler narrative gives the ear a far more lasting pleasure. It is remarkable that the publication of the *Discovery* is almost exactly coeval with the first appearance of Hooker and of Bacon. In company with these great writers, Raleigh comes forward as a defender of lucid and wholesome prose, against the captivating malady of the Euphuists.

The long and vigorous letter, entitled *A Relation of Cadiz Action*, was Raleigh's next prose work. This belongs to the end of the year 1596, and gives a brilliant description of that bright morning of St. Barnabas which covered the writer with so much glory. It is written in a style which recalls both the previous narratives, but is perhaps a little more lax and hurried than either, not having been composed for the press. How lax the style of Raleigh could be, only those can judge who have waded through

the intolerable obscurities and ungainly prolixities of his private correspondence. As a letter-writer he was not above, he was indeed distinctly below, the far from elevated average of his contemporaries.

Immersed in affairs, and caught in the web of his intrigues, Raleigh contributed nothing more to literature for twenty years. But when, after the troubles and baffled hopes of 1606, he made up his mind to be as contented as he could in his captivity, he turned to books and to composition with extreme pleasure. His writing-table grew to be the one spot where he found consolation, and after having been the most casual of fashionable amateurs, he became the most voluminous writer of his age. Between 1606 and 1616 it is probable that no one in England blackened so much paper. Of Raleigh's literary labour during those years we possess but a fragment, yet our shelves groan beneath it. Of his *Art of War by Sea*, for instance, which was or should have been a work of great extent, one or two chapters are all that have come down to us, and many other books of Raleigh's are altogether lost.

Only one of his many compositions, completed or projected in the Tower, was published in Raleigh's lifetime. This was *The History of the World*, begun probably in 1607, and published, under the care of Ben Jonson, in March 1614. This was only the first, though it remained the last, volume of a work which Raleigh intended should consist of at least three tomes, yet this one instalment contains 1354 folio pages. It only brings us down, however, to the conquest of Macedon by Rome. This huge composition is one of the principal glories of seventeenth-century literature, and takes a very prominent place in the history of English prose. As before, so here we find Raleigh superior to the ornaments and oddities of the Euphuists. He indites a large matter, and it is in a broad and serious style. The Preface, perhaps, leads the reader to expect something more modern, more entertaining than he finds. It is not easy to sympathise with a historian who confutes Steuchius Eugubinus and Goropius Becanus at great length, especially as those flies now exist only in the amber of their opponent. But the narrative, if obsolete and long-winded, possesses an extraordinary distinction, and, in its brighter parts, is positively resplendent. The book is full of practical wisdom, knowledge of men in the mass, and trenchant study of character. It is heavy and slow in movement, the true

historical spirit, as we now conceive it, is absent, and it would probably baffle most readers to pursue its attenuated thread of entertainment down to the triumph of Emilius Paulus. But of its dignity there can be no two opinions, and in sustained power it easily surpassed every prose work of its own age.

After the death of Raleigh, his memory was peculiarly cultivated by those who were most severely in opposition to the King. Hence it was men like John Hampden and Milton who collected all they could secure of his scattered MSS. The former is stated by David Lloyd to have been at the expense of having 3452 sheets of Raleigh's handwriting copied. By degrees, even before the Civil Wars, certain specimens stole furtively into publicity. In 1628 was printed, at Middelburg in Holland, *The Prerogative of Parliament in England*, in which, under the guise of a dialogue between a Counsellor of State and a Justice of the Peace, the captive offers good advice as to his relations with the House of Commons, in very courteous form, to the King who was his jailor. *The Cabinet Council*, which Milton published in 1658, was another fragment of Raleigh's political writing. The poet had had this volume "many years in my hands, and finding it lately by chance among other books and papers, upon reading thereof I thought it a kind of injury to withhold longer the work of so eminent an author from the public." It is a treatise on the arts of empire, a text-book of State-craft, as has been said, intended *in usum Delphini*, for there can be no question that this work was composed for the benefit of the amiable and unfortunate Prince Henry. Another product of Raleigh's captivity was *A Discourse of War*, a treatise conceived in a lighter and less allusive vein than Raleigh's purely political writings. The close of this discourse is printed among our extracts, and will be admired for dignity and eloquence. Very late in his life he wrote the *Observations on Trade and Commerce*, which first appeared, with other of his miscellaneous writings, in 1651. Raleigh came forward as a free-trader of the most uncompromising kind at the very moment when the King was most actively promoting legislation of a protective order. Finally must be mentioned the *Breviary of the History of England*, printed in 1693; although this presents none of the peculiar characteristics of Raleigh's style, and is, in all probability, mainly the production of the poet Samuel Daniel.

Numerous and voluminous as are the writings of Sir Walter Raleigh, it is not very easy to form a general idea of his style

from their perusal. He was what we now call an amateur, in contradistinction to the author who makes it his principal business to write, and who is constantly preoccupied with the way in which he shall produce such and such an effect. Raleigh wrote only because he had something in his mind which importuned him to say it, or else because he was confined and fretting for employment. To praise *The History of the World* has long been a commonplace with critics, but to read it is not so easy. When a biographer of Raleigh tells us that this huge chronicle is "always bright and apt," we know not what he means, for there are pages upon pages in it unillumined by a single sparkle of wit, deserts of scholastic learning absolutely misapplied. What adds nothing to the liveliness of the narrative is the extreme length of the languid sentences, clause interwoven into clause, like the tangle in a string-bag. Here is a sentence, absolutely chosen at random, yet on the whole a distinctly favourable example of Raleigh's historical manner, when he is not particularly moved by his theme :—

> The bridge finished, and the army brought near to the sea-side, Xerxes took a view of all his troops, assembled in the plains of Abidus, being carried up and seated on a place over-topping the land round about it, and the sea adjoining, and after he had gloried in his own happiness to behold and command so many nations and so powerful an army and fleet, he suddenly, notwithstanding, burst out into tears, moved with this contemplation, that in one hundred years there should not any one survive of that marvellous multitude, the cause of which sudden change of passion when he uttered to Artabanus his uncle, Artabanus spake to the King to this effect, that which is more lamentable than the dissolution of this great troop within that number of years by the King remembered, is that the life itself which we enjoy is yet more miserable than the end thereof, for in those few days given us in the world, there is no man among all these, nor elsewhere, that ever found himself so accompanied with happiness, but that he oftentimes pleased himself better with the desire and hope of death than of living, the incident calamities, diseases, and sorrows whereto mankind is subject, being so many and incurable that the shortest life doth often appear unto us over-long, to avoid all which there is neither refuge nor rest, but in desired death alone.

The conduct of this enormous sentence is skilful, its cadence is dignified and sonorous, the ideas it contains are distinguished; but its elephantine bulk, unrelieved as it is by any of the arts of punctuation, deprives it of that pleasure-giving power which resides in more brief and elastic prose. When, moreover, we find such a sentence preceded and followed by elephants of its own size, and we propose to read a volume of 1300 folio pages

all constructed, more or less, after this pattern, it is simply unfair to speak of such writing in terms which would be appropriate to the style of Mr. Froude or M. Renan. Raleigh is often magnificent, as our extracts will amply prove, and he is at all times free from the fantastic and abnormal errors of the prose-writers fashionable in his time, but he is very far indeed from having discovered a current prose-style suitable for historical uses. He is essentially to be read in extracts, and admired in purple patches.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE *REVENGE*

THE Master Gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the General sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the General and other ships. Sir Richard thus overmatched, was sent unto Alonso Bassan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavoury, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swounded, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The General used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valour and worthiness, and greatly bewailed the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge Armados, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers.

(From *A Report of the fight in the Azores.*)

A USEFUL HOSTAGE

As we abode there a while, our Indian pilot, called Ferdinando, would needs go ashore to their village, to fetch some fruits, and to drink of their artificial wines, and also to see the place, and to know the lord of it against another time, and took with him a brother of his, which he had with him in the journey. When

they came to the village of these people, the lord of the island offered to lay hands on them, purposing to have slain them both; yielding for reason, that this Indian of ours had brought a strange nation into their territory, to spoil and destroy them; but the pilot being quick, and of a disposed body, slipped their fingers, and ran into the woods; and his brother, being the better footman of the two, recovered the creek's mouth, where we stayed in our barge, crying out that his brother was slain. With that we set hands on one of them that was next us, a very old man, and brought him into the barge, assuring him that if we had not our pilot again we would presently cut off his head. This old man, being resolved that he should pay the loss of the other, cried out to those in the woods to save Ferdinando our pilot; but they followed him notwithstanding, and hunted after him upon the foot with their deer dogs, and with so main a cry, that all the woods echoed with the shout they made; but at last this poor chased Indian recovered the river side, and got upon a tree, and, as we were coasting, leaped down, and swam to the barge half dead with fear; but our good hap was, that we kept the other old Indian, which we handfasted, to redeem our pilot withal; for being natural of those rivers, we assured ourselves he knew the way better than any stranger could; and indeed but for this chance I think we had never found the way either to Guiana or back to our ships; for Ferdinando, after a few days, knew nothing at all, nor which way to turn, yea and many times the old man himself was in great doubt which river to take. Those people which dwell in these broken islands and drowned lands are generally called Tivitivas: there are of them two sorts, the one called Ciawani, and the other Waraweete.

(From *The Discovery of Guiana.*)

MISDEEDS OF HENRY VIII

Now for King Heny VIII. If all the pictures and patterns of a merciless prince were lost in the world, they might all again be painted to the life out of the story of this king. For how many servants did he advance in haste (but for what virtue no man could suspect), and with the change of his fancy ruined again; no man knowing for what offence! To how many others of more

desert gave he abundant flowers from whence to gather honey, and in the end of harvest burnt them in the hive! How many wives did he cut off and cast off, as his fancy and affection changed! How many princes of the blood (whereof some of them for age could hardly crawl towards the block), with a world of others of all degrees (of whom our common chronicles have kept the account), did he execute! Yea, in his very deathbed, and when he was at the point to have given his account to God for the abundance of blood already spilt, he imprisoned the Duke of Norfolk the father, and executed the Earl of Surrey the son; the one, whose deservings he knew not how to value, having never omitted anything that concerned his own honour and the king's service; the other, never having committed anything worthy of his least displeasure: the one exceeding valiant and advised; the other no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hope. But besides the sorrows which he heaped upon the fatherless and widows at home, and besides the vain enterprises abroad, wherein it is thought that he consumed more treasure than all our victorious kings did in their several conquests; what causeless and cruel wars did he make upon his own nephew King James the Fifth! What laws and wills did he devise, to establish this kingdom in his own issues! using his sharpest weapons to cut off and cut down those branches, which sprang from the same root that himself did. And in the end (notwithstanding these his so many irreligious provisions) it pleased God to take away all his own, without increase; though, for themselves in their several kinds, all princes of eminent virtue.

(From the Preface to *The History of the World.*)

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD

GOD, whom the wisest men acknowledge to be a power uneffable, and virtue infinite; a light by abundant clarity invisible; an understanding which itself can only comprehend; an essence eternal and spiritual, of absolute pureness and simplicity; was and is pleased to make himself known by the work of the world; in the wonderful magnitude whereof (all which he embraceth, filleth, and sustaineth) we behold the image of that glory which cannot be measured, and withal, that one, and yet universal

nature which cannot be defined. In the glorious lights of heaven we perceive a shadow of his divine countenance; in his merciful provision for all that live, his manifold goodness; and lastly, in creating and making existent the world universal, by the absolute art of his own word, his power, and almightiness; which power, light, virtue, wisdom, and goodness, being all but attributes of one simple essence, and one God, we in all admire, and in part discern *per speculum creaturarum*, that is, in the disposition, order, and variety of celestial and terrestrial bodies: terrestrial, in their strange and manifold diversities; celestial, in their beauty and magnitude; which, in their continual and contrary motions, are neither repugnant, intermixed, nor confounded. By these potent effects we approach to the knowledge of the omnipotent Cause, and by these motions, their almighty Mover.

(From *The History of the World.*)

DEATH

O ELOQUENT, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

Lastly, whereas this book, by the title it hath, calls itself *The First Part of the General History of the World*, implying a second and third volume, which I also intended, and have hewn out; besides many other discouragements persuading my silence, it hath pleased God to take that glorious Prince out of the world, to whom they were directed, whose unspeakable and never enough lamented loss hath taught me to say with Job, *Versa est in luctum cithara mea, et organum meum in vocem flentium.*

(From the Same.)

THE LAW OF CHANGE

IT is the qualifications of our contemporaries, of the men that dwell at the same time with us, must make us happy or miserable;

it must be their wisdom, justice, and honour, which are not local, as the law calls it, tied or annexed to a place, but moving and transitory as fortune itself. For there is the same proportion of good and evil in the world as ever, though it shifts and changes, not always in the same place, and never in the same degree; even the holy worship of God, religion, through the wickedness of men, has had its marches. Nor is man alone the subject of alteration and vicissitude; but the earth itself is sometimes dry land, and sometimes overwhelmed with waters; and a fruitful land has been turned into barrenness for the wickedness of them that dwell therein. All sublunaries being in continual motion, little knowledge in history will convince us, that persons, families, countries, and nations, have alternately fallen from great wealth, honour, and power, to poverty and contempt, and to the very dregs of slavery. We must look a long way back to find the Romans giving laws to nations, and their consuls bringing kings and princes bound in chains to Rome in triumph; to see men go to Greece for wisdom, or Ophir for gold; when now nothing remains but a poor paper remembrance of their former condition.

It would be an unspeakable advantage, both to the public and private, if men would consider that great truth, that no man is wise or safe, but he that is honest. All I have designed is peace to my country; and may England enjoy that blessing when I shall have no more proportion in it than what my ashes make!

(From *A Discourse of War.*)

THE ABSENCE OF THE QUEEN

My heart was never broken till this day, that I hear the Queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison all alone. While she was yet nigher at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less: but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I, that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph, sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime singing like an angel, sometime playing like Orpheus; behold the sorrow of this

world! once amiss hath bereaved me of all. O glory, that only shineth in misfortune, what is become of thy assurance! all wounds have scars, but that of fantasy; all affections their relenting, but that of womankind. Who is the judge of friendship but adversity, or when is grace witnessed but in offences? There were no divinity but by reason of compassion; for revenges are brutish and mortal. All those times past, the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires, can they not weigh down one frail misfortune? Cannot one drop of gall be hidden in so great heaps of sweetness? I may then conclude, *spes et fortuna, valete.* She is gone in whom I trusted, and of me hath not one thought of mercy, nor any respect of that that was. Do with me now therefore what you list. I am more weary of life than they are desirous I should perish, which if it had been for her, as it is by her, I had been too happily born.

(From *A Letter to Sir Robert Cecil.*)

THOMAS LODGE

[Thomas Lodge, born about 1556 at West Ham, was the son of a grocer in the city, afterwards Lord Mayor, in whose will however he found no mention. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and at Lincoln's Inn. His first publication, provoked and afterwards answered by Gosson, the *Defence of Poetry, Music, and Stage-plays* (1579-80) was prohibited by authority. Some four or five years later he seems to have entered upon a series of journeys, partly buccaneering expeditions, on one of which he contrived to compose his well-known work, *Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacy* (1590). During the intervals, and probably for some years following, he inhabited Bohemia in London, producing both prose and verse for the booksellers, and plays for the stage, and enjoying scant personal repute. In his later years—perhaps from 1596 onwards, when a publication of his is dated from Low Leyton, he practised medicine, in which he is said to have graduated at Avignon. His non-professional writings were now principally translations from the classics. In 1616 he was again abroad; but he died in London, of the plague, in 1625. His works are still uncollected and in part difficult of access.]

IT is futile to seek in the remains of a writer such as Lodge for the traces of a style peculiar to the man, who seems to have been innocent of any uneasy pretence to originality of manner. The work of his pen, should it at any time prove possible to marshal in consecutive order its *disjecta membra*, would possibly prove all the more instructive, as a collective illustration of the literary history of his age. He was a man of extremely varied experience both in and outside the world of letters of which he claimed the freedom; and, to use his own phrase, he fell from "books to arms," as easily as he exchanged Justinian for Galen, or Alsatia for the Spanish Main. In his *Defence of Stage-plays* and in his *Alarm against Usurers*, dedicated without any particular relevancy to Sir Philip Sidney, he had but journalised on themes with which he could claim something more than a bowing acquaintance. When, while accompanying Captain Clarke on his patriotic raid upon the Canaries, he composed his *Rosalynde*,

his genius can hardly be said to have suffered a sea-change. Nor in point of fact does he in his dedication lay claim to any loftier purpose than that of whiling away the tedium of his voyage. It was accordingly almost a matter of course that, like Greene, with whom as a playwright he worked in common on at least one occasion, Lodge should, as a novelist, follow the fashion of his times both in the Euphuism of his style, of which the purple patches are inserted without more ado than are the pretty lyrical *intermezzos* which form so attractive a feature of his book, and in the Arcadian surroundings of its story. (Sidney's *Arcadia* was first printed in the same year as *Rosalynde*.) For the rest, however judgments may differ as to the intrinsic merits of the novel, it has beyond doubt plot enough to account for its popularity, although some of this may have been due to other elements than those which in Mr. Grant White's opinion secured the success of the stage Rosalind's beard, cloak, and jack-boots. For Lodge's novel, besides possessing a plot which may in a large measure be called its own, is neither in its characters nor in its incidents altogether conventional; and if Shakespeare invented the melancholy Jacques, and at all events the mellower phase of Touchstone, he allowed himself to be cast in old Adam, one of the characters of his original. It is impossible not to do Lodge the justice of quoting the *passus* of the wrestling bout. Mr. Grant White may again be correct in surmising that this scene was a stage success on its own account; but as a literary experiment, since only too often repeated, it must be described as both fresh and spirited.

When not aboard ship, Lodge in his rather protracted salad days seems to have been ready to set his hand to what was next to it. Of his extant prose-works, the *Delectable History of Forbonius and Prisceria* is a very ordinary love-pamphlet, not yet far advanced in Euphuism; while *The Life of Robin the Devil*, and *The Life and Death of William Longbeard, the most famous and witty English Traitor, born in the City of London*, may be surmised to be old "histories" newly dressed up. A more ambitious piece of literary work is the prettily named tale, *A Margarite* (*i.e.* pearl) *of America*, which the author professes to have discovered in its original Spanish, in a Jesuit library visited by him during his expedition with Cavendish, and to have translated on his passage through the Magellan Straits. Although there is plenty of ornate description in the book,

some uncertainty remains as to its Spanish origin. About the turn of the century, "Thomas Lodge, Doctor in Physics," having apparently exhausted his original and more especially his favourite lyric vein, turned to professional research and to translation from the Classics, then as now, the chosen solace of men of letters who are, or who wish to become, absolutely respectable. His resolution, he says in the Preface to his *Seneca*, had "too long time surfeited upon time-pleasing;" yet on the whole his chief vocation as an author was to please his times.

A. W. WARD.

A RAKE'S PROGRESS

THUS, thus, alas! the father before his eyes, and in his elder years, beholdeth as in a mirror the desolation of his own house, and hearing of the profuseness of his ungracious son, [illegible] with him home, rebuketh him of his error, and requesteth an account of his money misspended. He (taught and instructed [illegible] ently to colour his folly by his ungodly mistress, and cursed [illegible] sleader) at his return to his father maketh show of all honesty, so that the old man, led by natural affection, is almost persuaded that the truth is untruth; yet remembering the privy conveyance of his youthly years, and deeming them incident to his young son, he discourseth with him thus:

O, my son! if thou knewest thy father's care, and wouldest answer it with thy well doing, I might have hope of the continuance of my progeny, and thou be a joy to my aged years. But, I fear me, the eyes of thy reason are blinded, so that neither thy father's tears may persuade thee, nor thine own follies laid open before thine eyes reduce thee, but that my name shall cease in thee, and other covetous underminers shall enjoy the fruits of my long labours. How tenderly, good boy, in thy mother's life wast thou cherished! How dearly beloved! How well instructed! Did I ever entice thee to vice? Nay, rather enforced I thee not to love virtue? And whence cometh it that all these good instructions are swallowed up by one sea of thy folly? In the universities thy wit was praised, for that it was pregnant; thy preferment great, for that thou deservedst it; so that, before God, I did imagine that my honour should have beginning in thee alone, and be continued by thy offspring; but being by me brought to the Inns of Court, a place of abode for our English gentry, and the only nursery of true learning, I find thy nature quite altered, and where thou first shouldest have learnt law, thou art become lawless. Thy modest attire is

become immodest bravery; thy shamefast seemliness to shameless impudency; thy desire of learning to loitering love; and from a sworn soldier of the muses, thou art become a master in the university of love; and where thou knowest not any way to get, yet fearest thou not outrageously to spend. Report, nay, true report, hath made me privy to many of thy *escapes*, which as a father though I cover, yet as a good father tenderly I will rebuke. Thy portion by year from me is standing forty pounds, which of itself is sufficient both to maintain you honestly and cleanly: besides this, you are grown in arrearages within this two years no less than 100 pound, which, if thou wilt look into, is sufficient for three whole years to maintain an honest family. Now, how hast thou spent this? forsooth in apparel; and that is the aptest excuse, and lavishness in that is as discommendable as in any other. If in apparel thou pass thy bounds, what make men of thee? A prodigal proud fool; and as many fashions as they see in thee, so many *frumps* will they afford thee, counting thee to carry more bombast about thy body, than wit in thy head. Nay, my son, muse not upon the world, for that will but flatter thee, but weigh the judgment of God, and let that terrify thee; and let not that which is the cause of pride *nussell* thee up as an instrument of God's wrathful indignation. What account reaps a young man by brave attire? Of the wise he is counted riotous; of the flatterer a man easily to be seduced; and where one will afford thee praise, a thousand will call thee proud. The greatest reward of thy bravery is this,—"See, yonder goes a gallant young gentleman." And count you this praise worth ten score pounds? Truly, son, it is better to be accounted witty than wealthy, and righteous than rich: praise lasteth for a moment that is grounded on shows, and fame remaineth after death that proceedeth of good substance. Choose whether thou wilt be infamous with Erostratus, or renowned with Aristides; by one thou shalt bear the name of sacrilege, by the other the title of just: the first may flatter thee with similitude, the last will honour thee indeed, and more when thou art dead. Son, son, give ear to thy father's instructions, and ground them in thy heart; so shalt thou be blessed among the elders, and be an eyesore unto thy enemies.

(From *An Alarum against Usurers.*)

THE WRESTLING MATCH

BUT leaving him (Rosader) so desirous of the journey: (turn we) to Torismond the king of France, who, having by force banished Gerismond their lawful king that lived as an outlaw in the Forest of Arden, sought now by all means to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemn tournament, whereunto he in most solemn manner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who rather for fear than love graced him with the show of their dutiful favours; to feed their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistering objects, he had appointed his own daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynde daughter unto Gerismond, with all the beautiful damosels that were famous for their features in all France. Thus in that place did Love and War triumph in a sympathy: for such as were martial, might use their lance to be renowned for the excellence of their chivalry; and such as were amorous, might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every man's eye had his several survey, and fancy was partial in their looks, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynde; for upon her cheeks there seemed a battle between the Graces, who should bestow most favours to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna when she kissed the shepherd on the hills of Latmos was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the vermilion flourished on the silver hue of Rosalynde's countenance; her eyes were like those lamps that make the wealthy covert of the heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favour and disdain; courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amorets, and Diana all her chastity. The trammels of her hair, folded in a caul of gold, so far surpassed the burnished glister of the metal, as the sun doth the meanest star in brightness: the tresses that fold in the brows of Apollo were not half so rich to the sight; for in her hair it seemed love had laid herself in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence: what should I need to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all she was the paragon of all earthly perfection. This Rosalynde sat, I say, with Alinda as a beholder of these sports, and made

the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage: many deeds of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were given according to their several deserts: at last when the tournament ceased, the wrestling began; and the Norman presented himself as a challenger against all comers; but he looked like Hercules when he advanced himself against Acheloüs, so that the fury of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of activity: till at last a lusty Franklin of the country came with two tall men that were his sons, of good lineaments and comely personage: the eldest of these, doing his obeisance to the king, entered the list and presented himself to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glory of his strength, roused himself with such fury, that not only he gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage: which the younger brother seeing, leapt presently into the place, and thirsty after the revenge, assailed the Norman with such valour, that at the first encounter he brought him to his knees; which repulsed so the Norman, that recovering himself, fear of disgrace doubling his strength, he stepped so sternly to the young Franklin, that taking him up in his arms he threw him against the ground so violently, that he broke his neck, and so ended his days with his brother. At this unlooked for massacre, the people murmured, and were all in a deep passion of pity. But the Franklin, father unto these, never changed his countenance; but as a man of a courageous resolution, took up the bodies of his sons without any show of outward discontent. All this while stood Rosader and saw this tragedy; who, noting the undoubted virtue of the Franklin's mind, alighted off from his horse, and presently sat down on the grass, and commanded his boy to pull off his boots, making him ready to try the strength of this champion. Being furnished as he would, he clapped the Franklin on the shoulder and said thus: "Bold yeoman, whose sons have ended the term of their years with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and *twhartest* the injury of fate with content, in brooking the death of thy sons; stand awhile and either see me make a third in their tragedy, or else revenge their fall with an honourable triumph. The Franklin, seeing so goodly a gentleman to give him such courteous comfort, gave him hearty thanks, with promise to pray for his happy success. With that, Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where, noting more the company than the combatant, he

cast his eye upon the troop of ladies that glistered there like the stars of heaven, but at last Love, willing to make him as amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynde, whose admirable beauty so inveigled the eye of Rosader that, forgetting himself, he stood and fed his looks on the favour of Rosalynde's face, which she perceiving, blushed: which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful red of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton was not half so glorious. The Norman, seeing this young gentleman fettered in the looks of the ladies, drave him out of his *memento* with a shake by the shoulder: Rosader looking back with an angry frown, as if he had been awakened from some pleasant dream, discovered to all, by the fury of his countenance, that he was a man of some high thoughts. But when they all noted his youth, and the sweetness of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprize, they wished him to be graced with the palm of victory. After Rosader was thus called out of his *memento* by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe; in which space the Norman called to mind by all tokens, that this was he whom Sadadyne had appointed him to kill; which conjecture made him stretch every limb, and try every sinew, that working his death, he might recover the gold which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to encourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous look, as might have made the most coward desperate; which glance of Rosalynde so fired the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman he ran upon him and braved him with a strong encounter; the Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to mind the beauty of his new mistress, the fame of his father's honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, roused himself and threw the Norman against the ground, falling upon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded Nature her due, and Rosader the victory. The death of this champion, as it highly contented the Franklin as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drew the king and all the peers into a great admiration, that so young

years and so beautiful a personage, should contain such martial excellence: but when they knew him to be the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, the king rose from his seat and embraced him, and the peers entreated him with all favourable courtesy, commending both his valour and his virtues, wishing him to go forward in such haughty deeds, that he might attain to the glory of his father's honourable fortunes. As the king and lords graced him with embracing, so the ladies favoured him with their looks, especially Rosalynde, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched; but she accounted love a toy, and fancy a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a wink; and therefore feared not to dally in the flame, and to make Rosader know she affected him, took from her neck a jewel, and sent it by a page to the young gentleman. The prize that Venus gave to Paris was not half so pleasing to the Trojan, as this gem was to Rosader; for if fortune had sworn to make him sole monarch of the world, he would rather have refused such dignity, than have lost the jewel sent him by Rosalynde.

(From *Rosalynde*.)

EVENING AND MORNING IN ARDEN

WITH that they (Ganymede and Aliena) put their sheep into the cotes, and went home to her friend Corydon's cottage, Aliena as merry as might be, that she was thus in the company of her Rosalynde: but she, poor soul, that had love her lode-star, and her thoughts set on fire with the flame of fancy, could take no rest, but being alone began to consider what passionate penance poor Rosader was enjoined to by love and fortune: that at last she fell into this humour with herself. (Rosalynde passionate alone.) Ah Rosalynde, how the fates have set down in their synod to make thee unhappy: for when fortune hath done her worst, then love comes in to begin a new tragedy; she seeks to lodge her son in thine eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosom. Beware fond girl, he is an unruly guest to harbour; for cutting in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuel, as no water is able to quench. Seest thou not how Venus seeks to wrap thee in her labyrinth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrows, cares, and discontent: she is a siren, stop thine ears at her melody; and a

basilisk, shut thine eyes, and gaze not at her lest thou perish. Thou art now placed in the country content, where are heavenly thoughts, and mean desires: in those lawns where thy flocks feed Diana haunts: be as her nymphs, chaste, and enemy to love; for there is no greater honour to a maid, than to account of fancy as a mortal foe to their sex. Daphne, that bonny wench, was not turned into a bay tree, as the poets feign; but, for her chastity, her fame was immortal, resembling the laurel that is ever-green. Follow thou her steps, Rosalynde, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the court; whose distress, as it is appeased with patience, so it would be renewed with amorous passions. Have mind on thy fore-passed fortunes, fear the worst, and entangle not thyself with present fancies; lest loving in haste thou repent thee at leisure. Ah, but yet, Rosalynde, it is Rosader that courts thee; one, who as he is beautiful, so he is virtuous, and harboureth in his mind as many good qualities, as his face is shadowed with gracious favours: and therefore Rosalynde stoop to love, lest being either too coy, or too cruel, Venus wax wroth, and plague thee with the reward of disdain.

Rosalynde thus passionate, was wakened from her dumps by Aliena, who said it was time to go to bed. Corydon swore that was true, for Charles' wain was risen in the north. Whereupon each taking leave of other, went to their rest all, but the poor Rosalynde, who was so full of passions that she could not possess any content. Well, leaving her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The sun was no sooner stepped from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganymede, who restless all night had tossed in her passions, saying it was then time to go to the field to unfold their sheep. Aliena (that spied where the hare was by the hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasant with her Ganymede, and therefore replied thus: "What, wanton? the sun is but new up, and as yet Iris' riches lie folded in the bosom of Flora, Phœbus hath not dried up the pearled dew, and so long Corydon hath taught me, it is not fit to lead the sheep abroad, lest, the dew being unwholesome, they get the rot: but now see I the old proverb true, he is in haste whom the devil drives, and where love pricks forward, there is no worse death than delay. Ah, my good page, is there fancy in thine eye, and passions in thy heart? What, hast thou wrapped love in thy looks? and set all thy thoughts on fire by affection? I tell thee,

it is a flame as hard to be quenched as that of Etna. But Nature must have her course, women's eyes have faculty attractive like the jet, and retentive like the diamond: they dally in the delight of fair objects, till gazing on the panther's beautiful skin, repenting experience tell them he hath a devouring paunch." "Come on" (quoth Ganymede) "this sermon of yours is but a subtilty to lie still abed, because either you think the morning cold, or else, I being gone, you would steal a nap: this shift carries no palm, and therefore up and away. And, for love, let me alone, I'll whip him away with nettles, and set disdain as a charm to withstand his forces: and therefore look you to yourself, be not too bold, for Venus can make you bend; nor too coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you cry *peccavi*." "And that is it" (quoth Aliena) "that hath raised you so early this morning." And with that she slipped on her petticoat, and start up: and as soon as she had made her ready, and taken her breakfast, away go these two with their bag and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of mind, than ever they were in the court of Torismond.

(From the Same.)

ROBERT GREENE

[Robert Greene was born at Norwich about 1560, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1578. After travelling abroad he returned to Cambridge in 1580, and graduated M.A. from Clare Hall in 1583. In the same year he came up to London and published his first book. In 1585, when he was incorporated M.A. at Oxford, he also describes himself as a student of medicine; but this pursuit was not carried far by him. About the close of 1585 he married the daughter of a Lincolnshire squire, but after living with her in Norfolk for more than a year, he abandoned wife and child and returned to London. Here his celebrity as a playwright, in which capacity he was during the greater part of his career regularly employed by the Queen's players, and as a writer of novels and other prose tracts, rose very high. But his unbridled pen involved him in many quarrels, even after about 1590 it had taken a repentant turn. He died 3rd September 1592, in abject poverty.]

WHEN in the year 1580 Greene returned to Cambridge from his travels in Italy, Spain, and other foreign lands, he found that a great literary event had taken place in his absence. *Euphues* was out, and in the blaze of its first fashionable popularity. Greene, in whose literary life the spirit of zealous emulation was a predominant motive, at once started in quest of similar laurels for himself. He was, he tells us, already satiated with the dissipations in which he and other "wags" had "consumed the flower of their youth." But Elizabethan *poco-curante*ism rarely extended itself to recklessness of literary fame or (as again in Greene's case, who never forgot that he was "*utriusque academiæ in artibus magister*") even of the most ordinary academical distinctions. Thus in 1583 there appeared the First Part of "*Mamillia, a Mirror or Looking-Glass for the Ladies of England*, by Robert Greene, a Graduate of Cambridge," with a preface, appropriately or not, addressed to the author's gentlemen readers. In title as in most other respects it is a fair type of the long show of successors which it was to draw after it. Greene proved by his first narrative essay that while clever enough to reproduce any vein betokening originality, he was also himself original enough not to depend altogether upon the whim or fashion of a season. Of course, although the

imitative faculties of youth are vigorous, the tricks of such a defiance of the ordinary laws of style as is involved in Euphuism are not learnt of a sudden; and *Mamillia*, by no means to its disadvantage, is less copiously studded with unnatural "natural" similes than some at least of the author's later prose works. On the other hand, it scintillates with proverbs and proverbial phrases "as thick as motes in a sunbeam." But although this love-pamphlet appealed to the "precious" of both sexes, its success was no doubt largely due to the fact that in the Romance countries, or of his own mother-wit, Greene had caught the art of putting something of interest into a story as a story. Indeed, this particular fiction interested even the author himself, so that, not content with reproducing its general features in from thirty to forty later tracts, he composed not only a second part to *Mamillia*, but also a supplement to this second part, not known to have been published till after his death.

After this *début*, Greene, during the brief years of activity allowed to him by his evil and crapulous genius, cultivated the still rambling and undetermined field of prose fiction with more diligence and with more success than any of his contemporaries; and when he passed away, it soon began to lie fallow again. Whether or not he kept in his locker the twin hoods to which he could lay claim as "*utriusque academiæ in artibus magister*," he rapidly acquired such fame as an author of plays and as a penner of love pamphlets, "that who for that trade grown so ordinary about London as *Robin Greene*. Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing that was profitable," and in short, being in Vanity Fair, strove to flaunt it with the worst of them.

The utterances of Robin, Robert, or "Roberto" over the husks on which in the last period of his career he was prone enough to moralise, must from a biographical point of view be taken for what they are worth. But the want of tone which they attest is observable in his earlier, even more than in his later, writings; for until he becomes sorry for himself, he has, in point of fact, nothing very particular to say. Thus, in his prose belonging to the years 1583-5, taken as a whole, the dialectical element overpowers all others, and Euphuism seems about to surpass itself in its most ingenious disciple—or "ape," in Gabriel Harvey's ungainly phrase.

But in the second period of Greene's literary career, from his return to London about 1587 till near the close of his career, the

high pressure under which he wrote was manifestly not to his disadvantage as an author. Although he worked from hand to mouth, what he turned out were not journeyman's articles. Nash afterwards averred of Greene that in a night and a day he could produce a prose piece such as would cost another man seven years, "and glad was that printer that might be blest to pay him dear for the very dregs of his wit." Nor can it be denied that, apart from dramatic literature, in which he holds a place proper to himself among Shakespeare's contemporaries, his versatile genius enabled him to rival the two most popular prose writers of the day, Lyly and Sidney, in their own respective fields; to blend their several fascinations; and to superadd inimitable touches of his own in his suggestions of country-side scenery and of women suited to such sweet surroundings. These fabrics of light texture and variegated hue his fertile fancy flung upon the market in quick succession, setting them forth with the aid of a fluent though not profound scholarship, greatly approving itself to contemporary taste.

Among these, *Penelope's Web*, an ingenious collection of tales illustrative of the chief feminine virtues, including silence, was rapidly succeeded by *Euphues' Censure to Philautus*, in title pretending to a direct connexion with Lyly's book, but in fact a kind of *Trentamerone* between Greek and Trojan lords and ladies, and chiefly notable as having furnished Shakespeare, whose observant eye Greene's anathema failed to ward off, with a hint or so for *Troilus and Cressida*. But neither on this, nor on *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, to the pleasant framework of which Peele, when he wrote *The Old Wives' Tale*, may have been no stranger, is it possible to dwell in preference to *Pandosto, the Triumph of Time*, otherwise known as *The History of Dorastus and Fawnia*. Shakespeare set his nets with no uncertain instinct when he went out poaching in the daylight; and this story of Greene's, while comparatively free from the usual rhetorical paraphernalia, breathes the true pastoral fragrance which survived even in Coleridge's later adaptation, and in its chief female character reaches the height of the gamut on which it was given to Greene to play,—the note of motherhood. For Greene's books are full of charming women, a sisterhood in whom, as Mr. Symonds happily says, "the innocence of country life, unselfish love, and maternity, are touched with delicate and feeling tenderness."

Menaphon, although equipped with a sub-title fathering this book also upon *Euphues*, was in truth a direct challenge to the popularity of Sidney's *Arcadia*, published about a year earlier.

Although not his first, it proved Greene's most sustained and successful attempt to clothe chivalrous sentiment in the fashionable shepherd's weeds, trimmed with the inevitable Euphuistic garniture. A curtailed specimen of an Arcadian wit-combat in which Samela (whose name is of course intended to recall Sidney's Pamela) plays the chief part, is given below; there is no room for the full context of love-making. This in its turn is too copious to be wholly artificial, and is wound up at the close with the conscientiousness of one of Miss Burney's best tea-table romances. Moreover, Greene had a sureness of tact which not unfrequently accompanies rapidity of workmanship; and thus while in his eagerness to please his public he followed his exemplars with facile flexibility, he was also too quickwitted to fall into the favourite fault of an imitator and exaggerate their peculiarities. While celebrated as a *raffineur de l'Anglais* by the side of Lyly himself, he is fain to subordinate the airs and graces of his speech to the common human interests concerned in his discourse, and, in comparison with the author of the English *Arcadia*, strains the simple machinery rather less than more perceptibly to its artificial uses. It was this elasticity which enabled him to write so easily and so much, and which, indeed, enabled him to go straight enough to his point, when he had a definite purpose in view, such as that of writing down the Pope and the King of Spain, or exposing in a long series of tracts the wiles of London "cony-catchers of both sexes." The same effective directness of manner marks the last series of his productions, which, whatever may be the precise historical value of their details, are autobiographical in intention, and of which the best known is the notorious *Groatsworth of Wit*, published after his death by a loyal but indiscreet friend. Its budget of personalities addressed, partly in sorrow to his associates not yet snatched from the burning, partly in anger to the chief rival of his unregenerate labours, has, unfortunately, helped to cloud his fame. After its brief heyday had passed, it never extended beyond a limited circle; so that, as Ben Jonson says, it became a safe thing to steal from Greene's works, which had certainly not been the case in his lifetime. Now that, thanks to the editor of the *Huth Library*, Greene is once more read as a prose-writer, the fact is revealed that, during the last half-dozen years of his life, the English novel to all intents and purposes maintained an active existence, which after his death was soon overwhelmed by another literary growth of superior strength and luxuriance.

A. W. WARD.

ITALIAN SUITORS

AND therefore, having obtained leave of the Duchess, [Mamillia] came home in haste [from the Duke's court at Venice] to her father's house in Padua, where she had not remained long, before divers young gentlemen, drawn by the passing praise of her perfection which was bruited abroad through all the city, repaired thither, all in general hoping to get the goal, and every one particularly persuading himself to have as much as any, wherewith to deserve her love; so that there was no feather, no *fangle*, gem nor jewel, *ouch* nor ring left behind, which might make them seemly in her sight; yea, some were so curious no doubt, as many Italian gentlemen are, which would even correct Nature, where they thought she was faulty in defect; for their narrow shoulders must have a quilted doublet of a large size; their thin body must have a coat of the Spanish cut; their crooked legs, a *side-slop;* their small shanks, a *bombast* hose, and their dissembling mind, two faces in a hood; to wax with the moon and ebb with the sea; to bear both fire and water, to laugh and weep all with one wind.

Now amongst all this courtly crew, which resorted to the house of Gonsaga, there was a gentleman called Pharicles, a youth of wonderful wit and no less wealth, whom both nature and experience had taught the old proverb as perfect as his *Pater-noster*, He that cannot dissemble cannot live; which sentence is so surely settled in the minds of men, as it may very well be called in question, whether it belong unto them as an inseparable accident, or else is engrafted by nature and so fast bred by the bone as it will never out: for they will have the cloth to be good, though the lining be rotten rags; and a fine dye, though a coarse thread: their words must be as smooth as oil, though their hearts be as rough as a rock; and a smiling countenance in a frowning mind. This Pharicles, I say, fair enough, but not faithful enough,

(a disease in men, I will not say incurable), craving altogether to crop the buds of her outward beauty, and not the fruits of her inward bounty; forced rather by the lust of the body, than enticed by the love of her virtue; thought by the gloze of his painted show to win the substance of her perfect mind, under his side clothes to cover his claws, with the cloak of courtesy to conceal his curiosity. For as the birds cannot be enticed to the trap, but by a *stale* of the same kind, so he knew well enough, that she, whose mind was surely defenced with the rampart of honesty, must of necessity have the onset given by civility. He therefore, framing a sheep's skin for his wolf's back, and putting on a smooth hide over his panther's paunch, used first a great gravity in his apparel, and no less demureness in his countenance and gesture, with such a civil government of his affections, as that he seemed rather to court unto Diana, than vow his service unto Venus. This gentleman being thus set in order, wanted nothing but opportunity to reveal his mind to his new mistress, hoping that if time would minister place and occasion, he would so *reclaim* her with his feigned eloquence, as she should *sease* upon his lure, and so cunningly cloak her with his counterfeit call, as she should come to his fist: for he thought himself not to have on all his armour, unless he had tears at command, sighs, sobs, prayers, protestations, vows, pilgrimages, and a thousand false oaths to bind every promise.

(From *Mamillia.*)

THE CUPBEARER'S DILEMMA: WHETHER TO POISON THE KING'S GUEST, OR TO VEX THE KING

AH, Franion, treason is loved of many, but the traitor hated of all; unjust offences may for a time escape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art servant to a king, and must obey at command; yet, Franion, against law and conscience, it is not good to resist a tyrant with arms, nor to please an unjust king with obedience. What shalt thou do? Folly refused gold, and frenzy preferment; wisdom seeketh after dignity, and counsel keepeth for gain. Egistus is a stranger to thee, and Pandosto thy sovereign: thou hast little cause to respect the one, and oughtest to have great care to obey the other. Think this,

Franion, that a pound of gold is worth a tun of lead, great gifts are little gods, and preferment to a mean man is a whetstone to courage; there is nothing sweeter than promotion, nor lighter than report: care not then though most count thee a traitor, so all call thee rich. Dignity, Franion, advanceth thy posterity, and evil report can but hurt thyself. Know this, where eagles build, falcons may prey; where lions haunt, foxes may steal. Kings are known to command, servants are blameless to consent: fear not thou then to lift at Egistus, Pandosto shall bear the burden. Yea, but, Franion, conscience is a worm that ever biteth, but never ceaseth: that which is rubbed with the stone Galactites will never be hot. Flesh dipped in the Sea Ægeum will never be sweet: the herb Trigion being once bit with an asp, never groweth: and conscience once stained with innocent blood, is always tied to a guilty remorse. Prefer thy content before riches, and a clear mind before dignity: so being poor, thou shalt have rich peace, or else rich, thou shalt enjoy disquiet.

(From *Pandosto, the Triumph of Time.*)

BELLARIA'S BABE

YET at last (seeing his noblemen were importunate upon him) he (Pandosto) was content to spare the child's life, and yet to put it to a worse death. For he found out this device, that seeing (as he thought) it came by fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of Fortune, and therefore caused a little cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the babe, and then send it to the mercies of the seas, and the destinies. From this his peers in no wise could persuade him, but that he sent presently two of his guard to fetch the child: who being come to the prison, and with weeping tears recounting their master's message, Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorous resolution of her merciless husband, but she fell down in a swound, so that all thought she had been dead; yet at last being come to herself, she cried and screeched out in this wise.

"Alas, sweet unfortunate babe, scarce born, before envied by fortune, would the day of thy birth had been the term of thy life: then shouldest thou have made an end to care, and prevented thy father's rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hateful

revenge, thy days are too short for so sharp a doom; but thy untimely death must pay thy mother's debts, and her guiltless crime must be thy ghastly curse. And shalt thou, sweet Babe, be committed to Fortune, when thou art already spited by Fortune? Shall the seas be thy harbour, and the hard boat thy cradle? Shall thy tender mouth, instead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter storms? Shalt thou have the whistling winds for thy lullaby, and the salt sea foam instead of sweet milk? Alas, what destinies would assign such hard hap? What father would be so cruel? Or what gods will not revenge such rigour? Let me kiss thy lips, sweet infant, and wet thy tender cheeks with my tears, and put this chain about thy little neck, that if fortune save thee, it may help to succour thee. Thus, since thou must go to surge in the *gastful* seas, with a sorrowful kiss I bid thee farewell, and I pray the gods thou mayest fare well."

Such, and so great was her grief, that her vital spirits being suppressed with sorrow, she fell again down into a trance, having her senses so *sotted* with care, that after she was revived yet she lost her memory, and lay for a great time without moving, as one in a trance. The guard left her in this perplexity, and carried the child to the king, who, quite devoid of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very shipmen, seeing the sweet countenance of the young babe, began to accuse the king of rigour, and to pity the child's hard fortune: but fear constrained them to that which their nature did abhor; so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few green boughs made a homely cabin to shroud it as they could from wind and weather: having thus trimmed the boat, they tied it to a ship, and so haled it into the main sea, and then cut in sunder the cord; which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little boat so vehemently in the waves, that the shipmen thought it could not continue long without sinking, yea the storm grew so great, that with much labour and peril they got to the shore.

(From the Same.)

AN ARCADIAN WIT-COMBAT

AT the hour appointed, Menaphon [the shepherd of King Democles of Arcadia], Carmela [his sister], and Samela [a ship-wrecked widow from Cyprus], came [to a gathering of shepherds and shepherdesses] when all the rest were ready making merry. As soon as word was brought, that Menaphon came with his new mistress, all the company began to murmur, and every man to prepare his eye for so miraculous an object; but Pesana, a herdsman's daughter of the same parish, that long had loved Menaphon, and he had filled her brows with frowns, her eyes with fury, and her heart with grief: yet coveting in so open an assembly, as well as she could, to hide a pad in the straw, she expected as others did the arrival of her new corrival, who at that instant came with Menaphon into the house. No sooner was she entered the parlour, but her eyes gave such a shine, and her face such a brightness, that they stood gazing on this goddess; and she unacquainted, seeing herself among so many unknown swains, dyed her cheeks with such a vermilion blush, that the country maids themselves fell in love with this fair nymph, and could not blame Menaphon for being over the shoes with such a beautiful creature. Doron jogged Melicertus on the elbow, and so awaked him out of a dream; for he was deeply drowned in the contemplation of her excellency, sending out volleys of sighs in remembrance of his old love, as thus he sate meditating of her favour, how much she resembled her that death had deprived him of: well, her welcome was great of all the company, and for that she was a stranger, they graced her to make her the mistress of the feast. Menaphon, seeing Samela thus honoured, conceived no small content in the advancing of his mistress, being passing jocund and pleasant with the rest of the company, insomuch that every one perceived how the poor swain fed upon the dignities of his mistress' graces. Pesana noting this, began to lower, and Carmela winking upon her fellows, answered her frowns with a smile, which doubled her grief; for women's pains are more pinching if they be girded with a *frump*, than if they be galled with a mischief. Whiles thus there was banding bandying of such looks, as every one imported as much as an *impreso*, Samela, willing to see the fashion of these country young-frowes, cast her eyes abroad, and in viewing every face, at last her eyes glanced on the looks of

Melicertus; whose countenance resembled so unto her dead lord, that as a woman astonished she stood staring on his face, but, ashamed to gaze upon a stranger, she made restraint of her looks, and so taking her eye from one particular object, she sent it abroad to make general survey of their country demeanours. But amidst all this gazing, he that had seen poor Menaphon, how, infected with a jealous fury, he stared each man in the face, fearing their eyes should feed or surfeit on his mistress' beauty; if they glanced, he thought straight they would be rivals in his loves; if they flatly looked, then they were deeply snared in affection; if they once smiled on her, they had received some glance from Samela that made them so malapert; if she laughed, she liked; and at that he began to frown: thus sate poor Menaphon, all dinner-while, pained with a thousand jealous passions, keeping his teeth guarders of his stomach, and his eyes watchful of his loves. But Melicertus, half-impatient of his new conceived thoughts, determined to try how the damsel was brought up, and whether she was as wise as beautiful; he therefore began to break silence thus;—

The orgies which the Bacchanals kept in Thessaly, the feasts which the melancholy Saturnists founded in Danuby, were never so *quatted* with silence, but in their festival days they did frolic amongst themselves with many pleasant parleys: were it not a shame, then, that we of Arcadia, famous for the beauty of our nymphs, and the amorous roundelays of our shepherds, should disgrace Pan's holiday with such melancholy dumps. Courteous country swains, shake off this sobriety; and, seeing we have in our company damsels both beautiful and wise, let us entertain them with prattle, to try our wits, and tire our time. To this they all agreed with a plaudit. Then quoth Melicertus: "By your leave since I was first in motion, I will be first in question, and therefore, new-come shepherdess, first to you!" At this Samela blushed, and he began thus:

"Fair damsel, when Nereus chatted with Juno, he had pardon, in that his prattle came more to pleasure the goddess than to ratify his own presumption. If I, mistress, be overbold, forgive me; I question not to offend, but to set time free from tediousness. Then, gentle shepherdess, tell me: if you should be transformed, from the anger of the gods, into some shape, what creature would you reason to be in form?" Samela, blushing that she was the first that was boarded, yet gathered up her crumbs,

and desirous to shew her pregnant wit (as the wisest women be ever tickled with self love) made him this answer:

"Gentle shepherd, it fits not strangers to be nice, nor maidens too coy, lest the one feel the weight of a scoff, the other the fall of a *frump;* pithy questions are mind's whetstones, and by discoursing in jest, many doubts are deciphered in earnest: therefore you have forestalled me in craving pardon, when you have no need to feel any grant of pardon. Therefore, thus to your question: Daphne, I remember, was turned to a bay-tree, Niobe to a flint, Lampetia and her sisters to flowers, and sundry virgins to sundry shapes according to their merits; but if my wish might serve for a metamorphosis, I would be turned into a sheep." "A sheep, and why so, mistress?" "I reason thus," quoth Samela, "my supposition should be simple, my life quiet, my food the pleasant plains of Arcadia and the wealthy riches of Flora, my drink the cool streams that flow from the concave promontory of this continent; my air should be clear, my walks spacious, my thoughts at ease; and can there none, shepherd, be my better premisses to conclude my reply, than these?" "But have you no other allegations to confirm your resolution?" "Yes sir," quoth she, "and far greater." "Then, the law of our first motion," quoth he, "commands you to repeat them." "Far be it," answered Samela, "that I should not do of free will anything that this pleasant company commands; therefore, thus: were I a sheep, I should be guarded from the folds with jolly swains, such as was Luna's love on the hills of Latmos; their pipes sounding like the melody of Mercury, when he lulled asleep Argus: but more, when the damsels tracing along the plains, should with their eyes like sun's bright beams, draw on looks to gaze on such sparkling planets: then, weary with food, should I lie and look on their beauties, as on the spotted wealth of the richest firmament; I should listen to their sweet lays, more sweet than the sea-borne sirens: thus, feeding on the delicacy of their features, I should like the Tyrian heifer fall in love with Agenor's darling." "Ay, but," quoth Melicertus, "those fair-faced damsels oft draw forth the kindest sheep to the shambles." "And what of that, sir," answered Samela, "would not a sheep, so long fed with beauty, die for love?" "If he die," quoth Pesana, "it is more kindness in beasts than constancy in men: for they die for love, when larks die with leeks."

(From *Menaphon* (*The Resorts of the Shepherds*).)

A PARTHIAN PRAYER

To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities.

If woeful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard-of wretchedness entreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past, and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first begin), thou famous gracer of tragedians, that Greene, who hath said with thee, like the fool in his heart, There is no God, should now give glory unto His greatness: for penetrating is His power, His hand lies heavy upon me, He hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have felt He is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, His gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the Giver? Is it pestilent Machiavellian policy that thou hast studied? O peevish folly! What are his rules but mere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankind! For if *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, hold in those that are able to command, and if it be lawful *fas et nefas* to do anything that is beneficial: only tyrants should possess the earth, and they, striving to exceed in tyranny, should each to other be a slaughter-man; till the mightiest outliving all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age man's life should end. The brother of this diabolical atheism is dead, and in his life had never the felicity he aimed at; but as he began in craft, lived in fear, and ended in despair. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia!* This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Cain; this betrayer of him that gave his life for him, inherited the portion of Judas; this Apostata perished as ill as Julian: and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Look unto me, by him persuaded to that liberty, and thou shalt find it an infernal bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but wilful striving against known truth, exceedeth all the terrors of my soul. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

With thee I join young Juvenal, that biting satirist, that lastly with me together writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee,

be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words: inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast a liberty to reprove all, and none more; for one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; tread on a worm, and it will turn: then blame not scholars vexed with sharp lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproof.

And thou, no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven (as myself) to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave,—those puppets, I mean,—that speak from our mouths,—those antics garnished in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholden,—is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholden,—shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes fac-totum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shakescene* in a country. Oh, that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let those apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions! I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer, and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse: yet, whilst you may, seek you better masters; for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude grooms.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram gentlemen; but let their own works serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants. For other new-comers, I leave them to the mercy of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best minded to despise them; for the rest, it skills not though they make a jest at them.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news; and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths; for from the blasphemer's house a curse shall not depart. Despise

drunkenness, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts. Fly lust, as the deathsman of the soul, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost. Abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears: and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember *Robert Greene*, whom they have so often flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many lighted tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain: these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, which drunkenness put out, which negligence let fall; for man's time of itself is not so short, but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff, and, for want of wherewith to sustain it, there is no substance left for life to feed on. Trust not, then (I beseech ye) to such weak stays; for they are as changeable in mind as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forced to leave where I would begin; for a whole book cannot contain these wrongs, which I am forced to knit up in some few lines of words.

Desirous that you should live, though
himself be dying,
Robert Greene.

(From *A Groat's-worth of Wit.*)

THOMAS NASH

[Thomas Nash or Nashe was the son of a clergyman, and born at Lowestoft in 1567. In his fifteenth or sixteenth year he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, at that time in intellectual activity the foremost college in the university. Here he resided for seven years "lacking a quarter," taking his B.A., but, for some undiscovered reason, not his M.A., degree. In 1589 he was in London, and in print. Very soon afterwards he had become a leader of the Anti-Martinists in the famous Mar-Prelate Controversy, though his share in it has been overstated. Mixed up with this was his private quarrel with Gabriel Harvey, in which Nash took up the cudgels for his dead friend Greene, nor laid them down for seven years. Little is known of his personal life, except that in 1597 he was put in prison on account of some passages in his play, *The Isle of Dogs*. He was busily employed with his pen till his death, which occurred in 1600, or early in 1601.]

WHETHER by chance or otherwise, Nash, by the publication of *The Unfortunate Traveller, or The Life of Jack Wilton* (1594), became the father of the English novel of adventure,—a literary species destined to a long and robust life, and not unlikely to endure so long as English novels are produced for home consumption. Thus, if only by right of this one achievement, Nash holds a very notable place in the history of English prose. Perhaps his story, and its successors in the long line which includes *Roderick Random* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, might be still further differentiated as the novel of *odd* or *mixed* adventure. To this traveller no kind of experience comes amiss or needs an elaborate assimilative process. He is in turn practical joker, poet's confidant (contriving, in this capacity, to mystify a long succession of commentators with his pleasant invention of the legend of Surrey and the Lady Geraldine), and leading actor in scene upon scene of desperate intrigue. Historical celebrities, from Henry VIII. to Martin Luther, help to crowd Nash's canvas, and he is so prolific of incident that we forbear looking very closely after his plot. The style of the story is easy and familiar, although amply

furnished with both Latin quotations and native adages; jests abound, nor are puns wanting; but the guileless author expressly disclaims the intention of personalities. Altogether, his audacity deserved its success, though, being written in the sixteenth century, the book must be set down as a little too long.

Yet it is not by his efforts in the field of the novel, or in the contiguous one of the drama, that Nash is most generally remembered. He is best known by his extraordinary activity and vigour as a writer of pamphlets, not of the sugared kind whereby Greene fascinated his lady and gentlemen readers, but of the more highly-seasoned controversial sort. As such, from the time when he first came before the world with his *Anatomy of Absurdity*, so named in imitation of one of Greene's titles, he was always effective, whether it was the Martinists, or the unspeakable Pembroke don, or any other "Pruritan" foe whom he set himself to make wince, or whether he fared forth as a critic of things in general, like a latter-day weekly journalist. His style as a pamphleteer cannot be called Euphuistic, being altogether devoid of the well-known distinctive marks of cadence, alliteration, and wire-drawn simile. Of course, as a classical scholar hailing from (slightly to alter his own phrase) the most famous and fortunate contemporary seminary of learning, he was in honour bound to adorn his writings liberally with classical phrases and allusions, and his biblical erudition is even more notable. But the gems so profusely introduced into his pages owe much to their setting; nor was Nash's anonymous brother-Johnian far wrong who, shortly after his death, proclaimed on the academical stage that, as to his genius,

> "for a mother-wit,
> Few men have ever seen the like of it."

Nash usually wrote with a definite purpose, and perfectly understood the force of good, strong, argumentative, assertive, or abusive prose. In this sense he proclaimed himself a follower of the Aretine, confessing how little he cared "for the demure, soft *mediocre genus*, that is like water and wine mixed together," and how he preferred "pure wine of itself, that begets good blood and heats the brain thoroughly." Agreeably to the spirited style to which he allowed himself to be inclined, he was fond of using sonorous compounds, and of coining "Italianate" verbs ending in *ize*. But he was, at the same time, gifted with a genuine satiric

vein of the lighter kind; thus the flow of ridicule, for instance, with which in *Have with you to Saffron Walden* he overwhelms Gabriel Harvey's kith and kin, and the earnestness with which he indites an entire mock biography of Gabriel himself, are in their way irresistible. Hence, in *Pierce Penniless' Supplication to the Devil*, his humorous fancy could take a bolder flight and produce one of those odd Elizabethan week-day sermons in which the vices and follies of the age, and its manners and customs at large, are depicted with so much vigour and vivacity, that the character-sketches and descriptive essays of later times, the papers in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* above all, may fairly be said to be foreshadowed in them. Nor would Nash, we may be sure, have any more than Steele or Addison refused to be reckoned after his kind among the moralists; for though the substance of his largest book, entitled *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, proves to be yet another prose satire on London, the solemnity of the induction is incongruous neither in intention, nor, I think, in general effect.

Although Nash was not original enough to anticipate the happy revolution which was to liberate English prose from all its self-imposed fetters, he did good service by his deliberate refusal to imitate the established native models. "*Euphues*," he says, "I read when I was a little ape at Cambridge, and I then thought it was *Ipse ille*; it may be excellent good still, for aught I know, for I looked not on it this ten year. But to imitate it I abhor, otherwise than it imitates Plutarch, Ovid, and the choicest Latin authors." And again: "This I will proudly boast . . . that the vein which I have . . . calls no man father in England but myself —neither Euphues, nor Tarlton, nor Greene."

A. W. WARD.

HOW THE HERRING BECAME KING OF ALL FISHES

So it fell upon a time and tide, though not upon a holiday, a falconer bringing over certain hawks out of Ireland, and airing them above hatches on shipboard, and giving them stones to cast and scour, one of them broke loose from his fist ere he was aware; which being in her kingdom, when she was got upon her wings, and finding herself empty-gorged after her casting, up to heaven she towered to seek prey, but there being no game to please her, down she fluttered to the sea again, and a speckled fish playing above the water, at it she struck, mistaking it for a partridge. A shark or *tuberon* that lay gaping for the flying fish hard by, what did me he, but seeing the mark fall so just in his mouth, chopped aloft, and snapped her up bells and all, at a mouthful. The news of this murderous act carried by the kingfisher to the ears of the land fowls, there was nothing but arm, arm, to sea, to sea, swallow and titmouse; to take chastisement of that trespass of blood and death committed against a peer of their blood royal. Preparation was made, the muster taken, the leaders allotted, and had their bills to take up pay; an old goshawk for general was appointed, for marshall of the field a sparrowhawk, whom for no former desert they put in office, but because it was one of their lineage had sustained that wrong, and they thought would be more implacable in condoling and commiserating. The peacocks, with their spotted coats and affrighting voices, for heralds they picked and enlisted, and the cockadoodling cocks for their trumpeters (look upon any cock, and look upon any trumpeter, and see if he look not as red as a cock after his trumpeting, and a cock as red as he after his crowing). The kestrels or windsuckers that, filling themselves with wind, fly against the wind evermore, for their full-sailed standard-bearers, the cranes for pikemen, and the woodcocks for demi-lances, and so of the rest every one according to

that place by nature he was most apt for. Away to the land's end they trudge, all the sky-bred chirpers of them. When they came there, *æquora nos terrent et ponti tristis imago.* They had wings of goodwill to fly with, but no webs on their feet to swim with: for except the water-fowls had mercy upon them, and stood their faithful confederates and back-friends, on their backs to transport them, they might return home like good fools, and gather straws to build their nests, or fall to their old trade of picking worms. In sum, to the water-fowls unanimately they resort, and besought duck and drake, swan and goose, halcyons and sea-pies, cormorants and seagulls, of their oary assistance and aidful furtherance in this action.

They were not obdurate to be entreated, though they had little cause to revenge the hawks' quarrel from them, having received so many high displeasures, and slaughters, and rapines of their race, yet in a general prosecution private feuds they trod underfoot, and submitted their endeavours to be at their limitation in everything.

The puffin that is half fish, half flesh (a John indifferent, and an *ambodexter* betwixt either) bewrayed this conspiracy to Proteus' herds, or the fraternity of fishes; which the greater giants of Russia and Iceland, as the whale, the sea-horse, the norse, the wasserman, the dolphin, the grampus, fleered and jeered at as a ridiculous danger, but the lesser pigmies and spawn of them, thought it meet to provide for themselves betime, and elect a king amongst them that might *daraine* them to battle, and under whose colours they might march against these birds of a feather, that had so colleagued themselves together to destroy them.

Who this king should be, beshackled their wits, and laid them a dry ground every one. No ravening fish they would put in arms, for fear after he had everted their foes, and fleshed himself in blood, for interchange of diet he would raven up them.

Some politic delegatory Scipio, or witty-pated Petito, like the heir of Laertes, Ulysses (well-known unto them by his prolixious sea-wandering, and dancing on the topless tottering hills) they would single forth, if it might be, whom they might depose when they list, if he should begin to tyrannise, and such a one as of himself were able to make a sound party if all failed, and *bid base* to the enemy with his own kindred and followers.

None won the day in this but the herring, whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with *vive le roi*, God save the King,

God save the King, save only the plaice and the *butte*, that made wry mouths at him, and for their mocking have wry mouths ever since, and the herring ever since wears a coronet on his head, in token that he is as he is. Which had the worst end of the staff in that sea-journey or *cannazado*, or whether some fowler with his nets (as this host of feathermongers were getting up to ride double) involved or entangled them, or the water-fowls played them false (as there is no more love betwixt them than betwixt sailors and land soldiers) and threw them off their backs, and let them drown when they were launched into the deep, I leave to some Alfonsus, Poggius or Æsop to unwrap, for my pen is tired in it: but this is notorious, the herring from that time to this hath gone with an army, and never stirs abroad without it, and when he stirs abroad with it, he sends out his scouts or sentinels before him, that oftentimes are intercepted, and by their parti-coloured liveries descried, whom the mariners after they have took, use in this sort: eight or nine times they swinge them about the mainmast, and bid them bring so many last of herrings as they have swinged them times, and that shall be their ransom, and so throw them into the sea again. King by your leave, for in your kingship I must leave you, and repeat how from white to red you chameleonised.

(From *Lenten Stuff.*)

RELIGIOUS FACTION

A FACTION in a kingdom may well be compared to a spark of fire: it catcheth hold at the first in some obscure corner, in a shop, in a stable, or in a rick of straw, where it lieth covert a little time, but by little and little it gathers strength, till it rear itself up to great houses, palaces, and princes' courts, and at last it rageth and overruns whole cities and countries, without quenching before they be utterly overthrown. In the time of Justinian the Emperor, about the credit and advancement of two colours, Blue and Green, there grew in Constantinople two mighty factions, which made such a head the one against the other, that in one day it cost many thousands of men their lives, and the Emperor himself was brought in great hazard both of his empire and his own person. Upon as light an occasion in the dukedom of Florence, for the two colours of Black and White very pestilent

quarrels began there, and the factions of the *Bianchi* and the *Neri*, breaking forth like a lightning out of the clouds, scoured and wasted the country where they went. These were but little sparks in the rushes, that every man treadeth on, and very trifles at the first, yet you see how foul a cockatrice may be hatcht of so small an egg. If I should rip up the stomachs of some in England, when we consider the brawls, the *garboils*, the tragical exclamations for church-apparel, may we not say that England is fallen into that fanatical faction of Florence, for Black and White? Where had this *brabbler* his first beginning but in some obscure corner, in the tip of the tongue of some blind parlour-preacher in the land, in shops, in stalls, in the tinker's budget, the tailor's shears, and the shepherd's tarbox? I doubt not, Marforius, but it will wither where it sprang, and end where it began, in shame and ignorance. Thou knowest, that the surest prop of all princes is to promote true religion, and to keep it inviolable when it is established, for this is the well-tempered mortar that buildeth up all estates. He that honours Me (saith God), I will honour him. But this chopping and changing of the religion of the land is nothing else, but to pick out the mortar by little and little, that at the next push Martin and his companions might overthrow the state, and make the imperial crown of her majesty kiss the ground.

(From *Pasquil's Return to England.*)

A LATTER-DAY APPEAL

If Christ were now naked and unvisited, naked and unvisited should He be, for none would come near Him. They would rather forswear Him and defy Him, than come within forty foot of Him. In other lands, they have hospitals, whither their infected are transported, presently after they are strucken. They have one hospital for those that have been in the houses with the infected, and are not yet tainted; another for those that are tainted, and have the sores risen on them, but not broken out. A third, for those that both have the sores, and have them broken out on them. We have no provision but mixing hand over head, the sick with the whole. A halfpenny a month to the poor man's box, we count our utter impoverishing. I have heard travellers of credit avouch, that in London is not given the tenth part of

that alms in a week, which in the poorest besieged city of France is given in a day. What, is our religion all avarice and no good works? Because we may not build monasteries, or have masses, dirges, or trentals sung for our souls, are there no deeds of mercy that God hath enjoined us?

Our dogs are fed with the crumbs that fall from our tables. Our Christian brethren are famished for want of the crumbs that fall from our tables. Take it of me, rich men expressly, that it is not your own which you have purchased with your industry: it is part of it the poor's, part your Prince's, part your preacher's. You ought to possess no more than will moderately sustain your house and your family. Christ gave all the victual He had, to those that flocked to hear His sermons. We have no such promise-founded plea at the day of all flesh, as that in Christ's name we have done alms-deeds. How would we with our charity sustain so many mendicant orders of religion as we heretofore have, and as now at this very hour beyond sea are, if we cannot keep and cherish the casual poor amongst us? Never was there a simple liberal reliever of the poor, but prospered in most things he went about. The cause that some of you cannot prosper, is, for you put out so little to interest to the poor.

No thanks-worthy exhibitions, or reasonable pensions, will you contribute to maimed soldiers or poor scholars, as other nations do, but suffer other nations with your discontented poor, to arm themselves against you. Not half the priests that have been sent from them into England had hither been sent, or ever fled hence, if the cramp had not held close your purse-strings. The livings of colleges by you are not increased, but diminished: because those that first raised them had a superstitious intent, none of us ever after will have any Christian charitable intent.

In the days of Solomon, gold and silver bare no price. In these our days (which are the days of Satan), nought but they bear any price. God is despised in comparison of them. Demas forsook Christ for the world; in this our deceasing covetous world, Demas hath more followers than Christ. An old usurer that hath ne'er an heir, rakes up thirty or forty thousand pounds together in a hutch, will not part with a penny, fares miserably, dies suddenly, and leaves those the fruits of his *niggardise*, to them that never thank him.

He that bestoweth anything on a college or hospital, to the world's end shall have his name remembered in daily thanksgiving

to God for him: otherwise he perisheth as the pellitory on the wall, or the weed on the housetop, that groweth only to wither; of all his wealth no good man reaping any benefit, none but cankers, prisons and barred chests live to report he was rich. Those great barred chests he carries on his back to Heaven's gates, and none so burdened is permitted to enter.

Our English curmudgeons have treasure innumerable, but do no good with it All the abbey-lands that were the abstracts from impertinent alms, now scarce afford a meal's meat of alms. A penny bestowed on the poor is abridged out of housekeeping. All must be for their children that spend more than all. More prosperous children should they have, were they more open-handed. The plague of God threatens to shorten both them and their children, because they shorten their hands for the poor. To no cause refer I this present mortality but to *covetise*.

(From *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem.*)

JOHN OF LEYDEN AND HIS CREW

THAT day come, flourishing entered John Leyden the *botcher* into the field, with a scarf made of *lists*, like a bow-case, a cross on his breast like a thread-bottom, a round *twilted* tailor's cushion buckled like a tankard-bearer's device to his shoulders for a target, the pike whereof was a pack needle; a tough prentice's club for his spear, a great brewer's cow on his back for a corslet, and on his head for a helmet a huge high shoe with the bottom turned upward, embossed as full of hobnails as ever it might stick: his men were all base handicrafts, as cobblers, and curriers, and tinkers, whereof some had bars of iron, some hatchets, some cool staves, some dung-forks, some spades, some mattocks, some wood knives, some adzes for their weapons; he that was best provided, had but a piece of a rusty brown-bill bravely fringed with cobwebs to fight for him: perchance here and there you might see a fellow that had a canker-eaten skull on his head, and another that had bent a couple of iron dripping pans armour-wise, to fence his back and his belly; another that had thrust a pair of dry old boots as a breast-plate before his belly of his doublet, because he would not be dangerously hurt: another that had *twilted* his truss full of counters, thinking if the enemy should take him, he would

mistake them for gold, and so save his life for his money. Very devout asses they were, for all they were so *dunstically* set forth, and such as thought they knew as much of God's mind as richer men; why, inspiration was their ordinary familiar, and buzzed in their ears like a bee in a box every hour what news from heaven, hell, and the lands of whipperginnie: displease them who durst, he should have his mittimus to damnation *ex tempore;* they would vaunt there was not a pea's difference twixt them and the Apostles; they were as poor as they, of as base trades as they, and no more inspired than they, and with God there is no respect of persons; only herein may seem some little diversity to lurk, that Peter wore a sword, and they count it flat hell-fire for any man to wear a dagger, nay so grounded and gravelled were they in this opinion, that now when they should come to battle, there ne'er a one of them would bring a blade (no not an onion-blade) about him, to die for it. It was not lawful, said they, for any man to draw the sword but the magistrate, and in fidelity (which I had wellnigh forgot), Jack Leyden, their magistrate, had the image or likeness of a piece of a rusty sword like a lusty lad by his side: now I remember me, it was but a foil neither, and he wore it to show that he should have the foil of his enemies, which might have been an oracle for his two-hand interpretation. *Quid plura*, his battle is pitched: by pitched, I do not mean set in order, for that was far from their order, only as sailors do pitch their apparel to make it storm-proof, so had most of them pitched their patched clothes, to make them impierceable. A nearer way than to be at the charges of armour by half: and in another sort he might be said to have pitched the field, for he had pitched or *set up his rest* whither to fly if they were discomfited. Peace, peace there in the belfry: service begins, upon their knees before they join falls John Leyden and his fraternity very devoutly, they pray, they howl, they expostulate with God to grant them victory, and use such unspeakable vehemence, a man would think them the only well-bent men under heaven; wherein let me dilate a little more gravely than the nature of this history requires, or will be expected of so young a practitioner in divinity: that not those that intermissively cry, Lord open unto us, Lord open unto us, enter first into the kingdom of heaven: that not the greatest professors have the greatest portion in grace, that all is not gold that glisters. When Christ said the kingdom of heaven must suffer violence, He meant not the violence of long babbling prayers to

no purpose, nor the violence of tedious invective sermons without wit, but the violence of faith, the violence of good works, the violence of patient suffering. The ignorant arise and snatch the kingdom of heaven to themselves with greediness, when we with all our learning sink down into hell.

(From *The Unfortunate Traveller.*)

SURREY'S KNIGHT-ERRANTRY

AH, quoth he, my little Page, full little canst thou perceive how far metamorphosed I am from myself, since I last saw thee. There is a little god called Love, that will not be worshipped of any leaden brains; one that proclaims himself sole king and emperor of piercing eyes, and chief sovereign of soft hearts: he it is that exercising his empire in my eyes, hath exorcised and clean conjured me from my content. Thou knowest stately Geraldine, too stately I fear for me to do homage to her statue or shrine: she it is that is come out of Italy to bewitch all the wise men of England; upon Queen Katharine Dowager she waits, that hath a dowry of beauty sufficient to make her wooed of the greatest kings in christendom. Her high exalted sunbeams have set the phœnix-nest of my breast on fire, and I myself have brought Arabian spiceries of sweet passions and praises, to furnish out the funeral flame of my folly. Those who were condemned to be smothered to death by sinking down into the soft bottom of an high-built bed of roses, never died so sweet a death as I should die, if her rose-coloured disdain were my deathsman. Oh thrice imperial Hampton Court, Cupid's enchanted castle, the place where I first saw the perfect omnipotence of the Almighty expressed in mortality, 'tis thou alone that, tithing all other men solace in thy pleasant situation, affordest me nothing but an excellent-begotten sorrow out of the chief treasure of all thy recreations.

Dear Wilton, understand that there it was where I first set eye on my more than celestial Geraldine. Seeing her, I admired her; all the whole receptacle of my sight was inhabited with her rare worth. Long suit and incessant protestations got me the grace to be entertained. Did never unloving servant so prentice-like obey his never-pleased mistress as I did her. My life, my

wealth, my friends, had all their destiny depending on her command. Upon a time I was determined to travel; the fame of Italy, and an especial affection I had unto poetry, my second mistress, for which Italy was so famous, had wholly ravished me unto it. There was no dehortment from it, but needs thither I would; wherefore coming to my mistress as she was then walking with other ladies of estate in paradise at Hampton Court, I most humbly besought her of favour, that she would give me so much gracious leave to absent myself from her service, as to travel a year or two into Italy. She very discreetly answered me, that if my love were so hot as I had often avouched, I did very well to apply the plaister of absence unto it, for absence, as they say, causeth forgetfulness; yet "nevertheless since it is Italy, my native country, you are so desirous to see, I am the more willing to make my will yours. *I, pete Italiam;* go and seek Italy with Æneas, but be more true than Æneas; I hope that kind wit-cherishing climate will work no change in so witty a breast. No country of mine shall it be more, if it conspire with thee in any new love against me. One charge I will give thee, and let it be rather a request than a charge: when thou comest to Florence (the fair city from whence I fetched the pride of my birth), by an open challenge defend my beauty against all comers.

"Thou hast that honourable carriage in arms, that it shall be no discredit for me to bequeath all the glory of my beauty to thy well-governed arm. Fain would I be known where I was born; fain would I have thee known where fame sits in her chiefest theatre. Farewell, forget me not, continued deserts will eternise me unto thee, thy full wishes shall be expired when thy travel shall be once ended."

Here did tears step out before words, and intercepted the course of my kind-conceived speech, even as wind is allayed with rain; with heart-scalding sighs I confirmed her parting request, and vowed myself hers while living heat allowed me to be mine own: *Hinc illae lacrimae*, hence proceedeth the whole cause of my peregrination.

(From the same.)

SAMUEL DANIEL

[Samuel Daniel's modest and uneventful life belongs to the biographical history rather of English poetry than of English prose. He was born somewhere near Taunton, in 1562. He entered Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1579, and he died at Beckington, in his native county, where he had a small estate, in 1619. Part of his life was spent in travel (to Italy, as usual) and in acting as tutor to the noble families of Clifford, Herbert, and others, part in a retired house in Old Street, London, where he saw good literary company. The strong historical and philosophical complexion of his poems only concerns us here as it is reflected in his prose works. The principal of these in point of bulk, was a History of England, the first part of which, reaching to the reign of Stephen, was published in 1611. It was subsequently extended to the reign of Edward III., and was (it would seem unjustly) attributed, in part at least, to Raleigh. As not much space is here available for Daniel, it has not seemed necessary to draw on this, an avowed compilation, and not distinguishable in any point of style from the short but really remarkable *Defence of Rhyme*, which preceded it in publication by nine years, and which constitutes Daniel's real title to rank as an English prose writer.]

DANIEL'S *Defence of Rhyme* is both in substance and form one of the most interesting critical tracts in the language. It is very short, not perhaps in all exceeding five or six times the bulk of the extracts here given ; and it is not altogether skilfully arranged, for it does not end with the fine passage which closes our extracts, but with an awkward and rather flat postscript. But it is an excellent example of reasoned enthusiasm, prevailing over a delusion which had beset men of far greater genius than Daniel's before him, and was not to be without a hold on men of far greater genius after him. The fallacies which worked even on Spenser, even on Milton, fell harmless—it cannot be said from Daniel's ignorance, it cannot be said from his stupidity, but from his combination of enthusiasm with plain good sense, of acquired scholarship with natural critical power. It is also noticeable with what courtesy, in glaring contrast to the habits of the time, he treats his opponent, Thomas Campion, who, himself

an accomplished, and at his best an exquisite poet in rhyme, had in his *Observations in the Art of English Poesy* endeavoured to inculcate the pestilent heresy of English sapphics and the like. I do not think it fanciful to connect with this sound sense of Daniel's the simplicity of his style, which seemed to the eighteenth century positively "modern"; and which, perhaps, has only lost some of this modernness to us because we have revived or invented tricks to take the place of the tricks used by some of Daniel's contemporaries. He is neither flat nor dull; the preface and the closing sentences of the last extract will amply free him from either reproach. But he is eminently simple, and some slight changes in punctuation would make him simpler still. It may be that gratitude to him for his good deeds—inasmuch as he certainly deserves the "crown of grass" for delivering English poetry from a really dangerous siege—may a little, in "worthy lovers," if not in "learned professors" of rhyme, affect the estimate of his formal merit: but I do not think so. In all the best qualities of prose—sobriety, lucidity, proportion—he is eminent among his fellows.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

A DEFENCE OF RHYME

To all the Worthy Lovers and Learned Professors of Rhyme within His Majesty's Dominions

Worthy Gentlemen—About a year since, upon the great reproach given the professors of rhyme, and the use thereof, I wrote a private letter, as a defence of my own undertakings in that kind, to a learned gentleman, a friend of mine, then in court. Which I did, rather to confirm myself in mine own courses, and to hold him from being won from us, than with any desire to publish the same to the world.

But now, seeing the times to promise a more regard to the present condition of our writings, in respect of our sovereign's happy inclination this way: whereby we are rather to expect an encouragement to go on with what we do, than that any innovation should check us, with a show of what it would do in another kind, and yet do nothing but deprave: I have now given a greater body to the same argument; and here present it to your view, under the patronage of a noble earl, who in blood and nature is interested to take our part in this cause, with others who cannot, I know, but hold dear the monuments that have been left unto the world in this manner of composition; and who, I trust, will take in good part this my defence, if not as it is my particular, yet in respect of the cause I undertake, which I here invoke you all to protect.

THE LIMITS OF AUTHORITY

Methinks we should not so soon yield up our consents captive to the authority of antiquity, unless we saw more reason; all our understandings are not to be built by the square of Greece and Italy. We are the children of nature as well as they, we are not

so placed out of the way of judgment, but that the same sun of discretion shineth upon us; we have our portion of the same virtues as well as of the same vices, *et Catilinam quocunque in populo videas, quocunque sub axe.* Time and the turn of things bring about these faculties according to the present estimation; and, *res temporibus non tempora rebus servire oportet.* So that we must never rebel against use; *quem penes arbitrium est, et ius et norma loquendi.* It is not the observing of trochaics nor their iambics, that will make our writings aught the wiser; all their poesy, and all their philosophy is nothing, unless we bring the discerning light of conceit with us to apply it to use. It is not books, but only that great book of the world, and the all over-spreading grace of Heaven that makes men truly judicial. Nor can it but touch of arrogant ignorance, to hold this or that nation barbarous, these or those times gross, considering how this manifold creature man, wheresoever he stand in the world, hath always some disposition of worth, entertains the order of society, affects that which is most in use, and is eminent in some one thing or other that fits his humour and the times. The Grecians held all other nations barbarous but themselves; yet Pyrrhus, when he saw the well-ordered marching of the Romans, which made them see their presumptuous error, could say it was no barbarous manner of proceeding. The Goths, Vandals, and Longobards, whose coming down like an inundation overwhelmed, as they say, all the glory of learning in Europe, have yet left us still their laws and customs, as the originals of most of the provincial constitutions of Christendom; which well considered with their other courses of government, may serve to clear them from this imputation of ignorance. And though the vanquished never speak well of the conqueror, yet even through the unsound coverings of malediction appear those monuments of truth, as argue well their worth, and prove them not without judgment, though without Greek and Latin.

LET US BE TRUE TO OURSELVES

LET us go no further, but look upon the wonderful architecture of this state of England, and see whether they were deformed times that could give it such a form. Where there is no one the least pillar of majesty, but was set with most profound judgment, and

borne up with the just conveniency of prince and people. No court of justice, but laid by the rule and square of nature, and the best of the best commonwealths that ever were in the world; so strong and substantial as it hath stood against all the storms of factions, both of belief and ambition, which so powerfully beat upon it, and all the tempestuous alterations of humorous times whatsoever; being continually, in all ages, furnished with spirits fit to maintain the majesty of her own greatness, and to match in an equal concurrency all other kingdoms round about her with whom it had to encounter.

But this innovation, like a viper, must ever make way into the world's opinion, through the bowels of her own breeding, and is always born with reproach in her mouth; the disgracing others is the best grace it can put on, to win reputation of wit, and yet it is never so wise as it would seem, nor doth the world ever get so much by it as it imagineth; which being so often deceived, and seeing it never performs so much as it promises, methinks men should never give more credit unto it: for, let us change never so often, we cannot change man, our imperfections must still run on with us, and therefore the wiser nations have taught men always to use *moribus legibusque præsentibus etiam si deteriores sint.* The Lacedemonians, when a musician, thinking to win himself credit by his new invention, and be before his fellows, had added one string more to his crowd, brake his fiddle, and banished him the city, holding the innovator, though in the least things, dangerous to a public society. It is but a fantastic giddiness to forsake the way of other men, especially where it lies tolerable: *Ubi nunc est respublica, ibi simus potius quam, dum illam veterem sequimur, simus in nulla.*

But shall we not tend to perfection? Yes, and that ever best by going on in the course we are in, where we have advantage, being so far onward, of him that is but now setting forth; for we shall never proceed, if we be ever beginning, nor arrive at any certain port, sailing with all winds that blow, *non convalescit planta quæ sæpius transfertur*, and therefore let us hold on in the course we have undertaken, and not still be wandering. Perfection is not the portion of man; and if it were, why may we not as well get to it this way as another? And suspect these great undertakers, lest they have conspired with envy to betray our proceedings, and put us by the honour of our attempts, with casting us back upon another course, of purpose to overthrow the whole action of glory,

when we lay the fairest for it, and were so near our hopes. I thank God, that I am none of these great scholars, if thus their high knowledges do but give them more eyes to look out into uncertainty and confusion, accounting myself rather beholding to my ignorance, that hath set me in so low an under-room of conceit with other men, and hath given me as much distrust as it hath done hope, daring not adventure to go alone, but plodding on the plain tract I find beaten by custom and the time, contenting me with what I see in use.

And surely methinks these great wits should rather seek to adorn, than to disgrace the present, bring something to it, without taking from it what it hath; but it is ever the misfortune of learning, to be wounded by her own hand. *Stimulos dat æmula virtus;* and when there is not ability to match what is, malice will find out engines, either to disgrace or ruin it, with a perverse encounter of some new impression; and, which is the greatest misery, it must ever proceed from the powers of the best reputation, as if the greatest spirits were ordained to endanger the world, as the gross are to dishonour it; and that we were to expect *ab optimis periculum, a pessimis dedecus publicum.* Emulation, the strongest pulse that beats in high minds, is oftentimes a wind, but of the worst effect; for whilst the soul comes disappointed of the object it wrought on, it presently forges another, and even cozens itself, and crosses all the world, rather than it will stay to be under her desires, falling out with all it hath, to flatter and make fair that which it would have.

THOMAS DEKKER

[Nothing, or next to nothing, is known of Dekker's life. From a vague reference of his own it would seem that he was born about the sixth or seventh decade of the sixteenth century. He was married before 1594—if indeed the register on which this inference is grounded refers to him. He had pretty certainly begun to write for the stage some years before 1600: and he seems to have been alive as late as 1637. But scarcely a figure in the whole shadowy Elizabethan calendar is more shadowy than his. His works in prose, verse, and drama, with their dates in some cases, are almost the only certain things we know about him. Of the first division—the only one which concerns us here—the chief are *The Wonderful Year* and *A Bachelor's Banquet*, both belonging to the year 1603, and a series of pamphlets (mostly similar to the "cony-catching" pieces of Greene) which range from 1606 to 1609. Among these rank *The Seven Deadly Sins of London*, *News from Hell*, *The Gull's Hornbook* (the best known of all), *The Bellman of London*, *Lanthorne and Candle Light*, *The Dead Term* (long vacation), *Work for Armourers*, and *The Raven's Almanack*. *The Four Birds of Noah's Ark*, a devotional work, dates from 1613. It would appear that Dekker's later years were entirely devoted to the stage—at least we have no prose extant that seems to date from them.]

THE prose works of Dekker belong to a very curious division of English literature which has never since its own day been widely read, and which is not very easy to characterise briefly to those who have not read it. This division consists of those pamphlets in the reigns of Elizabeth and James which were not devoted to polemical or didactic purposes, and which obviously aimed at little or nothing more than providing amusement. Comparatively rare as examples of it are now, it must have had a considerable circulation at the time, for it was almost entirely the work of men who lived by their pens, and who would evidently have written something else if this had not brought them in money. Its two chief subdivisions were the Euphuist romance, and an odd kind of olio or miscellany of satire, moral reflection, and scraps from books, attempts to pourtray the ways and habits of the lower and looser London society of the time. It is impossible to tell how

far this kind of picture of manners, to the class of which Dekker's prose work chiefly belongs, is a genuine reproduction of fact, and how far it is "made up" for literary purposes. Sketches of Bohemia by Bohemians always have something factitious and suspicious about them, and perhaps this is not, in Dekker's case, lessened by the fact that some of his work in this kind is translation or adaptation—as of *The Gull's Hornbook* from Dedekind's *Grobianus*, and of the *Bachelor's Banquet*, from the famous French satire of the *Quinze Joies du Mariage*. Yet there is much freshness and apparent fidelity in the details, despite the reminiscences of books that constantly occur.

Dekker has few obvious idiosyncrasies or mannerisms of style. It does not seem that he was a university man, and he is less prodigal of scraps of learning and tags of Latin than his academic contemporaries, though his work is not absolutely lacking in such things. The Euphuist simile and the abuse of alliteration, which abound in some of his earlier fellows, are also by no means prominent in him. Contrariwise, his prose has much of the simple and natural grace which is perceptible in the best parts of his plays, and it sometimes seems rather wasted on the ephemeral and barren fashion of composition which, as a hack writer, he probably had no choice but to adopt.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CITY HUNTING

THIS ferret hunting hath his seasons as other games have, and is followed at such a time of year, when the gentry of our kingdom, by riots, having chased themselves out of the fair revenues and large possession left to them by their ancestors, are forced to hide their heads like conies, in little caves and in unfrequented places: or else being almost windless, by running after sensual pleasures too fiercely, they are glad (for keeping themselves in breath so long as they can) to fall to ferret hunting, that is to say, to take up commodities.

No warrant can be granted for a buck in this forest, but it must pass under these five hands.

1. He that hunts up and down to find game, is called the *tumbler.*
2. The commodities that are taken up are called *purse-nets.*
3. The citizen that sells them is the ferret.
4. They that take up are the rabbit-suckers.
5. He upon whose credit these rabbit-suckers run, is called the warren.

HOW THE WARREN IS MADE

AFTER a rain, conies use to come out of their holes and to sit nibbling on weeds or anything in the cool of the evening, and after a revelling when younger brothers have spent all, or in gaming have lost all, they sit plotting in their chambers with necessity how to be furnished presently with a new supply of money. They will take up any commodity whatsoever, but their names stand in too many texted letters already in mercers' and scriveners' books: upon a hundred pounds worth of roasted beef they could find in

their hearts to venture, for that would away in turning of a hand: but where shall they find a butcher or a cook that will let any man run so much upon the score for flesh only?

Suppose therefore that four of such loose-fortuned gallants were tied in one knot, and knew not how to fasten themselves upon some wealthy citizen. At the length it runs into their heads that such a young novice (who daily serves to fill up their company) was never entangled in any city lime-bush: they know his present means to be good, and those to come to be great: him therefore they lay upon the anvil of their wits, till they have wrought him like wax, for himself as well as for them: to do anything in wax, or indeed till they have won him to slide upon this ice, (because he knows not the danger) is he easily drawn: for he considers within himself that they are all gentlemen well descended, they have rich fathers, they wear good clothes, have been gallant spenders, and do now and then (still) let it fly freely: he is to venture upon no more rocks than all they, what then should he fear? he therefore resolves to do it, and the rather because his own exhibition runs low, and that there lack a great many weeks to the quarter day; at which time he shall be refurnished from his father.

The match being agreed upon, one of them that has been an old ferret-monger, and knows all the tricks of such hunting seeks out a *tumbler*, that is to say a fellow, who beats the bush for them till they catch the birds, he himself being contented (as he protests and swears) only with a few feathers.

THE TUMBLER'S HUNTING DRY-FOOT

THIS tumbler being let loose runs snuffing up and down close to the ground, in the shops either of mercers, goldsmiths, drapers, haberdashers, or of any other trade, where he thinks he may meet with a ferret: and though upon his very first course he can find his game, yet to make his gallants more hungry, and to think he wearies himself in hunting the more, he comes to them sweating and swearing that the city ferrets are so *coaped* (that is to say, have their lips stitched up so close) that he can hardly get them open to so great a sum as five hundred pounds which they desire.

This herb being chewed down by the rabbit-suckers almost kills their hearts, and is worse to them than nabbing on the necks to conies. They bid him if he cannot fasten his teeth upon plate or cloth, or silks, to lay hold on brown paper or tobacco, Bartholomew babies, lute-strings, or hob-nails, or two hundred pounds in Saint Thomas onions, and the rest in money; the onions they could get wenches enough to cry and sell them by the rope, and what remains should serve them with mutton. Upon this, their tumbler trots up and down again, and at last lighting on a citizen that will deal, the names are received, and delivered to a scrivener, who enquiring whether they be good men and true that are to pass upon the life and death of five hundred pounds, finds that four of the five are wind-shaken, and ready to fall into the Lord's hands. Marry the fifth man is an oak and there is hope that he cannot be hewed down in haste. Upon him therefore the citizen builds so much as comes to five hundred pounds, yet takes in the other four to make them serve as scaffolding, till the farm be furnished, and if then it hold, he cares not greatly who takes them down. In all haste are the bonds sealed, and the commodities delivered. And then does the tumbler fetch his second career, and that's this.

THE TUMBLER'S HUNTING COUNTER

THE wares which they fished for being in the hand of the five sharers, do now more trouble their wits how to turn those wares into ready money, than before they were troubled to turn their credits into wares. The tree being once more to be shaken, they know it must lose fruit, and therefore their factor must barter away their merchandise, though it be with loss: abroad is into the city: he sails for that purpose, and deals with him that sold, to buy his own commodities again for ready money. He will not do it under £30 loss in the hundred: other archers' bows are tried at the same mark, but all keep much about one scantling: back therefore comes their carrier with this news, that no man will disburse so much present money upon any wares whatsoever. Only he met by good fortune with one friend (and that friend is himself) who for £10 will procure them a chapman: marry, that chapman will not buy unless he may have them at £30 loss in the

hundred. Fuh, cry all the sharers, a plague on these fox-furred curmudgeons, give that fellow, your friend, £10 for his pains, and fetch the rest of his money. Within an hour after, it is brought and poured down in one heap upon a tavern table; where making a goodly show as if it could never be spent, all of them consult what fee the tumbler is to have for hunting so well, and conclude that less than £10 they cannot give him, which £10 is the first money told out. Now let us cast up: in every hundred pounds is lost thirty which being five times £30 makes £150: that sum the ferret puts up clear besides his over-pricing the wares; unto which £150 lost, add £10 more, which the tumbler gulls them of, and other £10 which he hath for his voyage, all which makes £170; which deducted from £500 there remaineth only £330 to be divided amongst five, so that every one of the partners shall have but £66. Yet this they all put up merrily, washing down their losses with sack and sugar, whereof they drink that night profoundly.

(From *Lanthorne and Candle Light.*)

THE DOVE

THE dove was the first bird that being sent out of Noah his ark, brought comfort to Noah: so prayer being sent out of the ark of our bodies, is the only and first bringer of comfort to us from Heaven. The dove went out twice ere it could find an olive branch (which was the ensign of peace): so our prayers must fly up again and again, and never leave beating at the doors of Heaven, till they fetch from thence the olive branch of God's mercy, in sign that we are at peace with Him, and that He hath pardoned our sins. The dove no sooner brought that bough of good tidings into the ark, but the universal flood fell, and sunk into the bowels of the deep: so no sooner do our hearty prayers pierce the bosom of the Lord Almighty, but the waters of His indignation shrink away, melting to nothing like hills of snow, and the universal deluge of sin that floweth forty days and nights together (that is to say, every hour, or all our life time) to drown both soul and body, is driven back, and ebbs into the bottomless gulf of hell. The dove is said to be without gall: our prayers must be without bitterness, and not to the hurt of our neighbour (for such prayers are curses) lest we pull down vengeance on our

heads. Such was the dove that Noah sent out of the ark; with such wings let our prayers carry up our messages to Heaven.

(From *Four Birds of Noah's Ark.*)

THE PELICAN

THE third bird that I call out of Noah's ark, is the pelican. The nature of the pelican is to peck her own bosom, and with the drops of her blood to feed her young ones; so in our prayers we must (in the love that we bear to God) beat at our breasts till (with the bleeding drops of a contrite and repentant heart) we have fed our souls with the nourishment of everlasting life. The pelican is content to yield up her own life to save others: so in our prayers, we must be willing to yield up all the pleasures of the world, and to kill all the desires of the body for the preservation of the soul. As Christ therefore suffered abuses before His death, and agonies at the time of His death (both of them being to the number principally of ten) so (because our pelican is a figure of Him in His passion) doth this third bird take ten flights; at every flight her wings bearing up a prayer, to defend us from those sins for which Christ died. The abuses and agonies which Christ put up and suffered (being in number ten) are these: First, the betraying of Him by one of His own servants: Secondly, the buffeting of Him, and scourging Him in the open hall by His own nation: Thirdly, His arraignment and condemnation, when nothing could be proved against Him: Fourthly, the compelling of Him to carry His own cross, when already He had undertaken to carry on His back all our sins: Fifthly, the nailing of Him to the tree of shame: Sixthly, the crowning of Him in scorn, with a crown of thorns: Seventhly, the hanging of two common thieves in His company: Eighthly, the giving of vinegar and gall to Him when He was thirsty: Ninthly, the sorrows of hell, which He felt when in the unspeakable anguish of His soul He was forced to cry, *Eli, Eli, Lama Sabacthani.* And lastly, the piercing of His glorious side with a spear. These are the ten wings with which Christ (our pelican) flew to His death. Now cast up your eyes and behold, and listen with your ears and hear, what ten notes our pelican maketh coming out of Noah's ark.

(From the Same.)

THE PHŒNIX

THE fourth and last bird which you are to behold, flying out of Noah's ark, is the Phœnix. The phœnix of all other birds liveth to the longest age: so must our prayers fly up in bright flames all the days of our life: we must be petitioners even to the hour and last minute of our breath. The phœnix hath the goodliest feathers in the world, and prayers are the most beautiful wings by which we may mount into heaven. There is but one phœnix upon earth, as there is but one tune, in which God delighteth, and that is the prayer of a sinner. When the phœnix knoweth she must die, she buildeth a nest of all the sweetest spices and there looking stedfastly on the sun, she beateth her wings in his hottest beams, and between them kindleth a fire among those sweet spices, and so burneth herself to death. So when we desire to die to the vanities of the world, we must build up a nest, and fill it with faithful sighs, groans, tears, fasting and prayer, sackcloth and ashes (all which in the nostrils of the Lord are sweet spices) and then fixing our eyes upon the cross where the glorious Son of God paid the ransom of our sins, we must not cease till with the wings of faith and repentance, we have kindled His mercy, and in that sweet flame have all our fleshly corruptions consumed and purified. Out of those dead ashes of the phœnix doth a new phœnix arise. And even so out of the ashes of that one repentance, shall we be regenerate and born anew.

(From the Same.)

WILLIAM CLOWES

[William Clowes was born in 1540, and after apprenticeship to George Keble, a London surgeon, became a member of the Barber-Surgeons' Company. He was surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital from 1575 to 1585, and afterwards served with the army abroad, and was in the field when Sir Philip Sidney was wounded. Before settling in practice he had been some years in the navy, and in 1588 he again went to sea in the fleet which defeated the Armada. He became surgeon to Queen Elizabeth, and after a life of constant activity, died at Plaistow in 1604.]

SEVERAL of the London surgeons of Queen Elizabeth's reign were copious writers, and often began their books by an apology for writing in the vernacular. Their style is often pedantic, and their works without literary merit. William Clowes is in every way superior to his surgical contemporaries. His writings are those of a man without academic training, who knew some Latin, a little French, and no Greek, but who was a master of everyday English expression. He tells many stories, and his works deserve to be read by historians for the light which they throw upon domestic life in London in the reign of Elizabeth. His best works are *A Prooved Practise for all young Chirurgians concerning Burning with Gunpowder* (1591), and *A right frutefull and approved Treatise for the Artificiall Cure of the Struma or Evill* (1602). Clowes is sometimes too long, but is rarely obscure, and generally racy. He is as full of proverbs as Sancho Panza, and has them for all occasions. He was an accurate observer, and the conclusions drawn from his observations are often supported by well reasoned arguments.

NORMAN MOORE.

THE BOASTING OF A QUACK

THEN riseth out of his chair, fleering and jeering, this miraculous surgeon, gloriously glittering like the man in the moon, with his bracelets about his arms, therein many precious jewels and stones of Saint Vincent his rocks, his fingers full of rings, a silver case with instruments hanging at his girdle, and a gilt *spatula* sticking in his hat, with a rose and a crown fixed on the same, standing upon his comparisons, and said unto me that he would open the wound, and if it were before my face: for (said he) my business lieth not in London, but abroad in the country, and with such persons that I cannot nor will not tarry for you nor for no other whatsoever. And now here he did begin to brag and boast as though all the keys of knowledge did hang at his girdle. For he said he had attained unto the deep knowledge of the making of a certain quintessence which he learned beyond the seas of his master one Bornelious, a great magician. This shameless beast letted not to say that if a man did drink of his quintessence continually every day a certain quantity, the virtue thereof was such that a man should not die before the day of the great Judgement, and that it would preserve in that state he was in at thirty years of age, and in the same strength and force of will although a man were a hundred or six score years of age. Moreover his plaister was answerable unto this, and forsooth he called it the only plaister of the world, and that he attained unto it by his great travail, cost, and charge, and that it was first sent from God by an angel unto a red hill in Almayne, where was in times past a holy man which wrought great marvels only with this plaister, and he never used any other medicine but only this. His precious balm or oil he said no man had, but only he, and that it was as rare a thing to be had or found, as to see a black swan or a winter swallow, and he called it the secret of the world, which is his common vaunting phrase; but God knows the medicines

were no such things, but only shadowed under the vizard of deceit, and a bait to steal fame and credit and to catch or scrape up money or ware, for all is fish that cometh unto his net. Then this gaudy fellow with his peerless speeches said that he had done more good cures with his said quintessence, his only plaister and his precious balm than any one surgeon in England had done or could do with all the best medicines and remedies they have. And moreover said that he had spoken nothing but that which he would stand to and prove it. And that he did know that it was not necessary for us common surgeons (as it pleased the bragger to call us) to use such a number of medicines as we do.

(From a *Prooved Practise for all young Chirurgeons.*)

A BRAGGART'S FATE

NOTWITHSTANDING, it is a true saying: It is an ill wind that bloweth no man good; I mean, happy is he that cometh in the declination and ending of a cure: and so I let him alone with his humours, sith my reasons were not of force to persuade him: howbeit, in conclusion he used me very kindly, and willed me to go abroad with him, to see his rivers, wherein were many goodly trouts and other fine fishes, and after shewed me his mighty high woods, and a number of heronshew-nests. But truly, I took as much pleasure at the sight thereof, as Jack-an-apes doth when he hath a whip at his tail. After all these sights, he returned to his house, and by the way he said, Master Clowes, I will hold you no longer with me, but I will send you with my men to London, for I must confess I have stayed you longer time than I meant to have done: and in conclusion, he gave me 20 pound, and promised me to rest my assured good friend during his life. But to conclude, I note his unfortunate end, whereby it presaged he was born under some unlucky planet or Crosse day. For within few years after, he took occasion to ride abroad, as at many other times he used to do, but in returning home to his own house, it was said, he entering into a lane, and attempting to open a great gate, suddenly his horse started aside, and fled away, whereby the gentleman fell from his horse unto the ground, and there suddenly brake his own neck. So his horse ran home, and he being left

behind, the servants went and sought for him, and found him stark dead, and his neck broke. Thus far of the end of the master, now to the end of his man, which he appointed to be Master Story's guide, the only phœnix, whom he dearly loved, but not for his good conditions. Within a year after his master came to his untimely death, (whose end was only to God foreknown and prefixed) this swaggering fellow did suddenly grow into great misery, and so upon a time he came to London, and there I saw him. Presently he crave of me some relief, for he said, for want of service he was brought into great poverty. Indeed I must confess I had small devotion unto him, but yet I gave him somewhat to be rid of his company: thus he went his ways, saying he did hope it would be better or worse with him shortly. Indeed it was reported that not long after, he did consort with a crew of his old companions, and they together immediately robbed certain clothiers of the west country, and being all taken, were at the assizes hanged on the gallows at Ailesbury or thereabouts, for the said fact. Thus (friendly readers) you have heard (as it were) the tragical history of the foresaid gentleman and his man. The cause which hath moved me to publish the same is, to forewarn all young practisers of this faculty of chirurgery, being indeed truly called *filius artis*, to beware and take heed how they go, and where and with whom they go, especially into strange and unknown places, and unto men of such extraordinary and strange qualities, which make but a jest and pastime at the abusing of any man, be he of never so much worth, honesty, skill in his profession.

(From *A right fruitful and approved Treatise.*)

DR TIMOTHY BRIGHT

[Dr. Timothy Bright was born in 1551, and at the age of eleven entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1568. He studied afterwards in Paris, and on St. Bartholomew's Day 1572 took refuge in the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, where he met Sir Philip Sidney. He was physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, from 1586 to 1590, and lived in the Hospital. He then took orders, and was presented by Queen Elizabeth to the rectory of Methley in 1591, and afterwards to that of Berwick in Elmet, both in Yorkshire. He died in 1615.]

DR. TIMOTHY BRIGHT is most famous as the inventor of modern shorthand, and described his system in a small book, *Characterie: an Arte of Shorte, Swift, and Secret Writing by Character*, published in London in 1588. The copy in the Bodleian Library is the only one which is known to have survived to our times. In Latin he wrote (1584) a reply to Scribonius, *In Physicam*, which is one of the earliest productions of the Cambridge University Press; *Animadversiones de Traduce* (1590); and two medical treatises, *Hygieina* (1581) and *Therapeutica* (1583). His English works are an abridgement of *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* (1581), and *A Treatise of Melancholie*, "containing the causes thereof, and reasons of the strange effects it worketh in our minds and bodies, with the phisicke, cure, and spirituall consolation for such as have thereto adjoyned an afflicted conscience" (1586). This book is sometimes said to have suggested to Burton his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, but elaborate disquisitions on melancholy are to be found in many earlier medical writers, and there is no real resemblance between the treatises of Burton and of Bright. His style is less colloquial than that of the London surgeon, Clowes, who was his contemporary; while he shows less knowledge of Greek, and uses more long words than his Cambridge predecessor as a medical writer in English, Dr. Christopher Langton. He is never so pithy as More, is often prolix, and sometimes involved. Though he had graduated in medicine, he was not much more of a physician than Sir Thomas Elyot, who was merely a reader of medical books.

NORMAN MOORE.

HOW THE SOUL BY ONE SIMPLE FACULTY PERFORMETH SO MANY AND DIVERS ACTIONS

THUS have you these parts, and organical uses distinct: and if it seem yet difficult unto you, to conceive, how one simple faculty can discharge such multiplicity of actions, weigh with me a little, by a comparison of similitude, the truth of this point, and accordingly accept it. We see it evident in automatical instruments, as clocks, watches, and larums, how one right and straight motion, through the aptness of the first wheel, not only causeth circular motion in the same, but in divers others also: and not only so, but distinct in pace, and rhythm of motion: some wheels passing swifter than other some, by diverse races: now to these devices, some other instrument added, as hammer and bell, not only another right motion springeth thereof, as the stroke of the hammer, but sound oft repeated, and delivered at certain times by equal pauses, and that either larum or hours, according as the parts of the clock are framed. To these if yet moreover a directory hand be added, this first, and simple, and right motion, by weight or strain, shall seem not only to be author of deliberate sound, and to counterfeit voice, but also to point with the finger as much as it hath declared by sound. Besides these we see yet a third motion with reciprocation in the balance of the clock. So many actions diverse in kind rise from one simple first motion, by reason of variety of joints in one engine. If to these you add what wit can devise, you may find all the motion of Heaven with his planets counterfeited, in a small model with distinction of time and season, as in the course of the heavenly bodies. And this appeareth in such sort as carry their motion within themselves. In water-works I have seen a mill driven with the wind, which hath both served for grist, and avoiding of rivers of water out of drowned fens and marshes, which to an American, ignorant of the device, would seem to be wrought by a lively action of

every part, and not by such a general mover as the wind is, which bloweth direct, and followeth not by circular motion of the mill-sail. Now if this be brought to pass in artificial practices, and the variety of action infer not so many faculties, but mere dispositions of the instruments: let the similitude serve to illustrate that unto you, whereto the reasons before alleged, may with more force of proof induce you. If yet you be not satisfied (for melancholic persons are for the most part doubtful and least assured) and although ye acknowledge the truth hereof in organical actions, yet in these as require no instrument, judge otherwise, that scruple also by a similitude I will take away, and make it plain unto you, referring you for strength of reason to that which hath been aforesaid. Before, I shewed the variety of action to spring of diversity of instrument: now, where there is no instrument, what diversity (say you) can there be? and yet to give but one action to the soul were to deprive it of many goodly exercises, whereby it apprehendeth the Creator, thankfully acknowledgeth His goodness, and directeth itself to His honour, besides those spiritual offices, which the souls departed out of this life, in love perform to each other, with that knowledge of eternal things. If you require reason of proof, the simplicity of the soul, and the nature of diverse things will make answer: if of illustration and comparison of similitude, then consider how with one view, a man beholdeth both top and bottom of height and both ends of length at once, the situation of the thing being convenient thereunto: yet are there neither diverse faculties, nor diverse instruments: the sun both ripeneth and withereth, and with an influence it bringeth forth metals, trees, herbs, and whatsoever springeth from the earth; sometimes it softeneth, and other some it hardeneth; other some it maketh sweet, and other some bitter: an hammer driveth in, and driveth out, it looseneth and fasteneth, it maketh and marreth, not with diversity of faculty, keeping the same weight, temper, and fashion it had before, but only diversely applied, and used upon diverse matters: so many uses arise of one instrument. Moreover, if a man were double fronted (as the poets have feigned Janus) and the instruments disposed thereafter, the same faculty of sight would address itself to see both before and behind at one instant, which now it doth by turning. As these actions of so sundry sorts require no diverse faculty, but change of subject, and altered application: so the mind, in action wonderful, and next unto the Supreme Majesty of God, and by a peculiar manner

proceeding from Himself, as the things are subject unto the apprehension and action thereof: so the same faculty varieth not by nature, but by use only, or diversity of those things whereto it applieth itself; as the same faculty applied to differing things, discerneth, to things past, remembereth: to things future, forseeth: of present things determineth: and that which the eye doth by turning of the head, beholding before, behind, and on each side, that doth the mind freely at once (not being hindered, nor restrained by corporal instrument) in judging, remembering, foreseeing, according as the things present themselves unto the consideration thereof. For place more than one, and where will you stay, and how will you number them? and why are there not as well threescore, as three? If you measure them by kinds of actions, they are indefinite, and almost infinite, and cannot bear any certain rate in our natures: seeing such as are voluntary, rise upon occasions and necessity uncertain; and natural are diverse in every several part, and so according to their number are multiplied, and of them sundry actions being performed, as to attract, to concoct, to retain, to expel, as assimilate, agglutinate, etc.: not generally, but the peculiar and proper nourishment, the number would fill up Erastosthenes' sieve to count them all. Wherefore to conclude this argument, and to leave you resolved in this point, let the faculty be one, and plurality in application, use, and diversity of those things, where about it was conversant: otherwise the mind shall be distracted into parts, which is whole in every part: and admit mixture, which is most simple: and become subject to diverse qualities, which are distinct in nature, and communicated by mixture of substances whereto they belong, and not confused together in one against nature. Thus you have mine opinion touching these three parts, of soul, of spirit, and body, with their peculiar actions, and how every one is severally brought to pass: which I thought necessary first to make plain, before I entered into particular answer to the former objections, as the ground of the solution, and rule, whereto the particular answers are to be squared. So then I take generally the soul to be affected of the body and spirit, as the instrument hindereth the work of the artificer, which is not by altering his skill, or diminishing his cunning, but by depraving the action through untowardness of tool and fault of instrument. This in the chapter following, I will particularly apply to the former objection.

(From *A Treatise of Melancholie.*)

NOTES

PAGE

22. *The Isle of Lango.* The island of Cos, one of the Sporades group, opposite Halicarnassus
23. *kindly shape* = her natural shape
good kepe = great care
24. *Ermonye* = Armenia
Layays = Lagazzo
o time = one time
wake that sparrowhawk. Wake is here used in its proper sense. It is now restricted to the funeral sense of *watch by*
cheve = prosper
30. *dreynt* = hard pressed, sinking
sued = followed
sadness of belief = seriousness of belief
31. *what hight Tobies' hound.* What was the name of the dog casually mentioned as going with Tobias in the Book of Tobit; to typify inquiry into trifling and insignificant matters
medeful works = works of merit
chevely = chiefly
32. *ought the lord* = owed the lord
allgates = by all means
33. *fellness* = wickedness, cruelty
axeth = asketh
meddleth = mixeth
34. *glaver* = talk
35. *holes* = husks
hooris = harlots
37. *religious* = priests of the various orders
38. *potestate* = magistrate
namely = especially

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45. *engine* = talent (*ingenium*)
essoin = absolution
mede = payment or recompense
46. *or I go* = before I go
delices = delights (*deliciæ*)
48. *waymenting* = lamentation
54. *skile* = reason
so do = so to do
law of kind = natural law (*jus gentium*)
doom of reason = judgment of reason
55. *entermete* = interfere
entermeene = intervene
57. *bear thee an hand* = ascribe to thee, or accuse thee of
woned = usual, customary
skile. See note to page 54
58. *worthe* = become (*werden*)
this thirty-fourth winter. Dating from the siege of Harfleur in 1415. The *Repressour* was written in 1449
waged = taken for wages
so much sin, how much sin is now rehearsed. This seems to be equivalent to "so much sin as is now rehearsed"
it is wellnigh. An adverbial phrase = almost
59. *first manner . . . second manner.* The *first manner* is when sin comes from an institution as a *cause*: the *second manner* when it comes from it only as an *occasion*
64. *worship* = honour

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65. *or it be long* = before it be long
aventred their spears = laid their spears in rest. It is by some held to be for "adventured" their spears = thrust them forward. But it is always used of an action taken before the charge was made; and it seems more natural to connect the word with *ventre*, as signifying that the spear was pressed close to the body in the act of bringing it from the upward position to the charge

66. *or now* = before now

69. *affiance* = trust

71. *foining* = piercing or lunging
on live = alive

72. *bur* = the iron ring on the handle of the spear

73. *I saw nothing but the waters wap and the waves wan.* To *wap* is to beat or dash; *wan* seems to describe the slow motion of a ripple pale and shadowy in the moonlight. Tennyson renders it:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.

74. *holts hoar* = aged woods

81. *tailles* = taxes
uneath = hardly or scarcely
scute = a crown, whence *scutage*
arted = compelled (Lat. *artare*)

82. *the kind of them, i.e.* the race of them

83. *but if* = unless
ablements = habiliments

84. *confedre* = confederate
quinsimes = fifteenths
dessimes = tenths

86. *Saint Thomas.* Thomas Aquinas, one of whose works is named as in the text

87. *arted.* See note on page 81

88. *precepto uno contrariorum eorum alterum prohiberi necesse est* = one of two contraries being enjoined, the other of them must necessarily be forbidden

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91. *cote.* From *quotus*, like our *quotient*
arsmetrick (*ars metrica*) = method of calculation
ternaries = triple resolutions
binaries = double resolutions

92. *potestates* = magistrates
The Roman law was, "To spare them that asked grace, and to smite down the proud." Quoted, of course, from Virgil

Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

complexion = constitution

93. *by choice, his son, i.e.* his son by adoption
sibyl Tiburtine. Capgrave has just before explained that there were ten sibyls, of whom the "most famous was at Rome, called Tiburtina, for she prophesied much of Christ"
avisement = deliberation
Freres Menouris = the *Fratres Minores*, or Minorites, founded by St. Francis of Assisi
meny = retinue

94. *his reign, i.e.* the reign of Henry III.
cubiculers = chamberlains

98. *recueil* = collection
ought to put myself unto virtuous occupation. Himself would be more logical; but Caxton anticipates the application of the maxim to himself (in the next sentence)

99. *blind Bayard.* Bayard is properly "a bay horse"; and a blind Bayard was used as a proverbial expression for the recklessness that leaps before it looks
Lotryk = Lorraine or Lothringen
take in gree = the French *prendre en gré*, or *agréer*

100. *arette* = set it down to. Perhaps from French *arrêter*, in the sense of fixing
siege apostolic. The apostolic *chair* or *seat*

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100. *apaire* (Lat. *apparare*) = to prepare (for the press)

102. *enleven* = eleven; *en* = one, and *leofan* = ten
his terment = his burial. From the French *terre*, as in the later *interment*

103. *bayned.* The French *baigner*
dispences = grants to maintain their estate
engine = talent (*ingenium*)
affyeth = confides

104. *Bragmans* = Brahmins. To denote India generally
Capayre. Probably Capri
meddled = mixed, joined

105. *Buneventayns* = Benevento
Aast = Aosta

106. *Phisias* = Phintias
trouth = trustworthiness
debonnair. Not so much in its later sense of joyous and graceful, but rather inspired by gentleness and kindliness

107. *scarcity* = parsimony
taillage = levying of tribute
dispences = grants and favours

112. *pyght* = fixed: used of planting a tent on p. 119
turnoys or *tournois*, the measure of Tours
Aguysgrany = Aix. *Aquæ Gratianæ* was the Roman name

113. *laten* = brass
vices = devices or contrivances
Constantine the Noble. Fabyan's lack of Greek has led him into a strange manner of representing Constantinople

114. *pilled* = robbed. Used also in the extract from Malory on p. 72

115. *collations* = conferences
antetheme = the text which introduced his theme or sermon
holeful = wholesome
adrad = afraid

116. *ally* = the body of adherents
disclander = slander. The prefix has an intensifying force. The word is found in Chaucer

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117. *yode* = went. Found also in Spenser
questmongers = informers

118. *hurling time* = time of confusion

119. *pyght* = fixed. See also note on p. 112
owche, ouche, or nouche, is the setting or frame of a necklace or bracelet
balessys. The balas or balass (French, *balais*) is a variety of ruby

126. *ensigne* = (*enseigner*) teach
histographier. A mistaken form for *historiographer*

127. *gests* = things done (*gesta*)
irketh. Apparently "*is* wearied by." The verb is now used only impersonally
poistereth = weighs down, from the French *poids*

128. *volved.* Used like the Latin *volvo*, although later usage confines us to the compound *revolve*
in gre. See note on p. 99

132. *sowned* = sounded

133. *wryed* = turned. The verb occurs in Shakespeare, and the adjectives *wry* and *awry* still represent it

137. *harrow.* Used as an exclamation of distress; also in Spenser

139. *Aste* = Dax. It was formerly called *Civitas Aquensium*, or *Æqs.*

140. *marchesse* = marches or territory

143. *woode* = mad
bruckle = brittle

144. *all to rent.* The same expression is used in Judges ix. 53, "All to brake his skull"

149. *out of kind* = away from their stock and kinship

162. *noying* = injuring
coveyne = collusive agreement

167. *vitaille* = animals used for food

168. *froting* = chafing
werish = deformed

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169. *raced*=tore, gashed
170. *enemious*=shown by the enemy
171. *eath*=easy
172. *almoise* (alms)=relief
frote. See note on p. 168
173. *gaggling*=cackling
175. *nousled*=nursed
176. *wrungen*=compressed by twisting
178. *giglot*=wanton
179. *flockmeal*=in flocks or troops
steadeth=stands in good stead
186. *in a memory.* The Latin *memoria* was used by the Fathers for a shrine or chapel
187. *St. Agatha's letter.* When the Emperor Frederick II. was reducing Catana, St. Agatha's native place, he saw a warning against doing so, in golden letters before his eye. Hence St. Agatha's letter was a charm against the burning of houses
limiter=a friar licensed to preach within certain limits
194. *uneath*=hardly, scarcely
195. *Copie* (*copia*) = abundance: brought about by the committal of one original to memory or writing (hence the ordinary use of *copy*)
227. *Blackheath field.* Where the rebels were defeated in 1497
228. *hand-makers*=pilferers
233. *augmentationers.* Officers of the Augmentation Court, established for settling disputes about the Abbey lands
234. *wesant*=windpipe
cough the king=procure for the king. Like the Scotch *coff* connected with the German *kaufen*
237. *Carolus Magnus.* See the description of these tables in the extract from Fabyan on p. 113
238. *Vecta*, the Isle of Wight. *Mona*, Anglesea. *Menavia* (also wrongly spent *Mevania*), the Isle of Man

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241. *gart*=forced
sopit=made heavy or dull (*sopitum*)
works=torments
rammel=branching
but sleep=without sleep
242. *visiand*=examining
ramage=warbling
beir=noise
how=hollow
247. *visnomy*=physiognomy
252. *hault*=high
261. *backs*=bats
270. *plain-song* = chanting. *prick-song*, music with the notation marked
Sophocles. The passage referred to seems to be that at v. 964 of the *Ajax.* But it is Tecmessa, and not Teucer, who utters the words—
οἱ γὰρ κακοὶ γνώμαισι τἀγαθὸν χεροῖν
ἔχοντες οὐκ ἴσασι, πρίν τις ἐκβάλῃ
272. *swap*=snatch. Connected with *swoop*
273. *many a year or they begin*=many a year *before* they begin
274. *Textor*=Ravisius Textor, or Tixier (1480-1524), who wrote a book called *Officina, vel potius Naturæ Historia*
275. *atonement.* In its literal meaning of union, or being *at one*
Johannes Major, or John Mair (1469-1550), the tutor of Buchanan, who wrote a history of Scotland in 1521
freers=friars
281. *fair with hand.* Caligraphy was an art much practised, and Ascham himself excelled in it
this most excellent prince. Observe that *prince* is used in the feminine as well as the masculine
Birching Lane, leading from Cornhill, a place noted for drapers' shops, and for the sale of ready-made clothes
292. *Rhetorike* and *Logike.* These words are of four and three

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syllables respectively, to represent the Greek (τέχνη) ῥητορικὴ and λογικὴ

307. *youth-heid.* *Heid* means estate, quality, or class

314. *evitit* = avoided (*evitare*)
engyne = talent (*ingenium*)
expreme = express (*exprimo*)

315. *depravat* = depraved (*depravatus*)
fenzeitlie = feignedly
les-age = minority

320. *pertainers* = adherents
Æneas Sylvius: Pius II. (Piccolomini) 1405-1464. Holinshed has quoted his last verse in a shape which will not scan

321. *laund* = a moor or heath (French *lande*)

325. *hewed of his enemies' hands* = hewed *by* his enemies' hands

341. *geere* = a circle or turn (*gyrus*)

346. *yarage* = power of moving and turning (of a ship). *Yare* was the shout of haste used by sailors

354. *emparle* = parly or conference

359. *burgen* = sprout
lesing = making less

360. *kidgel* = cudgel

361. *seely* = feeble

363. *Thyle* or Thule = Iceland

364. *wayters.* Those who travelled with him. *Clientes* is the word in Tacitus translated by "wayters and followers"
fight out of = fight in front of. The whole sentence, in Tacitus, is "*Honestior auriga: clientes propugnant.*" The translator turns the four words into fifteen, but he brings out the meaning clearly

380. *mammering* = hesitation, doubt

387. *Arist. lib. de mirabilibus.* The treatise of Aristotle, *De mirabilibus auscultationibus* or περὶ θαυμασίων ἀκουσμάτων, consisting of short notices of natural phenomena. Cited by Hakluyt on p. 519

388. *Iamblicus de myst.* Jamblicus was a Neoplatonist, of the time of Constantine, who held that a knowledge of the Deity was to be obtained by mysterious rites (*mysteria*)

393. *maisteries* = accomplishments
bolles = bowls (for playing)

394. *foote saunt.* A game of chance
Saunt is probably a variation of *cent*
queatche = stir or move

395. *a man of Mægaraes' ram.* "The ram of the man of Megara," whose story must have been in Gosson's mind

397. *is there no hoe. Hoe*, or *ho*, is the same as wo! and was also used in Elizabethan English for "hindrance or stop." The word is introduced, of course, to pun with *hue* in the previous clause: and the meaning is, "Is there nothing to stop you from shining?"

398. *cullises* = a strong soup or broth
bugs = bugbears

411. *the matachin dance.* A dance with swords, the Spanish *danza de matachenos*

427. *selfnesse.* This Greville usually writes for "selfishness"

429. *her long custom*, i.e. Elizabeth's. This passage occurs towards the close of a very long and very involved account of a supposed survey on Sidney's part of the possible ways of attacking Spain, which led him, we are told, to the conclusion that America was the vulnerable point
Roan = Rouen
cutter of cumine seeds = κυμινοπρίστης. But Brooke seems to have mixed up this word, which means a skinflint, with the Biblical "tithing cummin," which is different

430. *elne* = ell

443. *copie* = abundance (*copia*)
entended = endeavoured

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449. *yirke* = be irksome to

452. *leese* = injure

464. *coronel* = colonel. We have preserved the pronunciation, although not the spelling

503. *refell* = set aside (*refallere*)

509. *bekkit* = bowed

510. *kythe* = show
trunshman = interpreter
trauchled = tired

511. *dewgard* = compliment
rus = praise

519. *valing*, or vailing, = retiring
Aristotle *lib. de admirabil. auscult.* See note on p. 387
loads-man = steerer (from *lead*)

526. *conceited* = conceived of or imagined

543. *escapes* = escapades or freaks
frumps = gibes or flouts
nussell, or nousle, = nurse

545. *twhartest* = thwartest

555. *fangle* = trifling ornament
ouch. See note on p. 119
of the Spanish cut. A full overcoat
side-slop = breeches
bombast = stuffed

556. *stale* = decoy
reclaim = tame. A hawking term
sease = alight or settle
The Cupbearer's Dilemma. Pandosto, king of Bohemia, husband to Bellaria, is jealous of Egistus, king of Sicily, and endeavours to make his cupbearer, Franion, poison him. The extract is Franion's soliloquy

557. *Bellaria's babe.* Bellaria, imprisoned by her husband, gives birth in prison to a child, and Pandosto, in spite of his nobles' entreaties, condemns both to death

558. *gastful* = frightful
sotted = besotted (*sopitus*)

559. *corrival* = rival
frump = gibe. See also p. 543 and p. 561

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559. *impreso* = motto

560. *quatted.* Has a double meaning: "satiated" and "crushed"

561. *my supposition would be simple.* Probably "my humble, or inferior, position would be simple"

569. *daraine* = array (connected with *arranger*)
bid base = defy

570. *butte.* Probably, the halibut
cannazado. Possibly a malformed word from the Spanish *cañazo*, a hostile blow, or rudeness. Or perhaps from the Italian *cannicciato*, a palisade of reeds to stop fish
Alfonsus, Alphonso the Wise, of Castile. *Poggius*, Poggio Bracciolini, the noted scholar, repeatedly cited by Nash

571. *garboils* = disorders. Ital. *garbuglio*
brabbler = wrangler

572. *niggardise* = niggardliness

573. *botcher* = tailor
lists = odd strips of cloth
twilted = stuffed

574. *dunstically* = duncically

576. *dehortment* = dissuasion (*dehortor*)

581. *Ubi nunc est respublica*, etc. "Where the republic now is, there let us be, rather than be in no republic at all, through holding to that which is antiquated"

587. *Bartholomew babies.* Dolls from Bartholomew Fair

592. *spatula.* A surgeon's knife

593. *heronshew*, or heronshaw, a longer form of the heron's name. *Shaw* (sue, *sequor*) denotes its fishing instinct

598. *Eratosthenes' sieve.* The *Cribrum arithmeticum*, or method of detecting prime numbers, ascribed to Eratosthenes of Cyrene (276-196 B.C.)

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